

A YEAR OF

SACRED SONG



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Jessie Chess 1942
110 E 59 St.
New York City

*This is real Temple
Literature*

M. A. Young

From

M. Taylor

1908.

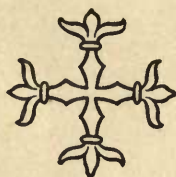
receiving I until Feb 4-42
is loved little book was
sent to me by Mrs. Chess-
my trip -

A YEAR OF SACRED SONG

A Year of Sacred Song

WITH SELECTIONS IN PROSE
FROM SOURCES OLD AND NEW
BY MARTHA CAPPS OLIVER
AND WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
WATER-COLOUR SKETCHES BY

C. Klein



Day by Day we
Magnify Thee

New York

RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS
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MDCCCXCV

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Preface

AS little children gather shells from the pebbly beach, and hold them to their ears to catch the murmurs of the mighty sea, so we gather these pearl-texts from the shore of Divine Love, and, listening with the spirit, catch the message from the sea of eternity which is breaking at our feet.

M. C. O.

How lovely.

The Keynote.

WHOEVER SINGS HIS SONG ARIGHT,
MUST CATCH THE KEYNOTE FIRST,
THEN WILL THE PERFECT STRAIN ASCEND,
AND INTO RAPTURE BURST.

AND IN THE SCALE OF EVERY LIFE
THIS NOTE RUNS THROUGH AND THROUGH —
NO TONES CAN MAKE A PERFECT CHORD
UNLESS THE KEY BE TRUE.

THE SECRET OF ALL HIGH RENOWN,
OF WORTH OR HONEST FAME —
WHAT IS IT BUT THE ECHO TRUE
OF SURE AND LOFTY AIM?


WE TOUCH THE VIBRANT KEYS OF SOUL
WITH SPIRIT-FINGER FINE,
AND ALL THE HARMONIES OF LIFE
BLEND IN A CHORD DIVINE.

EACH SOUL MUST SET ITS SONG OF LIFE,
IN OCTAVE LOW OR HIGH,
AND HE WHOSE STRAIN IS TRULY KEYED
SHALL HEAR IT IN THE SKY.

WHATEVER NOTE OUR LIPS ESSAY,
WHATE'ER THE THEME MAY BE,
WITH LISTENING HEART AND EAR ATTENT,
SO MAY WE TAKE OUR KEY!

MARTHA CAPPS OLIVER.

Feb 4. 72
a life changer is one who lives
under the protection of God!



May Heaven
surround
thee with
peculiar
care!

Hamilton.

L. Klein

January

A Year of Sacred Song



January

First Day

Wait, I say, on the Lord. — Psalm 27: 14.

ANOTHER year of progress, another year
of praise,
Another year of proving His presence all
the days ;
Another year of service, of witness for His love ;
Another year of training for holier work above.

Thank God, He gives no endless way
But lays His hand across the road,
Calls many a halt and bids thee stay
And rest thee of thy load.

He is too full of grace to deal
A breathless road that never swerves ;
But all things turn and pause and wheel
In restful, joyful curves.

Busy souls, try, this year, to see what you can make of the broken fragments of time. Glean up its precious dust, those leavings of days and remnants of hours, which so many are sweeping out into the vast waste of existence. Perhaps, if you be a miser of moments and half-hours and unexpected holidays, your careful garnerings may ensure you a full and profitable life, and you may become richer in knowledge than those whose time is all their own.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

January

Second Day

Because Thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Thee. — Psalm 63: 3.

GRAVE on thy heart each past “red-letter” day !

Forget not all the sunshine of the way
By which the Lord hath led thee ; answered prayers
And joys unasked, strange blessings, lifted cares,
Grand promise — echoes ! Thus thy life shall be
One record of His love and faithfulness to thee.

HAVERGAL.

Into all our lives, in many simple, familiar ways, God infuses this element of joy from the surprises of life, which unexpectedly brighten our days, and fill our eyes with light. He drops this added sweetness into His children’s cup, and makes it to run over. The success we were not counting on, the blessing we were not trying after, the strain of music in the midst of drudgery, the beautiful morning picture or sunset glory thrown in as we pass to or from our daily business, the unsought word of encouragement or expression of sympathy, the sentence that meant more for us than the writer or speaker thought, — these and a hundred others that every one’s experience can supply are instances of what I mean.

You may call it accident or chance — it often is ; you may call it human goodness — it often is ; but always, always call it God’s love, for that is always in it. These are His free gifts. — S. LONGFELLOW.

January

Third Day

Take, therefore, no thought of the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. — S. Matthew 6: 24.

THE New Year has a smiling face,
But tells no tales of what may be;
In silent power he takes his place,
And wraps him in uncertainty.
And yet some things I count upon,
Which he must give ere he be gone!

I count upon some tears to shed,
Some sleepless nights, some weary days,
Some heaviness of heart and head,
Some thorny paths, some stony ways;
These, more or less, for every one,
But joy and rest when all is done.

The love of God I count upon,
As on the mountains in their strength,
It has not failed in the years gone,
It will last on through all life's length;
I cannot count on my own love,
But His is sure as Heaven above.

Has the New Year a secret face?
There are some things, he cannot hide,
Welcome him all, and give him place:
Long as he can he may abide!
He has surprises for us? Well,
We trust him — he the rest shall tell!

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

January

Fourth Day

So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. — Psalm 90: 12.

SO, here hath been dawning another blue day,
Think, wilt thou then let it slip useless away?
Out of eternity this new day is born;
Into eternity at night will return.

CARLYLE.

To shape the whole future is not our problem; but to shape faithfully only a part of it, according to rules already known. It is perhaps possible for each of us, who will with due earnestness inquire, to ascertain clearly what he, for his own part, ought to do; this let him, with true heart, do, and continue doing. The general issue will, as it has always done, rest well with a Higher Intelligence than ours. . . . This day thou knowest ten commanded duties, seest in thy mind ten things which should be done for one thou doest!

Do one of them; this of itself will show thee ten others which can and shall be done. — CARLYLE.

Sufficient for each day is the *good* thereof, equally as the evil. We must do at once, and with our might, the merciful deed that our hand findeth to do,—else it will never be done, for the hand will find other tasks to do, and the arrears fall through.

And every unconsummated good feeling, every unfulfilled purpose that His spirit has prompted, shall one day charge us as faithless and recreant before God. — J. H. THOM.

January

Fifth Day

Ponder the path of thy feet. — Proverbs 4: 26.

LIFE is before ye,—from the certain road
Ye cannot turn: then take ye up your load.
Not yours to tread or leave the unknown way,
Ye must go o'er it, meet ye what ye may.

.
A sacred burden is this life to bear,—
To suffer then is nobler than to dare.
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly;
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win;
Stop not for sloth, nor yet for pleasure stray;
God guard ye, and God guide ye on your way.

BUTLER.

Take life earnestly. Take it an earnest, vital, essential matter. Take it just as though you personally were born to the task of performing a noble task in it — as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as though it was a grand opportunity to do and to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes: to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be a heart-broken, brother. The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway becomes famous.

ROYAL PATH OF LIFE.

January

Sixth Day

Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. — 1 Corinthians 10 : 12.

SO you fell just now in the mud, poor heart!
And to try to rise and be clean is vain?
Take both my hands now, and do your part;
So — you stand on your feet again.

Did nobody tell you your feet might slip?
Did some one push you? (such things are done!)
Was your path so rough that you needs must slip?
Ah! the blame is on many — not one.

Sobbing still over that ugly stain!
I may not comfort or hush you, dear!
Through such sad tears in their burning rain
Christ and His cross show clear.

Must you go sorrowing all your day?
Sweet, in suffering souls grow white:
Keep my hand through this stony way —
See where the west turns bright.

Always put the best interpretation on a tenet.
Why not on Christianity, wholesome, sweet, and poetic? It is the record of a pure and holy soul, humble, absolutely disinterested, a truth-speaker, and bent on serving, teaching, and uplifting men. Christianity taught the capacity, the element, to love the All-perfect without a stingy bargain for personal happiness. It taught that to love him was happiness, — to love him in other's virtues.

EMERSON.

January

Seventh Day

I know the thoughts that I think towards you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end.

— Jeremiah 29 : 2.

A LITTLE flower so lowly grew,
So lonely was it left,
That heaven looked like an eye of blue,
Down in its rocky cleft.

What could the little flower do,
In such a darksome place,
But try to reach the eye of blue
And climb to kiss heaven's face?

And there's no life so lone and low
But strength may still be given,
From narrowest lot on earth to grow
The straighter up to heaven.

GERALD MASSEY.

A root set in the finest soil, in the best climate, and blessed with all that sun and air and rain can do for it, is not in so sure a way of its growth to perfection, as every man may be, whose spirit aspires after all that which God is ready and infinitely desirous to give him. For the sun meets not the springing bud that stretches toward him with half that certainty, as God, the source of all good, communicates Himself to the soul that longs to partake of Him. — WILLIAM LAW.

January

Eighth Day

Am I my brother's keeper? — Genesis 4 : 9.

A SINGLE word is a little thing,
But a soul may be dying before our eyes
For lack of the comfort a word may bring,
With its welcome help and its sweet surprise.
A kindly look costs nothing at all,
But a heart may be starving for just one glance,
That shall show by the eyelids' tender fall
The help of a pitying countenance.

It is easy enough to bend the ear
To catch some tale of sore distress;
For men may be fainting beside us here
For longing to share their weariness;
These gifts nor gold nor silver may buy,
Nor wealth alone can love bestow,
But the comfort of word or ear or eye
The poorest may offer wherever he go.

C. F. RICHARDSON.

How many are the sufferers who have fallen amongst misfortunes along the wayside of life! "By *chance*," we come that way; chance, accident, Providence has thrown them in our way; we see them from a distance, like the Priest, or we come upon them suddenly, like the Levite; our business, our pleasure, is interrupted by the sight, is troubled by the delay; what are our feelings, what our actions towards them? . . . "Who is thy neighbor?" It is the sufferer, whoever, wherever, whatsoever he may be. — A. P. STANLEY.

January

Ninth Day

We will remember thy love. — Song of Solomon 1 : 4.

WHAT thousands and millions of recollections there must be in us! And every now and then one of them becomes known to us; and it shows us what spiritual depths are growing in us, what mines of memory. . . . In some age or other, I shall say of some heavenly marvel, perhaps, "It is wonderful, wonderful! And yet in the earth it was hinted to me, by the tones of the wind, and the way the clouds went over my head." I think, perhaps every sight in the world that now is may avail in the world that is to come. On the golden floor of heaven, it may be the better for me that I have noticed even the worm's way in and out of the earth. It may be that some of our little observations now will open into wonderful knowledge hereafter. A plant comes out of the ground a little bud. It opens and grows and blossoms and seeds, and then dies. Now there is much more in this than I know of yet; much, very much more. If I knew all that is to be learned from a daisy even, I should be less of a stranger to God than I am. But I shall know it sometime. All about me, tree unto tree is uttering speech, and flower unto flower is showing knowledge. But it is in a language that I do not well understand, but which I shall remember; and so which I shall learn the whole meaning of hereafter.

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

January

Tenth Day

Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial among you, which cometh upon you to prove you, as though a strange thing happened unto you : but insomuch as ye are partakers of Christ's suffering, rejoice ; that at the revelation of his glory also ye may rejoice with exceeding joy. If ye are reproached for the name of Christ, blessed are ye ; because the Spirit of glory and the Spirit of God resteth upon you. —

1 Peter 4 : 12-14.

Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time ; casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you. — 1 Peter 5 : 7.

WE have need of all our crosses. When we suffer much it is because we have strong ties which it is necessary to loosen. We resist and thus retard the divine purpose ; we repulse the heavenly hand and it must be laid upon us again and again. If we would at once bring ourselves into harmony with divine will, our crosses would seem light and our burdens easy to be borne.

Glad or sad, a dwindling span
Is the little life of man.
Love and hope and work and tears
Fly before the flying years.

Yet shall tremulous hearts grow bold —
All the story is not told —
For around us as a sea
Spreads God's great eternity.

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

January

Eleventh Day

Let your loins be girded about and your light burning.—
S. Luke 12:8.

A Prayer for the New Year.

O LORD, thou art the God of our fathers, the King eternal, immortal, invisible; we would bless thee at all times, in sorrow and in joy, in privation and in plenty, in life and in death, in time and in eternity. And now, with a new sense of gratefulness, with glad memories of the old year that is gone, and with hopeful confidence in view of the new year that has begun, we come afresh to thy feet; to thee who hast crowned the year with thy goodness; to thee whose years do not change; to thee who hast declared that thy Son, our Mediator and Redeemer, is the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever. With thankfulness for past mercies, with the prayer that our times may ever be in thy hands in the future; with the consecration of our lives anew to thy service, and pleading that thy mercy shall be shown toward our sins, that thy care shall be around us forever, that our lives shall be fashioned after the image of our Lord, that we may be solaced and comforted in all our toils, and cares, and griefs, and dangers of the coming year with thy continual presence, even thus, O Lord our Father, we come to thee.

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

January

Twelfth Day

The acceptable year of the Lord.—S. Luke 6: 19.

THE issues of life concentrate themselves into a few special points of opportunity. The success and failure of life depend upon whether these opportunities are grasped when they present themselves, or whether they are neglected and permitted to pass. Life's greatest opportunities are not like the great ships which sail from the chief ports of the world, which sail and come again, and sail at stated intervals from the same ports. The great chances touch once at the pier of our lives, throw out the planks of opportunity over which our feet may pass, ring their signal bells in our ears, and then sail out of the harbor and away into the eternal sea and never come again. The little chances linger and return, but the great chances come and go and never come again. . . . If with illumined sight we could look back over the lives of the people by whom we are surrounded, how many great and rich opportunities would we see that they have permitted to drift by them unimproved!

J. T. McFARLAND.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

SHAKESPEARE.

January

Thirteenth Day

I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee. — Isaiah 12:13.

WE never have more than we can bear. The present hour we are always able to endure. As our day, so is our strength. If the trials of many years were gathered into one, they would overwhelm us; therefore, in pity to our little strength, He sends first one, then another, then removes both, and lays on a third, heavier, perhaps, than either; but all is so wisely measured to our strength that the bruised reed is never broken. We do not enough look at our trials in this continuous and successive view. — H. E. MANNING.

He chose this path for thee.

No feeble chance, nor hard, relentless fate,

But love, His love, hath placed thy footsteps here;
He knew the way was rough and desolate,

He knew the heart would often sink with fear;

Yet tenderly He whispers, "Child, I see
This path is best for thee!"

He chose this path for thee,

Though well He knew sharp thorns would tear thy
feet,

Knew how the branches would obstruct thy way,
Knew all the hidden dangers thou wouldst meet,

Knew how thy faith would falter day by day;

And still the whisper echoed, "Yes, I see
This path is best for thee!"

January

Fourteenth Day

I will guide thee with mine eye. — Psalm 37: 8.

SO I sang in childhood's days,
"Father, thou shalt guide me."
So I sang in darker ways,
Whatsoever betide me.
Young feet turn so oft aside,
But the older need a guide,
And I pray
Every day,
Father, Father, guide me.

Thou hast led o'er mountain slope,
And in deeper hollow;
Thee through many a vale of hope
Have I learned to follow.
In the dark and in the light,
Gladsome dawn and blackest night,
I have been
In changing scene,
Safe with thee to guide me.

Now I wait, as oft before,
Where the way is hidden;
Till the journey shall be o'er
I will go as bidden;
Naught there is for me to fear
When I know that thou art near.
Here I stand,
Take my hand,
O, my Father, guide me.

January

Fifteenth Day

Thy kindness to thy friend. — 2 Samuel 16: 17.

HAVE you ever noticed how much of Christ's life was spent in doing kind things — in *merely* doing kind things? Run over it with that in view, and you will find that He spent a great proportion of His time simply in making people happy, in doing good turns to people. There is only one thing greater than happiness in the world, and that is holiness; and it is not in our keeping; but what God *has* put in our power is the happiness of those about us, and that is largely to be secured by our being kind to them.

"The greatest thing," says some one, "a man can do for his Heavenly Father, is to be kind to some of His other children." I wonder why it is that we are not all kinder than we are? How much the world needs it. How easily it is done. How instantaneously it acts. How infallibly it is remembered. How superabundantly it pays itself back — for there is no debtor in the world so honourable, so superbly honourable, as Love.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

Kindness is stored away in the heart like rose-leaves in a drawer, to sweeten every object around them. Little drops of rain brighten the meadows and little acts of kindness brighten the world. We can conceive of nothing more attractive than the heart when filled with the spirit of kindness.

January

Sixteenth Day

Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. — Psalm 17: 7.

HOPE makes even the struggle of the daily life and the wear and tear of it “not like the convict’s trample on the world’s great treadmill, but like an ascent on the luminous steps of duty to the very gates of heaven.” “O blessed hope,” exclaims Thomas Carlyle, “whereby on man’s straight prison walls are painted beautiful, far-stretching landscapes; and into the night of every death is shed holiest dawn.”

The great doers have always been great hoppers. . . . Loss of hope, when the heart dies and the courage fails, and the hands hang listlessly, and a man begins only and sadly to drudge — this, the loss of hope, is the blackest loss. We should always hope because the *promises are*.

“I stood amazed and whispered, ‘Can it be
That he hath granted all the boon I sought?
How wonderful that he for me hath wrought!
How wonderful that he hath answered me!’
O faithful heart! He said that he would hear
And answer thy poor prayer; and he hath heard
And proved his promise! Wherefore didst thou
fear?

Why marvel that thy Lord had kept his word?
More wonderful if he should fail to bless
Expectant faith and prayer with good success.”

WAYLAND HOYT.

January

Seventeenth Day

For every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh, findeth. — S. Matthew 7 : 8.

ARE you weak? Ask for strength. Are you sad? Ask God and He will be your solace. Are you distrustful and in darkness? He will be a lamp to your feet. Are you indifferent? Seek, and a new impulse shall be given your energy; God's image shall fill your heart.

Fight the fight, Christian! Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian! heaven is before thee;
He who hath promised faltereth never;
He will sustain you now and forever.

Upon a crutch — her girlish face
Alight with love and tender grace —
Laughing she limps from place to place,
Upon a crutch.

And you and I, who journey through
A rose-leaf world of dawn and dew,
We cry to heaven overmuch,

We rail and frown at fate, while she
And many more in agony,
Are brave and patient, strong and true,
Upon a crutch.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

Do not be too moral. . . . Aim above morality. Be not simply good; be good for something.

THOREAU.

January

Eighteenth Day

She hath done what she could. — S. Mark 14:8.

IT is not mine to run
With eager feet
Along life's crowded ways,
My Lord to meet.

He hath no need of me
In grand affairs,
Where fields are lost, or crowns
Won unawares.

Yet Master, if I may
Make one pale flower
Bloom brighter for thy sake,
Through one short hour;

Or sing one high, clear song,
On which may soar
Some glad soul heavenward,
I ask no more.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

Love's secret is to be always doing things for God, and not to mind because they are such very little ones. — F. W. FABER.

My place of lowly service too,
Beneath Thy sheltering wings I see,
For all the work I have to do,
Is done through sheltering rest in Thee.

ANNA L. WARIN.

January

Nineteenth Day

Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. —
1 Thessalonians 4 : 14.

AN awe of death we were meant to have; and fears of it have their use. Down the valley of the shadow of death do dreadful mists arise; then let the thought of God shine out from my soul, and it will glorify the mists, and make them golden with the light of heaven. Our life is a dying daily, as Paul says; and at the longest, it is not such a very long death. For a man may be ever so young and strong, yet it is likely the wood is growing in which he will be coffined; and there is a divine dial-plate, on which the hour of his death is pointed to; and what is to be his grave will be his grave; and his body is waited for.

But do I not live in God? And shall I be afraid of dying in God? Is it I that keep my heart going? And ought I then to dread its stopping? Rather what I ought to fear is the will which it does beat with, — the Divine will.

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

Sleep is a death. O, make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die!
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with Thee!

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

January

Twentieth Day

He that taketh not up his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me. — S. Matthew 10: 38.

I WOULD follow after Christ because I have heard Him speak a natural language, and because I have heard beating in His heart the heart of all. Therefore He is not a person for me who was, and is no more, but the eternal contemporary of us all, the symbol of a spirit which rests with us always. The visible truths of the human and divine Evangel rise every morning on my horizon, like new luminaries. I salute and adore them with the same admiration as if I were seeing them for the first time. Miracles, dogmas, strangeness of forms, which worried me at first, worry me no longer. Across them all I see only one thing, — “man in search of God, God in search of man.”

Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me.
Still all my prayer shall be,
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

Flowers never emit so sweet and strong a fragrance as before a storm. Beauteous soul! when a storm approaches thee be as fragrant as a sweet-smelling flower. — RICHTER.

January

Twenty-first Day

Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God. — Isaiah 1 : 10.

HE has an especial tenderness of love towards thee for that thou art in the dark and hast no light, and His heart is glad when thou dost arise and say, "I will go to my Father." For He sees thee through all the gloom, through which thou canst not see Him.

Say to Him, "I am very dull and low and hard; but Thou art wise and high and tender, and Thou art my God. I am Thy child. Forsake me not." Then fold the arms of thy faith in quietness until light goes up in the darkness. Fold the arms of thy Faith I say, but not of thy Action; bethink thee of something thou oughtest to do, and go and do it, if it be but the sweeping of a room, or the preparing of a meal, or a visit to a friend: heed not thy feelings: do thy work.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Hold thy murmurs, heaven arraigning,
The patient see God's loving face;
Who bear their burdens uncomplaining,
'Tis they who win the Father's grace.
He wounds himself who braves the rod,
And sets himself to fight with God.

January

Twenty-second Day

And that ye study to be quiet. — 1 Thessalonians 4: 11.

I CHARGE my thoughts be humble still,
And all my conduct mild;
Content, my Father, with Thy will,
And quiet as a child.

Unite, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet;
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.

DODDRIDGE.

Let your words be few, especially when your superiors or strangers are present, lest you betray your own weakness, and rob yourself of the opportunity which you might otherwise have had to gain knowledge, wisdom, and experience by hearing those whom you silenced by your own talking.

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

Not only to say the right thing in the right place, but, far more difficult still, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment. — SALA.

Of every noble work the silent part is best;
Of all expression that which cannot be expressed.

W. W. STORY.

Govern the lips
As they were palace doors, the King within.
Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words
Which from that presence win.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

January

Twenty-third Day

I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Jesus Christ. — Philemon 3: 14.

I PRESS toward the mark for the prize is there,
And the Lord Himself will give it,—
Oh, this life is bright and this life is fair,
If we know but how to live it;
But the life above is the best of all
If our Father's house our own we call
And the prize we all at last would claim
Is a starry crown, in the Saviour's name.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

Mighty have been the contests of strength, famous the victories which have declared their ends; but to achieve mastery over self is man's greatest and grandest victory. Moral energy, tempered in the heat of adversity, is the great engine-force which is moving the world, and, united with Christianity, is making the nineteenth century the manhood of the race. As men have risen in stature of morality, they have demanded higher measures and estimates of that stature, and following the fainter rays of this lesser light they have come nearer "that greater light, that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Man should do nothing that he should repent;
But if he have, and say that he is sorry,
It is a worse fault if he be not truly.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

January

Twenty-fourth Day

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors ; and their works do follow them. — Revelation 14 : 13.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain ; for the former things are passed away. — Revelation 21 : 4.

“SLEEP soft, beloved!” we sometimes say,
But have no time to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep ;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

MRS. BROWNING.

Shall they forget us because they are “made perfect”? Shall they love us the less because they have power now to love us more? If we forget them not, shall they not remember us with God? No trial then can isolate us, no sorrow can cut us off from the Communion of Saints. Kneel down, and you are with them ; lift up your eyes and the heavenly world, high above all perturbation, hangs serenely overhead ; only a thin veil, it may be, floats between. All whom we loved, and all who loved us, whom we still love no less while they love us yet more, are ever near, because ever in His presence in whom we live and dwell. — H. E. MANNING.

January

Twenty-fifth Day

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. — Galatians 6:7.

THAT which you are doing, be it good or evil, that which you are doing to-day and every day, each thought, each action, each event, is contributing to form the character by which you are to be judged. If there be any unchangeable fate in the universe this is that fate, that the future shall ever bring forth the fruits of the past. If I have one wish above all other wishes for you it is that you may sow in such manner that your harvest days may bring peace to your heart.

A Little Parable.

I made the cross myself whose weight
Was later laid on me.

This thought is torture as I toil
Up life's steep Calvary.

To think mine own hands drove the nails!
I sang a merry song,
And chose the heaviest wood I had
To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed — if I had dreamed
Its weight was meant for me —
I should have made a lighter cross
To bear up Calvary!

ANNE REEVE ALDRICH.

January

Twenty-sixth Day

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. — S. John 4: 13.

I SEE, I see, those nail-pierced hands!
Which bleeding held my Lord
On Calvary's cross, 'mid hostile bands,
While sin's atonement poured.
Those blessed, lifted, glorious hands,
Opened for our supply —
All Heaven descends at their commands;
Salvation draweth nigh.

I see, I see, those mighty hands —
Deliverance and defence!
My troubled heart in comfort stands,
While fears are driven hence.
Upholding, bleeding, hiding hands!
Such wealth of grace they bring,
Weak faith grows strong, and joy expands,
And Glory wakes to sing.

I see, I see, those cross-scarred hands!
They're graven with my name —
With every name, from out all lands, —
At Mercy's throne they flame.
Those piercèd, crimson, loaded hands!
Oh! let them touch our hearts,
While Christ, the Lord, in pity stands,
And dying love imparts.

JOHN JAY McCABE.

January

Twenty-seventh Day

Ye servants of the Lord. — Psalm 136: 1.

ALL cannot be commanders-in-chief, for some must fill up the ranks; but in neither case need one fear to put forth his best effort. History deals principally with great names, but the pulse of a nation is not always felt alone at its head. Unity of action tends to a centralization of power; for men are ever striving harder to rise in the scale of humanity. The longing for their ideal has taught them to build their theories upon solid foundations, and not upon the shifting sands which the waves of the great ocean of doubt wash to and fro. A low ideal has always been degenerating in its influence, while, on the other hand, a lofty aim is always promotive of the best results, for it tends to things above and not to things below. There has never been a great man who has not striven to mount the ladder to its topmost round, for it is only from such heights that he can look over the heads of the vast throng below him, and note the restless tide as it surges in its wild fury.

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made,
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

HORATIUS BONAR.

January

Twenty-eighth Day

When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in secret. — S. Matthew 6: 6.

“**S**OLITUDE is a harbor where the damages incurred on society’s open sea may be repaired.” The modest character, the pure life, would be completely crushed, did it not have these seasons of strengthening. As sleep rests the wearied limbs and rebuilds the worn-out system, so retirement invigorates the intellect overtaxed by society’s demands, “soothes the fretted disposition and the hurt feelings.” In seclusion the mind finds peace, finds also greatness.

“If the chosen soul could never be alone
In deep mid-silence, open-doored to God,
No greatness ever had been dreamed or done.
Among dull hearts a prophet never grew;
The nurse of full-grown souls is solitude.”

It is an excellent plan to have some place to go to be quiet when things vex or grieve us. There are a good many hard times in this life of ours, but we can always bear them if we ask help in the right way. — MISS ALCOTT.

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend;
Eternity mends that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.

HENRY TAYLOR.

January

Twenty-ninth Day

Draw them with bands of love. — Hosea 11 : 4.

If we love one another, God dwelleth in us. — 1 John 4 : 12.

YOU will find as you look back upon your life that the moments that stand out, the moments when you have really lived, are the moments when you have done things in the spirit of love. As memory scans the past, above and beyond all the transitory pleasures of life, there leap forward those supreme hours when you have been enabled to do unnoticed kindnesses to those round about you, things too trifling to speak about, but which you feel have entered into your eternal life. I have seen almost all the beautiful things God has made; I have enjoyed almost every pleasure that He has planned for man; and yet, as I look back, I see standing out above all the life that has gone four or five short experiences when the love of God reflected itself in some poor imitation, some small act of love of mine, and these seem to be the things which alone, of all one's life, abide. Everything else in all our lives is transitory. Every other good is visionary. — PHILLIPS BROOKS.

She doeth little kindnesses

Which most leave undone or despise;
For nought which sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness and peace,
Is low esteemèd in her eyes.

LOWELL.

January

Thirtieth Day

A man that hath friends must show himself friendly. —
Proverbs 18: 24.

MAN is the artificer of his own happiness. Let him beware how he complains of the disposition of circumstances, for it his own disposition he blames. If this is sour, or that rough, or the other steep, let him think if it be not his work. If his looks curdle all hearts, let him not complain of a sour reception; if he hobble in his gait, let him not grumble at the roughness of the way; if he is weak in the knees, let him not call the hill steep. This was the pith of the inscription on the wall of the Swedish inn, "You will find at Trochate excellent bread, meat, and wine; provided you bring them with you." — THOREAU.

As a stove parts with its heat to bring all surrounding objects into its own heated condition, so we affect those surrounding us. Not more certainly does a rose diffuse its fragrance than human beings dispense their influence wherever they go. . . . Is a man religious? Not more truly does the sunshine impart its glory to surrounding objects than that man's religious influence passes from him to all persons and things within its sphere. Houses become so imbued with the influence of the people that live in them that sensitive persons can feel that influence as soon as they enter. — WILLIAM DENTON.

January

Thirty-first Day

Be kindly affectioned one towards another with brotherly love.

— Romans 12: 10.

IN our memories there is more storing up than we can tell. And God is so wonderful, that what is nothing as a sight, or an event, may prove very precious as a recollection. — WM. MOUNTFORD.

Alas! I did not say it,
The little, kindly word;
I let some care delay it
From ears that might have heard.

And last night in the silence,
And last night in the gloom,
Death went before and entered
That sorrow-haunted room.

This morn I stand with fingers
Upon the battered gate —
O wee, white, frightened faces —
O babes all desolate!

I might have borne God's message
In humble phrase of prayer,
I might have given water
To lips that perished there.

But, clay upon the pillow;
My footsteps are too late,
And now — I stand with fingers
Upon the battered gate.

MARY M. BOWEN.

February



The Second Month

First Day

He chasteneth us for our profit, that we may be partakers of His holiness. — Hebrews 12: 10.

O WHAT will that joy be, where the soul, being perfectly prepared for joy, and joy prepared by Christ for the soul, it shall be our business eternally to rejoice! Then shalt thou be sufficiently convinced that thy Redeemer was saving thee, as well when He crossed thy desires as when He granted them,—when He broke thy heart as when He bound it up. Thou poor soul, who prayest for joy, complainest for want of joy, longest for joy, thou shalt then have full joy, as much as thou canst hold, and more than ever thou hast thought on, or thy heart desired.

Then shall a new, a spirit-childhood come,
A fresher sense of life in thee have room!
A life that knows no pain, no death, no tomb!
There sight shall know what faith hath first believed,
There perfect trust thy heart hath not conceived,
There sad'ning thoughts be gone, thy mind here grieved!
Then for the work, my soul, that waits thee there,
A firm, bold heart within thee daily bear,
Undimmed by painful thoughts, unbowed by care.



Joy,
gentle friend!
joy
and fresh
days
of love

Accompany
your
heart!

Shakespeare

February.

February

Second Day

I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not. — Isaiah 13: 16.

ONE of the most blessed promises in the Bible is this: "And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; and will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight." Surely this is something we can personally appropriate without question. For we are verily blind. We know nothing that is before us; our eyes are of no use whatever in foretelling either good or ill; and, being blind, it is impossible for us to know which is the best path for us to take in life. In our perplexity God says: I will take you safely through these ways that are dark and unknown to you; in these paths that are so doubtful, that lie along really dangerous places, I will lead you. So may we take the infinite comfort of the promise to our hearts. Blind though we are, and rough the road over which we walk, our Guide knows the path perfectly, and is not only able to take us over it safely, but also to give us great comfort and good cheer on the way.

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

J. GILMORE.

Happy he who is willing to be led.

February

Third Day

Rejoice evermore. — 1 Thessalonians 5 : 16.

IT is impious in a good man to be sad.

SHAKSPEARE.

Let us wipe our tears, lift up our heads, and give ourselves to brave and cheerful toil. In due time the release will come; rest so sweet after the toil is over; glory so bright after the darkness is passed; victory so grand, that we shall not wish the conflicts to have been less fierce, or the perils of the day less numerous or painful.

A heart rejoicing in God delights in all His will, and is most surely provided with the most firm joy in all estates; for if nothing can come to pass beside or against His will, then cannot that soul be vexed which delights in Him and hath no will but His, but follows Him in all times, in all estates; not only when He shines bright on them, but when they are clouded. That flower which follows the sun doth so even in dark and cloudy days: when it doth not shine forth, yet it follows the hidden course and motion of it. So the soul that moves after God keeps that course when He hides His face; is content, yea, even glad at His will in all estates or conditions or events. — R. LEIGHTON.

February

Fourth Day

Comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, be patient towards all men. — 1 Thessalonians 5: 14.

THY love shall chant itself its own beatitudes, after its own life working. A child-kiss set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad; a poor man, served by thee, shall make thee rich; a rich man, helped by thee, shall make thee strong; thou shalt be served thyself by every sense of service which thou renderest. — MRS. BROWNING.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life. — SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

A beneficent person is like a fountain watering the earth, and spreading fertility; it is, therefore, more delightful and more honorable to give than to receive. — EPICURUS.

There do remain dispersed in the soil of human nature seeds of goodness, of benignity, of ingenuity which, being cherished, excited, and quickened by good culture, do, by common experience, thrust out flowers very lovely, and yield fruits very pleasant, of virtue and goodness. — BARROW.

To feel much for others and little for ourselves; to restrain our selfish, and to indulge our benevolent affections, constitute the perfection of human nature. — ADAM SMITH.

February

Fifth Day

The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.
— 1 John 1 : 7.

IN one of our national industries there is a daily miracle wrought. From the foul herding places of the outcast, the thief, and the murderer, is brought their infected, cast-off clothing, to feed the hungry jaws of the paper-mills. The reeking mass is torn asunder, submitted to chemical processes, and when the mighty cylinders cease turning, behold! "The beggar's rags are transformed into a fair, white carpet, whereon royal Thought may tread;" a stainless scroll where poets trace their dreams; where psalms of praise glow like clustered stars, and the name of God is inscribed.

There is a greater miracle. There are minds perverted from all sweet influences, souls dwarfed with greed, hearts seared with crime, lives tainted with every passion. But in each the divine spark still glows, unquenchable, deathless.

One pulse from the God-heart thrilling through the hand we extend, one echo from the Eternal Voice, in our whispered "brother," and sin, stain, and hurt may drop away forever, from that shining crystal, a purified soul. — MRS. JOHN JAY McCABE.

Say not 'twas all in vain,
The anguish and the darkness and the strife;
Love thrown upon the waters comes back again
In quenchless yearnings for a nobler life.

ANNA SHIPTON.

February

Sixth Day

Speak not evil one of another. — S. James 4 : 2.

HE alone, whose hand is bounding
Human power and human will,
Looking through each soul's surrounding,
Knows its good or ill.

For thyself, while wrong and sorrow
Make to thee their strong appeal,
Coward wert thou not to utter
What the heart must feel.

Earnest words must needs be spoken
When the warm heart bleeds or burns,
With its scorn of wrong, or pity
For the wronged, by turns.

But, by all thy nature's weakness,
Hidden faults and follies known,
Be thou, in rebuking evil,
Conscious of thine own.

Not the less shall stern-eyed duty
To thy lips her trumpet set, —
But with harsher blasts shall mingle
Wailings of regret.

WHITTIER.

There is nothing that calls us to so sharp a halt
in the habit of criticism or fault-finding as taking
one look into our own hearts, and beholding there
all our own weakness and inconsistency.

February

Seventh Day

And in every work that he began in the service of the house of God, and in the law, and in the commandments, to seek his God, he did it with all his heart, and prospered. — 2 Chronicles 21 : 31.

WHEN one's whole life becomes dominated by one fixed purpose, round which all other purposes revolve, every day — if it be a worthy one — witnesses the advancement to a higher plane of feeling and of thought. When Turner, the great artist, was asked where he gained his perfect command of nerve and muscle, he replied, "It cost me my life." So the habit of close thought, the charm of perfect diction, the power of soul beauty, or mastery of unworthy purposes, must be paid for with strong effort, even with life, if need must.

"Heaven is not gained by a single bound,
But we *build* the ladder by which we rise,
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round."

The law of growth is from the inner to the outward, and our souls expand with the expanding thought. The informed nature is like the mocking-bird in its native woods, echoing a thousand varying voices, but the voice it hears most often, and whose voice is sweetest to its sense, is the one to which after a while its own notes will be attuned. — MRS. JOHN JAY McCABE.

February

Eighth Day

Every man's work shall be made manifest. — 1 Corinthians 3: 13.

DO your own work. Ask no favors of any one, and you will succeed better than one who is always beseeching some one's patronage. No one will help you as you will help yourself, because no one will be as heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will not be such a long one perhaps; but, carving your way up the mountain, you make each step lead to another, and stand firm in that while you chop another out. Men who made fortunes are not those who had five thousand dollars given them to start with, but started fair with a well-earned dollar or two. Men who by their exertions acquired fame have not been thrust into popularity by puffs paid for or given in friendly spirit. They have outstretched their hands, and reached the public heart. Say bravely "I will," and some day you will conquer. Never let any man say, "I have dragged you up." Too many friends hurt a man more than none at all.

GREENWOOD.

Through efforts long in vain, prophetic need
Begets the deed:
Nerve then thy soul with direst need to cope.
Life's brightest hope
Lies latent in Fate's deadliest lair —
Never despair!

February

Ninth Day

We walk by faith, not by sight. — 2 Corinthians 5 : 7.

“**W**ALKING by faith ” not only brightens our hope for the world to come, but it sheds a glow over the temporal life. In proportion as we are seeking to do the will of our Father, in that same proportion we have the divine approval. And through this knowledge our unseen life is irradiated with heavenly love and courage, and we look to the days that are coming as bringing fuller gifts and richer blessings.

In the braver, better Sometime, life will broaden
and expand;
Every impulse will be noble, every purpose will
be grand;
Speech shall put on loftier meanings, thought to
higher planes ascend,
And the action prove the motive, and the motive
show the end.

O my comrade in the struggle, O my comrade in
the strife!
Keep thy courage and thy patience, fill thy station;
live thy life;
Twine thy hopes about the Sometime, trust it
ever, hold it fast,
Though it tarry, wait thou for it; it will surely
come at last.

REV. ANSON G. CHESTER.

February

Tenth Day

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. — 1 Thessalonians 5: 21.

THERE come times when it is most blissful to be alone, for it means a quiet time to think over your life, and whether what you are doing is right or wrong. It means deciding with yourself, as judge and jury, whether the words that you have spoken have been the right ones at the right times. It means the deciding that which is good to be done, and the planning it out so entirely that you are urged on by an inward spirit of grace to do the deed which seems just. It does not mean the wasting of time in idle thoughts, though it may mean closing your eyes and having some day-dream of future happiness. This making good dreams realities is a possibility, but we can't have the dreams unless we have the little time alone when we can think out how the heart can beat for the right, how the brain can work well for its realization. — RUTH ASHMORE.

He liveth long who liveth well!

All other life is short and vain;

He liveth longest who can tell

Of living most for heavenly gain.

Fill up each hour with what will last,

Buy up the moments as they go;

The life above, when this is past,

Is the ripe fruit of life below.

BONAR.

February

Eleventh Day

My times are in his hand.— Psalm 31 : 15.

The Eternal Goodness.

I KNOW not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove,
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me,
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

WHITTIER.

If you believe in God, do not vex yourself with trying to look into the future. There is one thought which ought to steady every man's heart. It is that God is perfectly wise and perfectly good. Let us accept God and rest in Him.

February

Twelfth Day

Be ye also patient. — S. James 5 : 8.

THERE are a thousand things whose attainment cannot be hastened, but for which we have to patiently wait, some to be realized on earth, and more and better ones not to be enjoyed in their perfection until the dawn of heaven, for which indeed our whole earthly life is but the waiting-time. The bright and lofty ideals we here pursue, but never find, there, "if we both hope and quietly wait," will be more than realized. The faculties, of whose infinite power we sometimes feel such strange and mysterious intimations within us, but which are hampered and weighed down by material hindrances, there, if we but wisely wait, will burst forth in all the beauty and glory of a sanctified and perfected humanity. Mere little seed-germs now, we wait to be planted by the rivers of life to the healing of the nations. — ANON.

Old Year and New Year —
It is all God's year;
His time for sowing,
His time for reaping,
His time for growing,
For rest and quiet sleeping.
New Year and Old Year,
Their hoping, regretting,
Will all turn to God's year,
With no time for fretting.

February

Thirteenth Day

The wilderness and solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall blossom as a rose. — Isaiah 35 : 1.

BLESSED be the man that really loves flowers! loves them for their own sakes, for their beauty, their associations, the joy they have given, and always will give; so that he would sit down among them as friends and companions, if there was not another creature on earth to admire or praise them! But such men need no blessing of mine. They are blessed of God! Did He not make the world for such men? Are they not clearly the owners of the world and the richest of all men? — BEECHER.

A man ought to carry himself in the world as an orange tree would if it could walk up and down in the garden,—swinging perfume from every little censer it holds up to the air. — BEECHER.

Thou canst not see grass grow, how sharp soe'er
 thou be,
Yet that the grass is grown thou very soon canst
 see;
So, though thou canst not see thy work now prospering, know
The print of every work, time without fail shall
 show.

RUCKERT.

Measure a man's divinity by the ways his flowers
love him.

February

Fourteenth Day

For me to live is Christ and to die is gain. — Philippians
1 : 21.

Living for Jesus.

LIVING for Jesus! my heart's whole devotion
Henceforth I offer, dear Saviour, to Thee;
Love, like the tide of an infinite ocean,
Swells in my heart, overflowing and free;
Deep unto deep in my spirit is calling,
Song after song do I joyfully sing,
He who redeemed me from earthly enthralling —
He is my Saviour, my Master, my King.

Strengthen me, Father! Oh, make my heart
tender,

Help me to gather the lost ones who roam,
Help me to show them their Guide and Defender,
Jesus, their Saviour, who bids them come home;
Help me to gather the sad and forsaken,
Teaching their voices new praises to sing,
Striving their hearts and their souls to awaken,
Witnessing ever for Jesus, my King!

Teach me to plead with the wayward who wander,
Help me to lead them from mazes of woe,
Giving the lonely some sweet word to ponder,
Cheering some soul on its way here below;
Saviour, my faith and my purposes strengthen,
Sheaves to the harvest of souls let me bring,
And while the days of eternity lengthen
Still let me witness for Jesus, my King.

MARTHA CAPPS OLIVER.

February

Fifteenth Day

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

Psalm 119: 105.

Walk while ye have the light. — S. John 12: 35.

I WANTED to see the miners on their way to their homes with their lamps in their hats. I saw them, and brought home with me a lamp as a souvenir. I think it would be wise if we would select a truth and carry it always with us, as the miners do their lamps. How would "Love one another" do for the family? How would "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you" do in our life-work?

Ah, the light makes manifest! The miners need their lamps down in the darkness of the mines, and we are in a world of darkness, and we need lamps. There is a very striking passage in the Psalms that says: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." I am glad it says feet; that looks like light for duty, not curiosity. "It is with the heart man believeth unto righteousness." There is always light enough to show us what to do, and the heart has to do with doing. There is always light for honest souls.

MARGARET BOTTOME.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul —

Hope, Faith, and Love — and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,

Light when thou else wert blind.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

February

Sixteenth Day

Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence. Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues. — Psalm 31 : 20.

JUST at the outset of our work, to try us whether we are good for our work, God's spirit takes us into some solitude, some experience, which whether it be enacted afar off from busy life, or in the very centre of a crowded street, makes us realize that our deepest life is alone and no other man's. And in the hush of this holy quiet, we see also that our deepest life is hid in Him.

So often, in the world's most crowded streets,
But often, in the din of strife,
There rises an unspeakable desire
After knowledge of our buried life,
A longing to inquire
Into the mystery of this heart which beats
So wild, so deep in us,— to know
Whence our thoughts come and where they go.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Since Thou hast called us children and brought us into the secret of Thy presence, we will trust in Thy leadings. Whatever we may be called upon to do, may we do it with an eye single to Thy glory, swayed not by the clamor of tongues, but by the desire for Thy approval.

February

Seventeenth Day

Bear ye one another's burdens. — Galatians 8: 2.

I EXPECT to pass through this world but once.
Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or
any kindness that I can show to any fellow human
being, let me do it *now*. Let me not defer or
neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

UNKNOWN.

Let thy alms go before, and keep heaven's gate
Open for thee, or both may come too late.

HERBERT.

The charities that soothe and heal and bless
Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.

WORDSWORTH.

Do what thou dost as if the stake were heaven,
And that thy last deed ere the judgment day.

UNKNOWN.

Rest not! life is sweeping by;
Do and dare before you die.

GOETHE.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a
switch on a railroad track — but one inch between
wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity. — BEECHER.

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Nor seeking a reward,
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord!

UNKNOWN.

February

Eighteenth Day

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. — S. John 14: 1.

THERE is no journey of life but has its cloudy days; and there are some days in which our eyes are so blinded with tears that we find it hard to see our way or even read God's promises. Those days that have a bright sunrise followed by sudden thunder-claps and bursts of unlooked-for sorrows are the ones that test certain of our graces the most severely. Yet the law of spiritual eyesight very closely resembles the law of physical optics. When we come suddenly out of the daylight into a room even moderately darkened, we can discern nothing; but the pupil of our eye gradually enlarges until unseen objects become visible. Even so the pupil of the eye of faith has the blessed faculty of enlarging in dark hours of bereavement, so that we discover that our loving Father's hand is holding the cup of trial, and by and by the gloom becomes luminous with glory.

The fourteenth chapter of John never falls with such music upon our ears as when we catch its sweet strains amid the pauses of some terrific storm. "Let not your hearts be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. . . . I will not leave you comfortless." — CUYLER.

All earth's discord, grating,
Will melt at last to love divine, complete.

MARY CLEMMER AMES.

February

Nineteenth Day

To be spiritually minded is life. — Romans 8: 6.

Like unto a New Life to You.

AS soon as you really say "My Father! My Saviour!" all life will be changed to you,— your interior and outward life. You will feel you are rich no matter what your outward circumstances are. You have a Father; your Father is King; you are His child,— not His perfect child, but you have a perfect Father, and Christ will be to you your elder brother, your friend, and the only friend that can save you from the love of sin; the only friend that can make known to you more and more the love of God. You will then know life, not mere existence. A friend I once told you about, used to tell of the three F's,— Facts, Faith, Feeling! We can only feel He is our Father by faith; and faith is believing a fact. It is a fact that God is our Father, who sent His Son to be the Saviour of the world; and by believing this fact we feel happy, we feel rich, and we come to know God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. And thus we feel the immortal tides of eternal life in us. — MARGARET BOTTOME.

Man is not God, but hath God's end to serve,
A Master to obey, a course to take,
Somewhat to cast off, somewhat to become.

BROWNING.

February

Twentieth Day

The Lord preserveth the faithful. — Psalm 31 : 23.

Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. — S. Matthew 25 : 23.

I HAVE noticed that wherever there has been a faithful following of the Lord in a consecrated soul, several things have followed, inevitably, sooner or later. Meekness and quietness of spirit become in time the characteristics of the daily life. A submissive acceptance of the will of God as it comes in the hourly events of each day; pliability in the hands of God to do or suffer all the good pleasure of His will; sweetness under provocation; calmness in the midst of turmoil and bustle; yieldingness to the wishes of others, and an insensibility to slights and affronts; absence of worry or anxiety; deliverance from care or fear, — all these, and many similar graces, are invariably to be the natural outward development of that inward life which is hid with Christ in God.

H. W. S.

To His own the Saviour giveth
Daily strength,
To each faithful soul that liveth,
Peace at length;
Therefore whatsoe'er betideth,
Night or day,
Know His love for thee provideth
Good alway.

February

Twenty-first Day

Ye people, pour out your heart before him : God is a refuge for us. — Psalm 62 : 8.

WHATSOEVER it is that presses thee, go tell thy Father; put over the matter into His hand, and so thou shalt be freed from that dividing, perplexing care that the world is full of. When thou art either to do or to suffer anything, when thou art about any purpose or business, go tell God of it, and acquaint Him with it; yea, burden Him with it, and thou hast done for the matter of caring. — R. LEIGHTON.

Thou Refuge of my soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
To Thee I tell my grief,
For Thou alone canst heal.
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

But, oh, when doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
Yet, Lord, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee
Though prostrate in the dust.

ANNA STEELE.

February

Twenty-second Day

Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not. —
S. Matthew 19: 14.

IT lies around us like a cloud,—
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

The silence — awful, sweet, and calm —
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem —
They seem to lull us to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

February

Twenty-third Day

As water spilt upon the ground. — 2 Samuel 14 : 14.

CAN you put the spider's web back in its place, that once has been swept away?

Can you put the apple again on the bough, which fell at your feet to-day?

Can you put the lily-cup back on its stem, and cause it to live and grow?

Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing, that you crushed with a hasty blow?

Can you put the bloom again on the grape, or the grape again on the vine?

Can you put the dewdrops back on the flowers, and make them sparkle and shine?

Can you put the petals back on the rose? If you could, would it smell as sweet?

Can you put the flour again in the husk, and show me the ripened wheat?

Can you put the kernel back in the nut, or the egg in its dainty shell?

Can you put the honey back in its comb, and cover with wax each cell?

Can you put the perfume back in its vase, when once it has sped away?

Can you put the corn-silk back on the corn, or the down on the catkins — say?

You think that my questions are trifling, dear? Let me ask you another one :

Can a hasty word ever be unsaid, or a deed unkind, undone?

KATE LAWRENCE.

February

Twenty-fourth Day

He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of his eye.—Zechariah 11:8.

“HIMSELF took our infirmities.” We love to clasp this truth to our hearts that all the weak, fainting, falling ones of earth may know that their Saviour sympathizes with all their struggles.

If I could only surely know
That all these things that tire me so
Were noticed by my Lord!
The pang that cuts me like a knife,
The noise, the weariness, the strife —
What peace it would afford!

It seems to me, if sure of this,
Blent with each ill would come such bliss
That I might covet pain,
And deem whatever brought to me
The loving thought of Deity,
And sense of Christ's sweet sympathy,
Not loss, but richest gain.

Dear Lord, my heart shall no more doubt
That Thou dost compass me about
With sympathy divine;
The love for me once crucified
Is not the love to leave my side,
But waiteth ever to divide
Each smallest care of mine.

SELECTED.

February

Twenty-fifth Day

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after.
Psalm 27 : 4.

SINGLENESSE of aim is one great secret of success. We cannot do better than by setting before our souls some "one thing" for which we mean to live. The Psalmist says: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after." Christ said to Martha of Bethany: "One thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." And the Apostle Paul says, "This one thing I do." It is profitable to direct our thoughts to these three things, the "one thing desirable"; the "one thing needful"; the "one thing to be done."

"One thing," said David, "is my heart's desire:
I wish to dwell forever with my God;
Within His holy temple to inquire,
And see His beauty in His own abode."

"One thing is needful," said the faithful Lord
To her who served Him with too bustling care;
"To listen to My voice, receive My word
Into thy heart, and entertain Me there."

"One thing," said Paul, "I do, and only one:
Forgetting things behind, I keep mine eyes
Fixed on the goal, till all my race be run,
And still press on, that I may win the prize."

E. CAMPBELL FINLAYSON.

February

Twenty-sixth Day

I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. — Isaiah 13: 16.

ABOVE the battle of inquiry and falsehood is clearly heard the prayer from the burdened heart of young Schiller, "What am I without truth, without her leadership through life's labyrinths? A wanderer in the wilderness, overtaken by night, with no friendly hand to lead me, no guiding star to show me the way. Doubt, uncertainty, scepticism! But Truth, thou leadest us safely through life, bearest the torch before us in the dark vale of death, and bringest us home to heaven where thou wast born. O my God, keep my heart in peace in that holy rest during which Truth loves best to visit us." — UNKNOWN.

When man in error gropes
Night under night still opes:
Goodness is horror then,
And demons dwell in men.
But when he thinks aright,
A fount of dazzling light
From evil's darkness bursts
To satiate his thirsts.

ORIENTAL POETRY.

This is the thought all fears to soothe,
"Crooked made straight and rough made smooth."

MARTHA CAPPS OLIVER.

February

Twenty-seventh Day

Lord, increase our faith. — S. Luke 17: 5.

I HEAR men praying everywhere for more faith; but when I listen to them carefully and get at the real heart of their prayers, very often it is not more faith at all that they are wanting, but a change from faith to sight. Faith says not, "I see that it is good for me, and so God must have sent it," but "God sent it, and so it must be good for me." Faith walking in the dark with God only prays Him to clasp its hand more closely, does not even ask Him for the lifting of the darkness so that the man may find the way himself.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

So runs the law, the law of recompense,
That binds our life on earth and heaven in one;
Faith cannot live where all is sight and sense,
But faith can live and sing when these are gone.

We grieve and murmur, for we can but see
The single thread that flies in silence by;
When if we only saw the things to be,
Our lips would breathe a song and not a sigh.

Wait then, my soul, and edge the darkening cloud
With the bright gold that Hope can always lend;
And if to-day thou art with sorrow bowed,
Wait till to-morrow and thy grief shall end.

HENRY BURTON.

February

Twenty-eighth Day

Be at peace. — Job 22 : 21.

BLESSED is that man who can retire from the world to be alone with himself and God. The reserved nature is often the fullest and richest in its endowments, and is *always*, perhaps, the one most directly in communion with unseen things. The spirit of such a man becomes, while yet on earth, the peaceful throne of the Divine Being. Gentle, quiet, and reverent, it constrains all who approach it to escape from the toils of earthly life and enter into the calm and serenity of the spiritual atmosphere. It is a silent witness for truth and purity; it leads men invisibly to a higher plane of action, and draws heaven and earth closer together by the strength of its own high purpose. The deeper one goes into such a nature as this, the richer is the treasure that he finds.

There are some hearts like wells, green-mossed
and deep

As ever Summer saw;
And cool their water is, yea, cool and sweet;
But you must come to draw.

CAROLINE S. SPENCER.

Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

February

Twenty-ninth Day

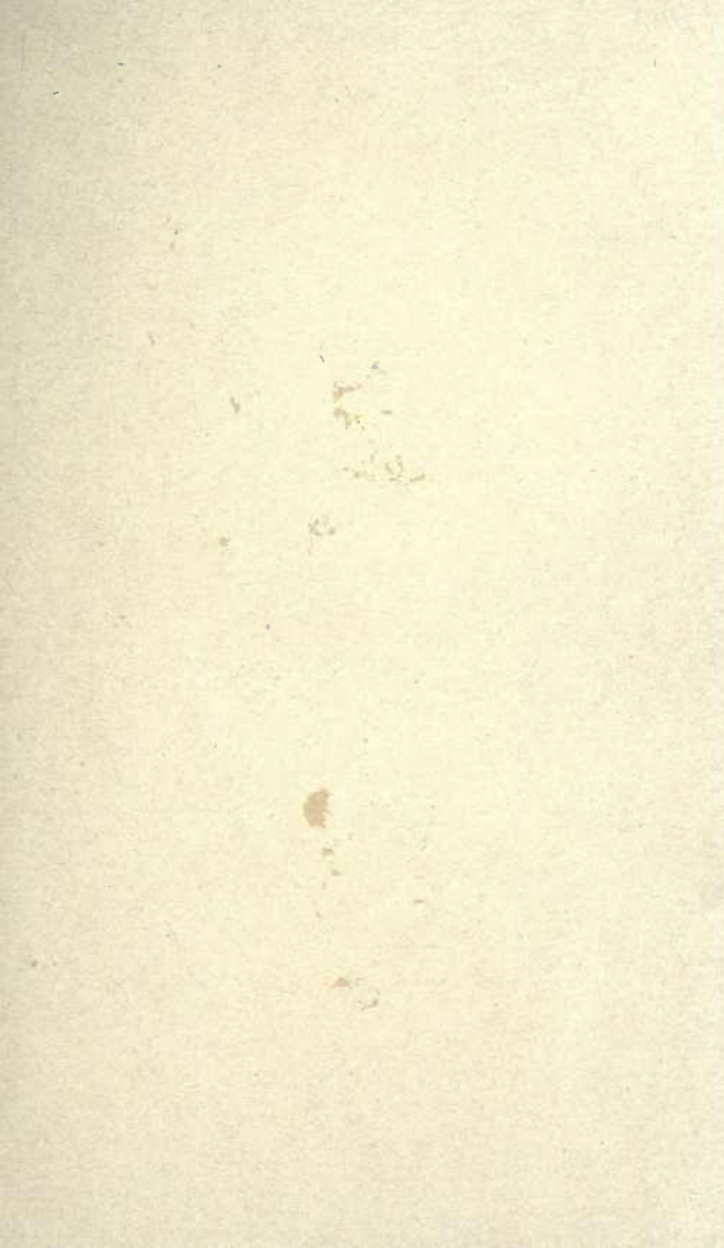
Whether . . . life or death or things present or things to come, all are yours. — 1 Corinthians 3: 22.


PATHOS comes into our lives from the consciousness that life still passes, and that all of its associations, however tender, must at last be broken. Many have left us, many more will go, and sometime, we know not when, we also must go out to come not back again. How that fact has broken in startlingly upon our thoughts sometimes, and we have looked in each other's faces with the question, Which of us shall go and leave the other behind? . . . We cannot be wholly glad while this certainty of separation remains; a shadow must fall upon our souls so long as this question rises in our eyes when we look into each other's faces. It ought not to destroy our happiness nor cast a gloom over our lives, but it must give us moments of tender and serious thoughtfulness.

J. T. MCFARLAND.

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees;
Who hopeless lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play;
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
That truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own.

WHITTIER.





Heaven
give
you
many,

many
merry da

Shakespe

March.

March



The Third Month

First Day

Let the peace of God rule in your hearts. — Colossians 3: 15.

GOD is a tranquil Being, and abides in a tranquil eternity. So must thy spirit become a tranquil and clear little pool, wherein the serene life of God can be mirrored. Therefore shun all that is disquieting and distracting, both within and without.

Nothing in the whole world is worth the loss of thy peace ; even the faults which thou hast committed should only humble, but not disquiet thee.

G. TERSTEGEN.

Drop thy still dews of quietness
Till all our strivings cease ;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

WHITTIER.

With deeper voice than any speech
Of mortal lips from man to man,
What earth's unwisdom may not teach
The spirit only can.

WHITTIER.

March

Second Day

The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.—2 Corinthians 4:18.

WE wonder what they talk of in that other world, and if they keep their interest in things which were so dear to them and to us while we were yet together. Do they who shared our lives, our hopes and sorrows, and strivings, do they know it all now? Or has it passed away from them forever as being of the “things temporal”?

It is not given us to know these things, but we do know that we may look forward to our common interests in “the things which are not seen but are eternal,” and that we will be “satisfied.”

We know not when, we know not where,
We know not what that world will be,
But this we know: it will be fair
To see.

With heart athirst and thirsty face
We know and know not what shall be:—
Christ Jesus bring us of His grace
To see.

Christ Jesus bring us of His grace
Beyond all prayers our hopes can pray,
One day to see Him face to face,—
One day.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

March

Third Day

Fear not, but let your hands be strong. — Zechariah 8: 13.

IT is not enough for a man to build a ship so that it looks beautiful as it stands on the stocks. What though a man build his vessel so trim and graceful that all admire it, if when she comes to be launched she is not fit for the sea, if she cannot stand stormy weather, if she is a slow sailer and a poor carrier, if she is liable to founder on the voyage? A ship, however comely she may be, is not good for anything unless she can battle with the deep. That is the place to test her. All her fine lines and grace and beauty are of no account if she fails there. It makes no difference how splendidly you build so far as this world is concerned, your life is a failure unless you build so that you can go out into the great future on the eternal sea of life. We are to live on. We are not to live again, but we are to live without break. Death is not an end. It is a new impulse.

BEECHER.

When through the torn sail the wild tempest is
streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is
gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our maker, — "Save, Lord, or we per-
ish!"

REGINALD HEBER.

March

Fourth Day

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. — Psalm 23: 1, 3.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, He leadeth my soul
In pastures all pleasant and green,
I rest in His shadow, I walk in His light,
And food from His harvests I glean;
Beside the cool waters and rivers of peace
Which sparkle with life as they flow,
Refreshing my heart and reviving my strength
He guides me, as onward I go.

My soul He restoreth, when wandering astray,
His patience unfailing abides,
He heals me when broken, redeems when oppressed,
And loves me the while that He chides;
My eyes may be holden from seeing His face —
He leadeth me, leadeth me still,
In paths of the righteous, by ways that He knows,
Where nothing can work me an ill.

The Lord is my Shepherd, a table He spreads
In presence of those whom I fear,
Anointing my head with a baptism sweet,
As ever He draweth more near.
His bounty provides for my every need,
With plenty He blesses my board,
Each day brings its manna, refreshing my strength,—
'Tis mine ere the gift is implored.

MARTHA CAPPS OLIVER.

March

Fifth Day

If any man love God the same is known of him. — 1 Corinthians 8: 3.

CHILD of my Love, lean hard !
And let Me feel the pressure of thy care ;
I know thy burden, for I fashioned it ;
Poised it in My own Hand, and made its weight
Precisely that which I saw best for thee,
And when I placed it on thy shrinking form
I said, "I shall be near, and while thou leanest
On Me, this burden shall be Mine not thine."
So shall I keep within My circling arms,
The child of My own Love ; here lay it down
Nor fear to weary Him who made, upholds,
And guides the universe. Yet closer come ;
Thou art not near enough. Thy care, thyself
Lay both on Me, that I may feel my child
Reposing on my heart. Thou lovest me
I doubt it not ; then *loving* Me, lean hard.

Let the fearful and timid one see that God is love — essentially and eternally — love to all and therefore to him ; and that God has done and suffered all that love could suggest for the well-being of His creatures. ALEXANDER RALEIGH.

Be what thou seemest ! live thy creed !
Hold up to earth the touch divine ;
Be what thou prayest to be made,
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

BONAR.

March

Sixth Day

God is in heaven and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few. — Ecclesiastes 5 : 2.

POSSIBLY the highest point where human weakness manifests itself is in an effort at expression. The human heart resembles the sea. One day it lies like a calm, untroubled lake ; soon to be lashed into fury, and then subside into moans and sobs, as though longing to give voice to its sorrow, or carry its mighty secret up to the surface, and bear it proudly to the shore. Words are the only vessels in which we can make our voyages on the sea of thought, and weak and frail they are, indeed. We struggle for recognition, for expression, for the power of utterance, but we struggle sometimes in vain. Not so with God. His forms of expression are too manifest for our understanding. It is almost impossible to open the eyes without beholding some expression of divinity.

J. T. MACFARLAND.

The thoughts that in our hearts keep pace,
Lord, make a holy, heavenly throng,
And steep in innocence and grace
The issue of each guarded tongue.

T. H. GILL.

If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven !

HOLMES.

March

Seventh Day

Love is the fulfilling of the law. — Romans 13: 10.

LOVE is lost by thoughtlessness, by inconsideration, and by selfishness, more than by any other way. Do you want to lose your love? It is like those old Venetian glasses, fine, slender, and delicate ; pour into one all the great wealth of your affection and the glass will hold it, but let one drop of the poison of self-will or indifference get there and the glass is shattered into a thousand pieces.

Where are only stems and thorns
Veiled in curled leaves, dead and brown,
Gardens where we only see
Where the roses used to be !

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

Say never ye loved *once*,
God is too near above, the grave below,
And all our moments go
Too quickly past our souls for saying so.
The mysteries of life and death avenge
Affections light of range ;
There comes no change to justify that change.

MRS. BROWNING.

Oh ! cast thou not
Affection from thee ! In this bitter world,
Hold to thy heart that only treasure fast ;
Watch, guard it — suffer not a breath to dim
The bright gem's purity.

FELICIA HEMANS.

March

Eighth Day

Grievous words stir up anger. — Proverbs 15: 1.

Put out the Fire.

WHEN our houses take fire, says Dr. Cuyler, the first impulse is to go after a bucket of water. But if temper takes fire, the first impulse is to throw on more fuel.

Now the best bucket of water for a roused temper is resolute silence. If, whenever an irritating act were done, or an injury struck us, we should firmly seal our lips for even ten minutes, we would save ourselves many a quarrel, many a heartburn, many a mortification, many a disgrace to our religious profession. Speech is often explosive and shattering. Silence is cooling. It cools us off and cools other people. One of the calmest men I ever knew told me that he used to be violently passionate, but he broke his temper by resolutely bridling his tongue until his anger died away.

Come, here is work — and a rank field — begin !
Put thou thine edge to the great weeds of sin ;
 So shalt thou find the use of life, and see
 Thy Lord at set of sun,
Approach and say, “ Well done ! ”

E. W. ELLSWORTH.

Let your spirit dwell upon the sunny hilltops of serenity, where the shadows cast by ill-temper and evil spirits can never reach.

March

Ninth Day

Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us. — Hebrews 12: 1.

WE are compassed about by a cloud of witnesses, whose hearts throb in sympathy with every effort and struggle, and who thrill with joy at every success.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

“I am working alone and no one heeds !”

Who says so does not know

There are clear eyes watching on every side,

And wherever our feet may go,

We are “compassed about with so great a crowd,”

That if we could only see,

We never could think that our life is small,

Or that we may unnoticed be !

We seem to suffer and bear alone

Life's burden and all its care ;

And the sighs and prayers of the heavy heart

Vanish into the air ;

But we do not suffer or work alone,

And after a victory won,

Who knows how happy the hosts may be

Who whisper a soft “Well done !”

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

March

Tenth Day

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. — Proverbs 22 : 1.

A good name is better than precious ointment. — Ecclesiastes 7 : 1.

SUCH a name is better than "great riches." Its money value is wealth. Its character value is beyond estimate. He who has a large balance to his credit in the confidence, the affection and sympathies of his fellow-men, is far richer than one whose name is worth just so many dollars. In the one case, the money is the basis of confidence. In the other, the man. To get a fortune and keep a good name, is surely better than riches without a good name.

But now and then there are cases where men preserve their integrity, and yet do not achieve financial success. Misfortune may pursue them, or they may lack business judgment ; fire or storm may keep a man's losses up with his gains, and he may die poor, even though bearing a good name. What have we to say of such an one? Why, just what Scripture says : "A good name is better than precious ointment." Riches are temporal, but character is eternal.

EARL CRANSTON.

His the name that's nearest heaven,
Godward breathed in full heart's praise,
Who most thorns has drawn, not driven ;
Mirrored back most tears on face
Of poor Humanity.

March

Eleventh Day

Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. — S. Luke 12: 27.

MY heart is weary for the lilies. Oh,
That I might wander far beyond the snow
And find the garden where the lilies grow !

Lilies, clean silver lilies to illume
And glorify the dimness of my room,
Lilies of light to penetrate the gloom.

Not the bright roses of the shining day ;
Roses are fittest when the hour is gay ;
For holy-hearted lilies now I pray.

Christ ! make Thine Easter lilies bloom again !
See, how Thy poor are crying out in pain,
And all the land is full of snow and rain.

Sharp is the wind, and cutting is the sleet,
Cold and unclean we walk the street ;
Cold and unclean — the mire about our feet.

In vain we turn for hope toward Thy sky ;
Clouds are so dense, and Heaven — alas — so high.
No sun shines visible to human eye.

Show us, O Thou who once removed our stain,
We need not pray for purity in vain !
Christ ! bid Thy solemn lilies bloom again.

BLANCHE NEVIN.

March

Twelfth Day

He that loveth life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal. — S. John 12 : 25.

IF pain were banished from the earth life would become utterly unfruitful. Neither nations nor individuals make any history in peace. We are always trying to make life what it never can be — safe, constant, and equal. If we could succeed in this effort, this severe and measured existence would have little value; for we are so made that sad meanings are the highest meanings — the only largely significant expressions of the eternal will as revealed in us.

Pity and need

Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood,
Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,
Which trickle salt with all; neither comes man
To birth with title-mark stamped on the brow,
Nor sacred thread on neck. Who doth right deeds
Is twice-born, and who doeth ill deeds vile.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

Hear then this lesson; hear and learn:

He who would save his soul, I say,
Must lose his soul; must dare to turn

And lift the fallen by the way;

Must make his soul worth saving by some deed
That grows and grows, as grows a fruitful seed.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

March

Thirteenth Day

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. — Galatians 6: 2.

IF you were toiling up a weary hill
Bearing a load beyond your strength to bear,
Straining each nerve untiringly, and still
Stumbling and losing foothold here and there,
And each one passing by would do so much
As give one upward lift, and go his way,
Would not the slight reiterated touch
Of help and kindness lighten all the day?

If you were breasting a keen wind, which tossed
And buffeted and chilled you as you strove,
Till, baffled and bewildered quite, you lost
The power to see the way, and aim and move,
And one, if only for a moment's space,
Gave you a shelter from the bitter blast,
Would you not find it easier to face
The storm again when the brief rest was past?

There is no little and there is no much ;
We weigh and measure and define in vain.
A look, a word, or a responsive touch
Can be the ministers of joy to pain ;
A man can die of hunger walled in gold,
A crumb may quicken hope to stronger breath,
And every day we give or we withhold
Some little thing which tells for life and death.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

March

Fourteenth Day

Trust in the Lord and do good. — Psalm 37: 3.

BUILD a little fence of trust
Around to-day,
Fill the space with loving work
And therein stay ;
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow,
God will help thee bear what comes,
Of joy or sorrow.

MARY F. BUTTS.

When God is in the midst of a kingdom or a city, He makes it as firm as Mount Zion that cannot be removed. When He is in the midst of a soul, though calamities throng about it on all hands, yet there is a constant calm within, such a peace as the world can neither give nor take away. What is it but want of God in men's hearts that makes them shake like leaves at every blast of danger?

R. LEIGHTON.

Why is sun more bright than rain?
Why does night bring forth the day?
Why do souls grow strong through pain?
'Tis God's way.

Him to trust though sunbeams fail,
Him to love though loves decay,
Him to see behind the veil,
Be my way.

March

Fifteenth Day

But this I say, brethren, the time is short. — I Corinthians 7: 29.

I SOMETIMES feel the thread of life is slender
And soon with me the labor will be wrought,
Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender,
The time
The time is short.

Up, up, my soul, the long-spent time redeeming,
Sow thou the seeds of better deed and thought :
Light other lamps while yet thy light is beaming,
The time
The time is short.

By all the lapses thou hast been forgiven,
By all the lessons prayer to thee hath taught,
To others teach the sympathetic heaven.
The time
The time is short.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

He whose days pass without imparting and receiving is like the bellows of a smith : he breathes indeed, but he does not live. HINDU PROVERB.

Thou fadest as a flower, O man !
Of food for musing here is store.
O man, thouallest as a leaf !
Pace thoughtfully earth's leaf-strewn floor.

R. C. TRENCH.

March

Thirteenth Day

Serve him with a perfect heart and willing mind. — 1 Chronicles 28: 9.

Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. — Romans 12: 2.

LET us bow our souls and say, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord!" Let us lift up our hearts and ask, "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me do?" Then light from the opened heaven shall stream on our daily task, revealing the grains of gold, where yesterday all seemed dust; a hand shall sustain us and our burden, so that, smiling at yesterday's fears, we shall say, "This is easy, this is light"; every "lion in the way," as we come up to it, shall be chained, and leave open the gates of the Palace Beautiful; and to us, even to us, feeble and fluctuating as we are, ministries shall be assigned, and through our hands blessings shall be conveyed in which the spirits of just men made perfect might delight.

ELIZABETH CHARLES.

Mine be the reverent, listening love
That waits all day on Thee,
With the service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see.

A. L. WARING.

Waste not thy being; back to Him
Who freely gave it, freely give;
Else is that being but a dream;
'Tis but to *be*, and not to *live*. BONAR.

March

Seventeenth Day

Ask and it shall be given you. — S. Matthew 7 : 8.

I ASKED for bread : God gave a stone instead.
Yet while I pillowed there my head,
The angels made a ladder of my dreams,
Which upwards to celestial mountains led.
And when I woke, beneath the morning's beams,
Around my resting-place fresh manna lay ;
And praising God, I went upon my way,
For I was fed.

I asked for strength ; for with the noontide heat
I fainted, while the reapers, singing sweet,
Went forward with ripe sheaves I could not bear.
Then came the Master with His blood-stained feet,
And lifted me with sympathetic care.
Then on His arm I leaned till all was done ;
And I stood with the rest at set of sun,
My task complete.

God answers prayer ; sometimes, when hearts are
weak,
He gives the very gifts believers seek.
But often faith must learn a deeper rest,
And trust God's silence when He does not speak ;
For He, whose name is love, will send the best.
Stars may burn out, nor mountain walls endure ?
But God is true, His promises are sure
To those who seek.

MYRA GOODWIN PLANZ.

March

Eighteenth Day

Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life whereunto thou art also called. — 1 Timothy 6: 12.

EVEN were the immortality of the soul a fiction, I would be sorry not to believe it. I confess I am not so humble as the atheists. I do not follow their thoughts; but for myself would not barter the idea of my immortality for the happiness of to-day, for I delight to deem myself immortal as God himself.

MONTESQUIEU.

Where our Captain bids us go
'Tis not ours to murmur "No."

He that gives the sword and shield,
Chooses too the battle-field

Where we are to fight the foe. ANONYMOUS.

Who art thou that complaineth of thy life of toil? Complain not! Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow-workmen there, in God's eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving; sacred band of the immortals, celestial body-guard of the empire of mankind. To thee heaven, though severe, is *not* unkind; heaven is kind, — as a noble mother; as that Spartan mother, saying, while she gave her son his shield, "With it, my son, or upon it." Thou too shalt return *home* in honor; doubt it not, — if in the battle thou keep thy shield!

Thou, in the Eternities and deepest death-kingsdoms art not an alien; thou art everywhere a denizen. Complain not.

CARLYLE.

March

Nineteenth Day

Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame ; he remembereth that we are dust. — Psalm 103 : 13, 14.

FATHER ! How much of strength and consolation centres in that word ! In this single view of God how much there is to bind us to Him with fervent and ever-growing love !

He knows the bitter, weary way,
The needless striving by the way,
The souls that weep, the souls that pray —
He knows !

He knows how hard the fight hath been,
The cloud that came our lives between,
The wounds the world hath never seen,
He knows !

He knows when faint and worn we sink,
How deep the pain, how near the brink
Of dark despair we pause and shrink ;
He knows !

He knows : O heart take up thy cross,
And know earth's treasures are but dross,
And He will prove as gain our loss !
He knows !

MARIAN LONGFELLOW.

The merciful compassion of our heavenly Father
broods over us, as the blue sky bends over the earth.
The great Father heart is everywhere.

March

Twentieth Day

I thank my God, making mention of thee always in my prayers, hearing of thy love and faith. — Philippians 4:5.

Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called. — Ephesians 4:1.

Let such as love thy salvation say continually, The Lord be magnified. — Psalm 50:16.

LET us hold fast the threefold cord that cannot be broken, the friend wishing, the friend receiving, and the mighty Friend loving to give as much as is needed.

ANDREW MURRAY.

“Love makes drudgery divine.” Love cannot help itself, it outruns and leaves law far behind. The question is not what must I do, but what may I do? Love will stop at nothing. It takes up its cross and travels after its object over every hill and mountain of difficulty. Love desires all to partake of its bliss; it runs on with unceasing cry “What shall I render for such benefits?”

POWERSCOURT.

Without or star or angel for their guide,
Who worship God shall find Him. Humble love
And not proud reason keeps the door of heaven.
Love finds admission when proud science fails.

YOUNG.

March

Twenty-first Day

*Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust. — Psalm
11 : 4.*

GO forth to meet the solemnities and to conquer the trials of existence, believing in a Shepherd of your souls. Then faith in Him will support you in duty, and duty firmly done will strengthen faith ; till at last your faith will raise the song of conquest, and in its retrospect of the life which has ended, and its forward glance upon the life to come, take up the poetic inspiration of the Hebrew King.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

Upon God's providence I lean,
As lean in faith I must ;
The lesson of my life hath been,
A heart of grateful trust.
No burden yet was on me laid
Of trouble or of care,
But He my trembling step hath stayed
And given me strength to bear.
I know not what beyond may lie,
But look in humble faith,
Into a larger life to die
And find new birth in death.
And so my onward course I fare
With happy heart and calm,
And mingle with my daily care
The music of my psalm.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER.

March

Twenty-second Day

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. — S. Matthew 6: 34.

HE that hath many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness, who loses all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down upon his little handful of thorns.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod ;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our Father and our God.

WILLIAM J. IRONS.

O my friend, look not *out* at what stands in the way ; what if it looks dreadful as a lion, is not the Lord stronger than the beasts of prey ? But look *in* where the law of life is written, and the will of the Lord revealed, that thou mayest know what is the Lord's will concerning thee.

I. PENNINGTON.

Grief's Clearing Sky.

Who knows whither the clouds have fled ?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake ;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache.

LOWELL.

March

Twenty-third Day

In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths. — Proverbs 3: 6.

He leadeth me. — Psalm 23: 2.

WE are like to Him with whom there is no past or future, with whom a day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day, when we do our work in the great present, leaving both past and future to Him to whom they are ever present, and fearing nothing because He is our future as He is our past, as much as, and far more than we can feel Him to be in our present. Partakers thus of the divine nature, resting in that perfect All-in-All in whom our nature is eternal too, we walk without fear, full of hope and courage and strength to do His will, waiting to do the endless good which He is always giving as fast as He can get us able to take it in.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

“In pastures green?” Not always; sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

So, whether on the hilltops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys, where
The shadows lie, what matter? He is there.

HENRY A. BARRY.

Keep to the present little inch that is before
you, and accomplish that in the little moment that
belongs to it.

M. A. KELLY.

March

Twenty-fourth Day

Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. — Hebrews 12: 6.

HE took them from me, one by one,
The things I set my heart upon ;
They looked so harmless, fair and blest,
Would they have hurt me? God knows best ;
He loves me so, He would not wrest
Them from me if it were not best.

I will not say I did not weep
As doth a child that wants to keep
The pleasant things in hurtful play
His wiser parent takes away ;
But in this comfort I will rest :
He who hath taken knoweth best.

F. H. MAER.

Let Christ's love flow into our souls and fill them.
Then struggles and sacrifices will lose their bitterness, even if they must keep some of their pain.
God's work begun within is a pledge of His work finished. Until the day of the Lord Jesus, then let us look up, rejoice and hope and love.

God chastens thee because He loves thee ! . . .
He loved thee into sorrow, and He will love thee through it. Love is the reason of all He does.

MACDUFF.

God's love with keen flame purges like the lightning flash.

March

Twenty-fifth Day

Thou understandest my thought afar off. — Psalm 139: 2.

WISELY the great Plato wrote, "Thinking is the soul talking with itself." The visible part of man dies and is forgotten, but his soul, his thought, is immortal. As thought is the breath of men's spirit, so it is the character of his thought which determines the character of his immortality. Whether the magnetism of his influence shall stimulate other men to worthy and lofty purposes, or whether it shall leave upon succeeding generations such black stains of crime as no angel tears can wash away, shall be determined by the character and power of a thought. There are thoughts which are plague-spots, thoughts which are prophecies, thoughts which are convictions, thoughts which are pledges and prayers, thoughts which are wounds in the world's deep heart. Battle and bloodshed, cruelty and wrong, murder and oppression, have all sprung and grown from the first murderous thought of Cain. There are thoughts which are symbols. The Taj Mahal, stainless in its matchless beauty and purity, sprang, a white flower of sorrow, from the grave where were buried together the dead and the living heart, and so shall forever symbolize the love of the Indian King whose loyal soul clung to one woman living and mourned her dead. Thought is mysteriously transformed into beliefs; into laws; into creeds. Under every thought lies a feeling too deep for perfect expression.

March

Twenty-sixth Day

*In the night-time his song shall be with me. — Psalm 42 : 8.
He shall give thee songs in the night. — Job 35 : 10.*

O H ! still those precious words remain,
The strains of trust and love
Which beat the air, like spirit-wings
And lift the heart above.

'Those songs on which the saints of old
Scaled heaven's loftiest height,
And 'cross the blue horizon's rim
Secured their crowns of light.

I bind the memory of those songs
Close to my reverent heart,
They turn temptation's face away
And bid my griefs depart ;
They soothe me, soft as spirit-hands
That fan the fainting soul,
And all invisibly they lift
My life to heaven's goal.

MARTHA CAPPS OLIVER.

If there be memory in the world to come,
If thought recur to some things silenced here,
Then shall the deep heart be no longer dumb,
But find expression in that happier sphere ;
It shall not be denied the utmost sum
Of love to speak without or fault or fear,
But utter to the harp, with changes sweet,
Words that, forbidden still, then heaven were
incomplete.

JEAN INGELow.

March

Twenty-seventh Day

Love suffereth long and is kind. — I Corinthians 13: 4.

THE love of Jesus reproduces itself in the lives of His working and suffering children. In some shape they are ever giving themselves to God and for their fellow-men. True love is no thin disembodied sentiment. Love asserts its presence in a practical, visible way, when once it really lives.

CANON LIDDON.

Let your friends have your sympathy and your help . . . and let simplicity, love, and humility be your great aim — just to do God's work without an atom of self-love in it. Keep this aim ever true and pure and all will come out right, even though many a weary step has to be trod in the footsteps of Jesus.

H. MONSELL.

Who saith, "I loved once"?
Not angels, whose clear eyes love, foresee,
Love through eternity,
Who, by "to love," do apprehend "to be";
Not God, called love, His noble crown-name, casting
A light too broad for blasting!
The great God, changing not from everlasting,
Saith not, "I loved once."

E. B. BROWNING.

March

Twenty-eighth Day

Thou shalt forget thy misery, and remember it as waters that pass away. — Job 11 : 16.

I LOOK around me and think how many there are in the same trouble as myself, perhaps much greater, and they have no Father to go to. I look behind me and think of all the way I have been led, and the mercy upon mercy which I have experienced. I look before and above me and think of my heaven at the door. Jesus my forerunner there, my God there, where, through wondrous grace, I shall soon be myself.

BISHOP BULL.

My mind was full of troubles wild,
And all my heart was filled with sorrow,
When, by my side, a little child
Pointed toward the sky and smiled,
And said, "The sun will shine to-morrow."

I looked, and all my pain had flown ;
Would He, who e'en takes thought of sparrows,
Give me, instead of bread, a stone ?
Or never heed my weary moan ?
Or pierce my soul with many arrows ?

O weary souls ! however black
Your lives may be, this comfort borrow ;
Look ever forward, look not back,
But keep upon the homeward track,
And look for sunshine on the morrow.

EDITH HELENA COOKE.

March

Twenty-ninth Day

I will lift up my eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my strength. — Psalm 1 : 21.

AND now, O Lord, our God, we desire to be caught up out of the fever and turbulence of the times in which we dwell. We desire to find Thee a very present help in time of trouble. Lord, Thou hast promised to make Thyself a refuge. Thou art a mountain in a weary land. We remember in days gone by, when we have gone up out of the city and troubled vale unto the tops of mountains, and found, while it was heated and full of summer burnings below, that there it was cool and transparent, that there no sound was heard, and everything dwelt in eternal calm and purity. Be pleased, O Lord, to grant, since Thou art lifted far above toil and heat and turbulence, that we may be able to find Thee, and to refresh ourselves in Thy presence.

BEECHER.

“Unto the Hills.”

O restless heart, so full of cares,
Yet longing so for better things,
Impatient even in thy prayers,
And vexed at trifling happenings,
Receive the strength that calms and stills,
Lift up thine eyes “unto the hills.”

MARY THOMPSON.

March

Thirtieth Day

Whoso is wise, will ponder these things. — Psalm 107 : 43.

GOOD will, like a good name, is got by many actions and lost by one. JEFFREY.

Every event of life points, if it does not carry us, on to the cross. JONATHAN EDWARDS.

Show me the man you honor ; I know by that symptom better than by any other, what kind of a man you are yourself ; for you show me what your ideal of manhood is, and what kind of a man you long to be. CARLYLE.

Make each day a critic on the last. POPE.

Be noble ; and the nobleness that lies
In other hearts, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

LOWELL.

Taking the first step with the good thought, the second with the good word, and the third with the good deed, I entered Paradise. ZOROASTER.

In the midst of much failure have the heart to begin again. Fear not so long as you have Christ with you as your friend and defender.

JOHN HALL.

Seeing much, suffering much, and endeavoring much are the pillars of learning. D'ISRAELI.

March

Thirty-first Day

Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish. — S. Luke 13: 3.

OF all acts, is not, for man, repentance the most divine? The deadliest sin were the consciousness of no sin. The heart so conscious is divorced from sincerity, humility, and fact. Hence the experience of David is the truest emblem of man's moral progress and warfare ever written.

CARLYLE.

Coming to Jesus is the desire of the heart after Him. It is to feel our sin and misery, and to believe that He is willing and able to pardon, comfort, and keep us; to ask Him to help us, and to trust Him as in a friend. To have the same feelings and desires as if He were visibly present, and we came and implored Him to bless us, is to come to Him, though we do not see His face nor hear His voice. The penitent's desire for pardon, his prayer, "Lord, save me; I perish" — this is coming to Him.

NEWMAN HALL.

A true repentance shuns the evil itself
More than the external suffering or the shame.

SHAKSPEARE.

Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou mightst leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy rest on me,
Even me.

MRS. ELIZABETH CODNER.

April



The Fourth Month

First Day

Deal thy bread to the hungry.—Isaiah 58: 7.

IF there be a pleasure on earth which angels cannot enjoy, and which they might almost envy a man the possession of, it is the power of relieving distress ; if there be a pain which devils might pity a man for enduring, it is the death-bed reflection that we have possessed the power of doing good, but that we have abused and perverted it to purposes of ill.

COLTON.

In all the human gifts and passions, though they advance nature, yet they are subject to excess ; but charity alone admits no excess. For so we see, by aspiring to be like God in power, the angels transgressed and fell ; but by aspiring to be like God in goodness or love, neither man nor angel ever did or shall transgress. For unto the imitation we are called.

BACON.

Beneficence is a duty. He who frequently practises it, and sees his benevolent intentions realized, at length comes really to love him to whom he has done good.

KANT.



APRIL

Chrys.

Heaven's choicest blessings rest on thee!

Gould

April

Second Day

Evening and morning and at noon, will I cry and pray aloud: and he shall hear my voice. — Psalm 15: 17.

MOST holy and eternal God, Lord and Sovereign of all the creatures, I humbly present to Thy divine majesty myself, my soul and body, my thoughts and my words, my actions and intentions, my passions and my sufferings, to be disposed by Thee to Thy glory, to be blessed by Thy providence, to be guided by Thy counsel, to be sanctified by Thy Spirit, and afterwards that my soul and body may be received into glory: for nothing can perish which is under Thy custody; and the enemy of souls cannot devour what is Thy portion, nor take it out of Thy hand. This day, O Lord, and all the days of my life I dedicate to Thy honor, and the actions of my calling to the uses of grace, and the religion of all my days to be united to the merits and intercession of my holy Saviour Jesus, that in Him and for Him I may be pardoned and accepted. Amen.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

We kneel how weak, we rise how full of power.
Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others — that we are not always strong,
That we ever are overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us in prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?

R. C. TRENCH.

April

Third Day

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. —
Psalm 119: 105.

ON land and ocean men have rejoiced at the shining of a guiding star. The thankful mariner steers over the pathless sea by one steadfast star that befriends him out of the North. The caravan crawling by night across the trackless desert makes the tinkling of the camel bells follow the twinkling of the star that points the way. In years now forever happily gone, the bondman fleeing through the forests, wading swamps and swimming streams to elude the bloodhound's scent and escape the overseer's lash, hiding by day, and hurrying by night, rejoiced to see a kindly star that burned in the northern sky like a light in Liberty's window, signalling the way to friendly soil, manhood, and the powerful shelter of the flag of our Union flying over the border. As surely in spiritual realms as on sea and land a guiding light shines from above. In the sky of every human soul is some starry revelation which, if followed, will lead to the manifold liberty with which Christ makes men free.

When we cannot see our way,
Let us trust and still obey ;
He who bids us forward go,
Cannot fail the way to show.

April

Fourth Day

Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. — Hebrews 11:1.

AT present I only feel that there is a chamber whose name is Peace, and which opens toward the sun-rising. . . . I know that the little film which covers the pupil of my eye is the only wall between her world and mine, but that hair-breadth is as effectual as the space between us and the sun. I cannot see her, I cannot feel when I come home that she comes to the door to welcome me as she always did. I can only hope that when I go through the last door that opens for all of us I may hear her coming step upon the other side.

LOWELL.

Be patient and be wise ! The eyes of Death
Look on us with a smile : her soft caress
That stills the anguish and that stops the breath,
Is Nature's ordination, meant to bless
Our mortal woes with peaceful nothingness.
Be not afraid ! The Power, that made the light
In your kind eyes, and set the stars on high,
And gave us love, meant not that all should die
Like a brief day-dream quenched in sudden night.
Think that to die is but to fall asleep
And wake refreshed when the new morning breaks,
And golden day her rosy vigor takes
From winds that fan Eternity's white height
And the white crests of God's perpetual deep.

April

Fifth Day

I flee unto thee to hide me. — Psalm 143 : 9.

OUR life is hid with Christ in God. Our present life in Him may be compared to that of the seed, a hidden life contending underground, against cold and darkness and obstructions, yet bearing within its breast the indestructible germ of vitality. Death lifts the soul into sunshine for which a hidden, invisible work in the life of the flower has prepared it.

Then bless thy sacred growth, nor catch
At pain; but thrive unseen and dumb ;
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life and watch,
Till the white-winged reapers come.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

I could not ask for you a greater gift than that in the future, when your autumn time of life shall come, you may have the spring-time in your heart. There is only one life where the new never becomes old, where the love is always kept fresh, and is always a first love with increasing freshness ; and that is having the One who says " I am the life ! "

MARGARET BOTTOME.

Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform ;
Safe in Thy heart my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

H. F. LYTE.

April

Sixth Day

In my Father's house are many mansions : if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. — S. John 14 : 1.

WHERE does it lie — that land of rest
To which the over-wearied pass?
Where are the ways which they have pressed,
Or the soft meadows green with grass,
Through which they go into the shade
Of the home-place the Lord has made?

So close the door shuts after them,
Nor sight nor sound can reach us here ;
Faintly we speak the requiem,
And still it seems that they are near.
We cannot tell ; we only know
That Christ receives them where they go.

But that is surely heaven enough ;
Where Jesus is, their home shall be.
The storms have ceased which once were rough,
And gently, o'er a tranquil sea,
Knowing no care because He cared,
They reached the home He has prepared.

Love made it ready. Love is wise.
Oh, happy they who, safe at home,
Have had the tears wiped from their eyes,
Assured that no more grief will come ;
For Christ has borne away their cares,
And He has answered all their prayers.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

April

Seventh Day

*Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth ! — S. James
3: 5.*

SHE told a lie, a little lie —
It was so small and white,
She said, " It cannot help but die
Before another night."
And then she laughed to see it go,
And thought it was as white as snow.

But oh, the lie ! It larger grew,
Nor paused by night or day,
And many watched it as it flew,
And if it made delay,
Like something that was near to death,
They blew it onward with their breath.

And on its track the mildew fell,
And there was grief and shame,
And many a spotless lily-bell
Was shrivelled as with flame.
The wings that were so small and white
Were large, and strong, and black as night.

One day a woman stood aghast,
And trembled in her place,
For something flying far and fast
Had smote her in the face —
Something that cried in thunder-tone,
I come ! I come ! Take back your own !

ELLEN M. H. GATES.

April

Eighth Day

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand. — Ecclesiastes 11 : 6.

SOW with a generous hand ;
Pause not for toil or pain ;
Weary not through the heat of summer ;
Weary not through the cold spring rain ;
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.
Sow, and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears —
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Once in a while I think of my little orange tree I had a few winters ago. It was very small, in a small pot, but it had so many oranges on it I wondered whether they would grow or shrink up and fall from the tree. They didn't fall, and they didn't seem to grow, but they lived. . . . I came to love my little orange tree. One day when I stood by admiring it, I fancied it said, "O, I am nothing now, but you should see me in my home in California, then you would see an orange tree." It never reached there. But . . . we shall some day be where our environment will be perfectly suited to our nature and we shall come to our best.

MARGARET BOTTOME.

April

Ninth Day

Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. —
S. Matthew 38: 20.

O CHARM to drive away the power of darkness, "The Father is with me!" O solace to the poor wounded spirit, "The Father is with me!" O light for the desolate and broken heart, whatever is taken away, "The Father is with me!" Have you grasped this precious revelation? You who live in happy homes; you whose lives are easy and free from want; you whose wishes are fulfilled, and upon whom life smiles brightly — have you taken to heart this truth, "My Father is with me"? Learn it now. Dwell on it now. Let it give a deeper meaning to your prosperous life, a deeper earnestness to your way of feeling and acting. "The Father is with me wherever I am." And then, when the storms begin to blow, and the great billows break upon you, and in the rush of salt waves you taste at last the bitterness of suffering, then you will know as a comfort which nothing can take from you: "The Father is with me."

CANON WYNNE.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

April

Tenth Day

He that receiveth seed into the good ground is he that heareth the word, and understandeth it; which also beareth fruit, and bringeth forth, some an hundred fold, some sixty, some thirty. — S. Matthew 13: 13.

THOUGH to-day may not fulfil
All thy hopes, have patience still.

P. GERHARDT.

He does not need to transplant us into a different field, but right where we are, with just the circumstances that surround us, He makes His sun to shine and His dew to fall upon us, and transforms the very things that were before our greatest hindrances, into the chiefest and most blessed means of our growth. . . . No difficulties in your case can baffle Him. No dwarfing of your growth in years that are past, no apparent dryness of your inward springs of life, no crookedness or deformity in any of your past development, can in the least mar the perfect work that He will accomplish, if you will only put yourselves absolutely into His hands, and let Him have His own way with you.

H. W. S.

It is the spring ! prepare the seeds
And tender plants new bloom to show,
Turn the rich earth, pull up the weeds,
And clear each cumbered garden row.
Waste not the wealth of April showers,
For sunshine which our need befriends,
Think ! on these evanescent hours
The harvest of the year depends.

[101] CAROLINE NORTON.

April

Eleventh Day

The Lord shall guide thee continually. — Isaiah 63: 2.

THE light of God's wisdom can make a path for us even across the stormy sea of life. His guidance shows a track where we can pilot our little human craft safely. His love will bring us into port when the voyage is over.

Light of life so sweetly streaming,
Down upon life's troubled sea,
With the love of Jesus beaming,
Shine, shine on me.

Light of life that knows no fading
From all changes Thou art free ;
Holy light that knows no shading
Shine, shine on me.

Light of life, in days of gladness
To Thy radiance I would flee ;
Be my strength in days of sadness,
Shine, shine on me. BONAR.

May none of us founder before we reach the harbor, but may every one of us have that pilot in the ship, that guidance, that living Christ, that we shall be sure, through calm and conflict, of reaching the land which He appoints ; and may it be Immanuel's land — that place of rest where no storms are, and where no tears wet the eye. BEECHER.

April

Twelfth Day

Be of good courage. — Numbers 13: 20.

AT the bloody battle of Marengo the French lines fell back in a complete rout, and the officers rushed up to their commander, crying: "The battle is lost!" "Yes," exclaimed the general, "one battle is lost, but there is time to win another." Inspired by his faith and courage, the officers hurried back, turned the head of the retreating column, and when in a few hours the last gun was fired, the French camped on the field of battle. Marengo had been won.

So if we are thinking of battles lost the past year, in school or in business, or, worse still, in character — lost temper, lost patience, lost spirituality or prayerfulness — let us remember that there is yet time to win another battle. Raise the standard once more, take fresh courage, put on the whole armor, and God will surely give us the victory.

W. H. POPE.

If the day's brief pain and passing care
Have seemed too much and too hard to bear;
If under its trivial press and smart
Thou hast failed in temper and lost in heart;
If the undiscouraged, journeying sun,
As it sinks to rest with its travail done,
Leaves thee all spent with trouble and sorrow —
How shalt thou face the harder to-morrow?

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

April

Thirteenth Day

Ye cannot serve God and mammon. — S. Matthew 6 : 24.

IT is the old choice which still is presented to every soul ; the old crisis which reappears in every experience. Cæsar, or Christ, that is the question ; the vast, attractive, sceptical world, with its pleasures and ambitions, and its prodigal promise, or the meek, majestic, and winning figure of Him of Nazareth ?

The election remains for each of us ; and the moment of the election, in the shaded and solemn "Valley of Decision," will be memorable in our history, when suns for us have ceased to shine !

It is not the lower appetites in man which offer the sharpest or stubbornest resistance to the mandates of Christ, though these have their place, and often a large one, in such opposition.

The love of ease ; the indisposition to any protracted and patient labor for an ideal cause ; the eager passion for secular success, the pride which insists on determining its own plan and path ; the weakened impression of things supernatural ; even the intellectual habit which finds miracles unscientific, and insists on applying its own measures to the whole career and office of the Lord — all these and other kindred forces now affect minds encompassed by the world, to encourage and confirm their reluctance toward Christ.

April

Fourteenth Day

Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of.—S.
Matthew 6: 8.

BE content to be a child, and let thy Father proportion out daily to thee what light, what power, what exercises, what straits, what fears, what troubles He sees fit for thee. I. PENNINGTON.

Song of the Seeds.

'Tis so dark, so dark, here underground !

We reach and we struggle, we know not where ;
We long for something we have not found,
We seek and we find not, but cannot despair.

It is warm and sweet here under the earth,
And so peaceful too, — why can not we stay ?
What is this change that is named a *birth* ?
And what is that wonderful thing called Day ?

But a power is on us, we may not wait ;
Within us we feel it struggle and thrill,
While upward we reach to find our fate,
And this ceaseless, mysterious want to fulfil.

They say that at last we shall reach the Air —
Will breathing be freedom, and Light be Life ?
What mystic change shall we meet with there
When the blossom shall crown this mute, strange
life ?

FLORENCE SMITH.

God goes before and ploughs, and we are but the seed dropped into His furrows.

April

Fifteenth Day

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.—S. Matthew 12: 34.

LET us beware of losing our enthusiasm. Let us ever glory in something; and strive to retain our admiration for all that would ennoble, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Enthusiasm is more than anything else, a broad consciousness of real relations, and a joyous activity therein. The fuller one's appreciation of his proper relation to God's enterprises, and the more lively his efforts therein, the larger the life he lives. He beholds raying off from himself a thousand-fold chords of oneness with God's world and universe. He realizes that over every one he can send thrilling influences of power and good. Doing it, he lives joyously in the highest intents of his existence. He humbly discovers himself to be a fountain of beneficence, achieving possibilities of blessing earth and gladdening heaven.

JOHN J. McCABE.

Beautiful is young enthusiasm; keep it to the end, and be more and more correct in fixing on the object of it. It is a terrible thing to be wrong in that—the source of all our miseries and confusions whatever.

CARLYLE.

April

Sixteenth Day

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. — S. Matthew 5: 6.

I WEARY, for the day is hard and long ;
I have forgot my early morning song ;
Footsore and faint, upon the ground I lie ;
Out of the dust I only send a cry
For Thee.

I hunger, for my food is bitter bread,
Mingled with falling tears that I have shed ;
Out of the arms of death or ere I die,
My soul lifts up her pleading cry
For Thee.

I thirst ; the cooling springs no more o'erflow,
The summer drouth has touched their sources so ;
My spirit fails beneath a fervid sky,
Yet my hot lips still tremble with a cry
For Thee.

O Way of Life ! draw in my weary feet !
O Bread of Life ! of thee I fain would eat !
O Living Water ! fill my chalice high !
O Blessed Christ ! now hear my suppliant cry
For Thee. MARY A. RIPLEY.

The mountains lift their crests so high, that weary clouds, which have no rest in the sky, love to come to them, and, wrapping about their tops, distil their moisture upon them. Thus mountains hold commerce with God's invisible ocean, and, like good men, draw supplies from the unseen.

April

Seventeenth Day

A man that hath friends must show himself friendly. —
Proverbs 33: 24.

A friend loveth at all times. — Proverbs 17: 17.

IF we would build on a sure foundation in friendship, we must love our friends for their sakes rather than our own. CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

Be careful to make friendship the child and not the father of virtue ; for many strongly knit minds are rather good friends than good men.

PHILIP SIDNEY.

The friendship of high and sanctified spirits loses nothing by death but its alloy : failings disappear, and the virtues of those whose “ faces we shall behold no more ” appear greater and more sacred when beheld through the shades of the sepulchre.

ROBERT HALL.

The greatest medicine is a true friend.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

A faithful friend is the true image of the Deity.

NAPOLEON.

How are holy friendships possible? In mutual devotedness to the good and true. A man, be the heavens ever praised, is sufficient for himself ; yet were ten men, united in love, capable of being and of doing what ten thousand singly would fail in. Infinite is the help man can yield to man.

April

Eighteenth Day

Whosoever is born of God overcometh the world. — S. John 4: 5.

Followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises. — Hebrews 6: 12.

THOSE who are now at rest were once like ourselves. They were once weak, faulty, sinful; they had their burdens and hindrances, their slumbering and weariness, their failures and their falls.

But now they have overcome. Their life was once homely and commonplace. Their day ran out as ours. Morning and noon and night came and went to them as to us. Their life, too, was as lonely and sad as yours. Little fretful circumstances and frequent disturbing changes wasted away their hours as yours. There is nothing in your life that was not in theirs; there was nothing in theirs but may be also in yours. They have overcome, each one, and one by one; each in his turn, when the day came, and God called him to trial. And so shall you likewise.

H. E. MANNING:

Where now with pain thou treadest, trod
The whitest of the saints of God !
To show thee where their feet were set,
The light which led them shineth yet.

WHITTIER.

When we comprehend the fulness of what death will do for us, in all our outlook and forelook, dying is triumphing.

BEECHER.

April

Nineteenth Day

To every thing there is a season. . . . He hath made every thing beautiful in his time.—Ecclesiastes 3: 1.

For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come. . . . The fig tree putteth forth her green figs.—Song of Solomon 2: 11, 12, 13.

NATURE becomes to the soul a perpetual letter from God, freshly written every day and each hour.

The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy.

Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made, and forgot to put a soul into.

The superfluous blossoms on a fruit tree are meant to symbolize the large way in which God loves to do pleasant things.

As flowers never put on their best clothes for Sunday, but wear their spotless raiment and exhale their odor every day, so let your Christian life, free from stain, ever give forth the fragrance of the love of God.

The lonely pine on the mountain-top waves its sombre boughs and cries: "Thou art my sun!" And the little meadow-violet lifts its cup of blue, and whispers with its perfumed breath, "Thou art my sun!" And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind and makes answer, "Thou art my sun!"

BEECHER.

April

Twentieth Day

Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? —
Jeremiah 9: 22.

Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day. — S. John 6: 54.

THERE are necessities in our hearts which nothing human can supply; passions which nothing human can either satisfy or control; powers which nothing human can either adequately excite or occupy; and oh, there are sorrows, deep sorrows, which will not be assuaged; wounds which, if the balm in Gilead cannot heal, must fester forevermore; sins, far beyond the reach of all skill but that of the Great Physician of souls.

R. J. BRECKINRIDGE, D.D.

We shall not be critics then, pedants then, little technical inquirers then. We shall feel that the cross, and that alone, can go right into our life, with the answer to our difficulties, and the balm for our wound and sorrow.

JOSEPH PARKER.

Just as I am,— poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee I find,—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,— Thou wilt receive;
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise, I believe,—
O Lamb of God, I come!

April

Twenty-first Day

For my name's sake will I defer mine anger. . . . For mine own sake, even for mine own sake, will I do it.—Isaiah 48: 9-11.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee.—Isaiah 26: 3.

IT requires a great amount of courage to conquer self. "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city;" and though the name of the one that conquers himself may not be emblazoned and immortalized as that of the general who captures a city, yet it may be noticed by a child who may be led in the same way to conquer.

"For my name's sake will I defer

Mine anger," said the King.

For His name's sake, for His own sake,

Still unfaltering

In His kindly patience, He

Doth silent wait as then,

Doth silent wait, and silent watch,

This Lord and King of men.

"For my name's sake, for mine own sake:"

Oh, wise and subtle speech,

That leadeth us, that showeth us,

The height that we might reach;

That height of heights, where Love enthroned,

Reins sov'reign of the soul,

And guides the impulse and the will

With sure and sweet control.

April

Twenty-second Day

Then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words.—1 Thessalonians 17: 18.

WHEN our last summons shall come to us, may it not be the surprise of sorrow, but rather of joy, and may we hear in the voice of death the call of God, "Come up hither." And when we reach home and Christ may we find there awaiting us, safe and glorified, those whom we have loved and lost—those who have been called from our side to await us in the clouds.

The heart which, like a staff, was one
For mine to lean and rest upon,
The strongest on the longest day
With steadfast love, is caught away—
And yet my days go on, go on.

Whatever's lost, it first was won;
We will not struggle nor impugn.
Perhaps the cup was broken here
That heaven's new wine might show more clear.
I praise Thee while my days go on.

I praise Thee while my days go on;
I love Thee while my days go on!
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on.

MRS. BROWNING.

April

Twenty-third Day

For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. — S. John 3: 16.

LOVE strong as death — nay, stronger,
Love mightier than the grave,
Broad as the earth, and longer
Than ocean's wildest wave ;
This is the love that sought us,
This is the love that bought us,
This is the love that brought us
To gladdest day from saddest night,
From deepest shame to glory bright,
From depths of death to life's fair height ;
This is the love that leadeth
Us to His table here,
This the love that spreadeth
For us the royal cheer.

When temptation sore is rife,
When we faint amidst the strife,
Thou, whose death hath been our life,
Save us, Holy Jesu.

So, with hope in Thee made fast,
When death's bitterness is past
We may see Thy face at last :
Save us, Holy Jesu.

LITANY OF THE PASSION.

April

Twenty-fourth Day

Ye have not passed this way heretofore. —Joshua 3:4.

DO not draw back from any way because you never have passed there before. The truth, the task, the joy, the suffering on whose border you are standing, oh, my friend, to-day go into it without a fear: only go into it with God who has been always with you.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

And thither thou, beloved, and thither I
May set our heart, and set our face, and go
Faint, yet pursuing home on tireless feet.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Heaven the country, Christ the way.

We know the way: thank God who hath shown us
the way!

Jesus Christ our way to beautiful Paradise,
Jesus Christ the Same forever, the Same to-day.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Through love to light! Oh, wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!
From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.
Through love to light! Through light, O God, to
Thee

Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

April

Twenty-fifth Day

*For the goodness of God endureth continually. — Psalm 52: 1.
For his merciful kindness is great toward us: and the truth
of the Lord endureth forever. — Psalm 117: 2.*

IN the petty round of duties
When the strength and patience fail,
In the heat and stress of battle
When the bravest spirits quail,
In the hour of self-surrender,
Dwell not on the painful strife,
But remember God who loves thee
Planned thy lot and place in life.

Every battle with thy self-hood,
Every failure overcome,
Every harshness unresented
While the lips keep bravely dumb,
Brings us nearer to God's promise
And His pardoning gift of love,
Lifts the soul from earthly shadows
To the perfect life above.

Lean far out into the future, —
It will teach thee how to wait ;
Look alone to God's sweet mercy,
With no thought of chance or fate ;
And beyond earth's transient echoes,
Leading, spirit-like, before,
Hear the promise still repeated,
" It endures forevermore ! "

MARTHA CAPPS OLIVER.

April

Twenty-sixth Day

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.— Psalm 46: 1.

THERE is need in adversity to cling fast to God's hand. The Scripture precepts are full of point and meaning as to the perils of merely human success. But great and dreadful is the peril of those about whom a fierce and relentless army of human reverses has encamped, who see the failure of one human hope after another, with only winter and night as the emblems of their life. How precious to all in such sorrow is the sun of God's love, that is always shining, the blessings always ready to spring up in the heart worn with the cares of earth, when that heart turns to receive the influences of heaven.

Ah ! feeble, deftless hands of time,
That are not apt their tasks to do !
Ah ! dim, weak eyes that ought to shine,
Dull thought that cannot thought pursue !
Yet some wise hand controls my hand,
And light gleams till I understand.
And through the days, whate'er betide,
I feel a mystery of aid
Within me, and on every side,
So that I need not be dismayed.
Where'er I go, a Helper there
Receives me into tender care.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

April

Twenty-seventh Day

We walk by faith, not by sight. — 2 Corinthians 5:7.

NOT by mere moods, not by how I feel to-day,
or how I felt yesterday, may I know whether
I am indeed living the life of God, but only by
knowing that God is using me to help others. No
mood is so bright that it can do without that
warrant. No mood so dark that, having that war-
rant, it need despair.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides,
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In sympathy our soul abides :
But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone by stone ;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Follow the teachings of God's providence blindly
if He so wills it, but looking back at the end of
life we shall see that it was the only possible way for
us to reach our best development.

April

Twenty-eighth Day

Great is thy faith ; be it unto thee even as thou wilt. — S. Matthew 15 : 28.

FAITH is the king's knowledge of his own kingdom. A weak man who has no faith in Christ is a king who does not know his own royalty. But the soul which in its need cries out and claims its need's dominion . . . "Come to me, O Christ, for I need Thee," finds itself justified. Its bold and humble cry is honoured and answered instantly. The answer comes, "Great is thy faith : be it unto thee as thou wilt." "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?"

Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares ;
Its aid, in every duty, brings
And softens all my cares.

Wide it unveils celestial worlds
Where deathless pleasures reign ;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.

There, there unshaken would I rest,
Till this frail body dies ;
And then on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

TURNER.

April

Twenty-ninth Day

For the Lord giveth wisdom: out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding. — Proverbs 2 : 6.

BIBLE study teaches how to grapple with spiritual problems before those questions become so profound as to defy solution. What a safeguard is this from folly — what a protection from danger ! When temptations come it finds the soul so anchored in the faith that it is not moved from its foundations of righteousness. Its convictions are clear and well-wrought out, for it has settled the solemn question of life once for all and is freed from doubt and unrest. Bible study develops latent powers. It brings into the life an object, into the heart a joy, into the future a hope. New desires and beliefs start into being. Then thoughts which had been but dimly outlined become visible, and thus the soul-education is begun. Divine meanings sometimes flash into view from the study of some single verse which has long seemed obscure, and then the spiritual perceptions start up into swift and beautiful creation. With magnetic force they grasp the complex meanings and the hidden strength.

MARTHA CAPPS OLIVER.

What glory gilds the sacred page !
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives, but borrows none.

WILLIAM COWPER.

April

Thirtieth Day

A still, small voice. — 1 Kings 19: 12.

HOW the sorrows and perplexities of life multiply and darken around us in the midnight watches ! Then is the time when the soul should lean hard upon the Everlasting Arms, remembering that if we have wandered there is one strong to restore. If we have sinned there is one ready to forgive.

Oh, the waiting in the watches of the night !

In the darkness, desolation, and contrition, and
afright ;

In the awful hush that holds us shut away from
all delight ;

The ever weary fancy that forever weary goes,
Recounting ever over every aching loss it knows,
The ever weary eyelids gasping ever for repose —
In the dreary, weary watches of the night.

Dark, stifling dark — the watches of the night.

With tingling nerves at tension, how the blackness
flashes white.

With spectral visitations smitten past the inner sight !
What shuddering sense of wrongs we've wrought
that may not be redressed.

Of tears we did not brush away — of lips we left
unpressed,

And hands that we let fall, with all their loyalty
unguessed !

Ah ! the empty, empty watches of the night !

May



The Fifth Month

First Day

I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day. —
S. John 9 : 4.

May Song.

BEE, sipping sweets from the nodding white
 clover,
 Lingering long where the honey-dew drips,
Teach me a lesson, O busy brown rover,
Tell me what theme I should keep on my lips.
 “Work,” hums the bee, “be ceaselessly doing,
 Garner your stores in the bright morning hours ;
 Fair is the day, but the dim night pursuing
 Drops her dark mantle o’er close-folded flowers.”

Lily, my priestess, so white and so saintly,
Lifting your face to the sun’s golden glow,
Preach me a sermon, oh, whisper it faintly,
Can they live purely who live here below?
 “Turn your face skyward ; base souls in depres-
 sion,
 Bend the gaze downward, where clods bound the
 view ;
 Nature makes ever her silent confession ;
 Growth seeks the light, pure souls seek the true.”

MRS. JOHN JAY McCABE.

The
dews of
Heaven
fall

Rich in blessings
on thee.

Shakespeare

May.

C. H. Kim.





May

Second Day

The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.—Job 1: 21.

DEATH is the swelling of the seed that is dried up, and that is waiting for its planting. Death is the bursting April that all winter long has lain close-bound within itself, waiting for its life of efflorescence. Death is entering on summer from the frigid zone. When you look on it in the light of this grander disclosure, this prophetic thought of the apostle, the wonder is that men want to live, that they do not hunger and thirst for dying. For death is coronation; it is stepping from bondage into liberty, from darkness into light, it is blossoming; it is going out of a prison-house into the glory of the Father's community. When the hero goes do not cover him with black, nor with any of the circumstances that related to him here. Christianity after a few thousand years ought to have taught man, that the going out of life is for honour and glory and immortality.

BEECHER.

Oh, to be ready when death shall come ;
Oh, to be ready to hasten home ;
 No earthward clinging,
 No lingering gaze,
 No sigh at parting,
 No sore amaze,
But sweetly, gently to pass away,
From the world's dim twilight into day.

May

Third Day

Yea, I will help thee. — Isaiah 16: 10.

Now the God of patience and consolation grant you to be like-minded one towards another according to Christ Jesus. —

Romans 5: 5.

BE angel to some one to-day :
Thou knowest not who it may be ;
Some fallen one found by the way,
That asketh assistance from thee.

Mayhap at the Beautiful Gates,
Where circumspect worshippers throng,
A wandering beggar awaits
To catch the sweet service of song.

It may be that somebody's child,
Aweary with wages of sin,
Bedraggled with filth and defiled,
Is anxious true life to begin.

Then open thy heart and thy hand,
The suppliant turn not away,
But give what thou hast at command —
Be angel to some one to-day.

Thou knowest not but in that hour
Thou checkest the sob or the tear,
The Author of life-giving power,
The Master Himself may appear.

May

Fourth Day

But they shall sit every man under his vine and his fig tree. — Micah 4: 4.

THERE are abodes in all of our cities, poor, humble rooms ; yet the men who live in them would die rather than to surrender them. For each house is home to some of these men. Whenever he thinks of it he sees angels of God hovering around it. The ladders of heaven are let down to it. The children may come up after awhile, and win high position, but not until their dying day will they forget that humble roof, under which their father rested and their mother sang. Oh, if you would gather up all the tender memories, all the lights and shades of the heart, and had only four letters to spell out their magnitude and eternity of meaning, you would, with streaming eyes and trembling hand, write it out in these four living capitals, "HOME."

TALMAGE.

Our Mothers.

Hundreds of stars in the lovely sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of birds in the sunny weather.
Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of bees in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother, the wide world over.

THE ADVANCE.

May

Fifth Day

They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness. — Psalm 165 : 7.

HE will revere those times, and in our memories preserve and still keep fresh, like flowers in water, those happier days. RICHTER.

Memory seizes the passing moment, fixes it upon the canvas, and hangs the picture on the walls of the inner chamber of the soul, for her to look upon when she will. HAVEN.

There are recollections as pleasant as they are sacred and eternal. There are words and faces and places that never lose their hold upon the heart. There may be words that we seldom hear amid the whirl of life ; faces that we may never see on earth again ; but they had a controlling influence over us, and they can never be wholly forgotten. The flight of years cannot sully their innocence, nor diminish their interest, and eternity will preserve them among the dearest reminiscences of earth. We may meet and love other faces, we may treasure other words, we may have other joys, but those familiar faces, and those dear old places, remain invested with a fadeless beauty. They become the stars in the firmament of youth, lighting up the night of the past, and when in later years the shades of sorrow gather around the soul, memory reveals those stars still shining.

HENRY A. WALKER.

May

Sixth Day

The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.
— Jeremiah 17: 9.

SELFISHNESS may masquerade as love. It may christen its own sins, foibles, by condoning the offences of others, meaning at the same time to lug its own sins through the breach in the legal wall that it has made for other people's delinquencies. That self-cheat is a fruit of the heart that is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.

To escape this error the Bible must be constantly studied. It is a "lamp unto the feet and a light unto the path," but if it is left on a book-shelf opened only on special occasions, . . . it cannot light one through these difficult ways.

"The heart is deceitful"; this defines sin clearly, warns the transgressor plainly, and swings its lurid danger signal over the abyss of despair, and sets forth distinctly the fact that no amiability, not even the moralities, can cure sin.

Lord ! we would put aside
The gauds and baubles of this mortal life —
Weak self-conceit, the foolish tools of strife,
The tawdry garb of pride —

And pray, in Christ's dear name,
Thy grace to deck us in the robes of light ;
That at His coming we may stand aright,
And fear no sudden shame.

AN ADVENT CAROL.

May

Seventh Day

We shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. —
1 Corinthians 15: 53.

IF life be regarded as the commencement of immortality, it will be freed from trifling associations, and still more from those which are low and degrading. It will assume a permanence in our eyes from its first moment to its last. It will be the opening of a boundless career. Death will no more be a violent extinction, a fathomless and frightful chasm, a blank oblivion; but it will be a change, a landing-place, an entrance into the everlasting abode of spirits and of God. It will be regarded by the contemplative as

Life's last shore,
Where vanities are vain no more,
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And life is all retouched again;
When in their bright results shall rise
Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs, and joys.

With rest almost in sight the spirit faints,
And flesh and heart grow weary at the last;
Our feet would walk the City of the saints,
Even before the silent gate is passed.

Teach us to wait until Thou shalt appear —
To know that all Thy ways and times are just:
Thou seest what we believe and fear,
Lord, make us also to believe and trust!

May

Eighth Day

Say to them that are of a fearful heart: Be strong, fear not. — Isaiah 35 : 4.

LET not future things disturb thee, for thou wilt come to them, if it shall be necessary, having with thee the same reason which thou now usest for present things.

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS.

Be quiet, why this anxious heed
About thy tangled ways?
God knows them all, He giveth speed,
And He allows delays. E. W.

Let God do with me what He will, anything He will ; whatever it be, it will either be heaven itself or some beginning of it. WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

Cast all thy care on God. See that all thy cares be such as thou canst cast on God, and then hold none back. Never brood over thyself ; but cast thy whole self, even this very care which distresseth thee, upon God. Be not anxious about little things, if thou wouldst learn to trust God with thine all. Act upon faith in little things, commit thy daily cares and anxieties to Him ; and He will strengthen thy faith for any greater trials. E. B. PUSEY.

What though I stand and work alone?
In some fair, unborn year
From seed which I in tears have sown
A harvest will appear.

MARTHA CAPPS OLIVER.

May

Fifth Day

Let all thy ways be established. — Proverbs 4 : 26.

DO you know what it is to be established? God give us the power to form habits that we may crystallize character. All improvement in the fingers of the knitter, the eye of the painter, the tongue of the speaker, the hand of the artisan, is the gift of habit. Prayer, faith, regularity, all that builds up steadiness of character, is augmented by habit. Habit is the parent's hold upon the child, the good man's power against Satan. To form habit apply yourself to a given plan industriously, punctually, and persistently.

Having this power in your mind, use it in acquiring habits of obedience and of faith.

To repel one's task will only make it more difficult ; to accept it is the sole way to make it tolerable. And, rightly accepted, peace, if not happiness, will follow its fulfilment, "as waves flow in the furrow of the ship's strong keel."

J. J. McLAUGHLIN.

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part,
I give a patient God
My constant heart,
And clasp His banner still,
Though all the blue be dim ;
These stripes, no less than stars,
Lead after Him.

May

Tenth Day

Day unto day uttereth speech. — Psalm 19 : 2.

THERE is no day born but comes like a stroke of music into the world, and sings itself all the way through. No event is discordant. All times and passages are full of melody, if we would but hear it; as in tumultuous floods and rushing falls of water, every drop is as obedient to the laws of nature as if it lay in the bosom of the tranquil lake, so all things, wildest excesses as well as calmest flows, are obedient to God; His providence is in them, stately and as serene going on to its own ends and manifestations.

BEECHER.

This is the earth He walked on; not alone
That Asian country keeps the stain;
'Tis not alone that far Judean plain,
Mountain and river! Lo, the sun that shone
On Him shines now on us; when day is gone
The moon of Galilee comes forth again
And lights our path as His: an endless chain
Of years and sorrows makes the round world one.
The air we breathe, He breathed, — the very air
That took the mould and music of His high
And God-like speech. Since then shall mortal
dare
With base thought front the ever-sacred sky, —
Soil with foul deed the ground whereon He laid
In holy death His pale, immortal head?

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

May

Eleventh Day

Grievous words stir up anger. — Proverbs 15: 1.

THE silence of our innocence persuades when
speaking fails. SHAKESPEARE.

Since I cannot govern my tongue, though within
my own teeth, how can I hope to govern the tongues
of others? FRANKLIN.

The Tone of the Voice.

It is not so much what you say
As the manner in which you say it ;
It is not so much the language you use,
As the tone in which you convey it.

“Come here !” I sharply said,
And the baby cowered and wept ;
“Come here !” I cooed, and he looked and smiled,
And straight to my lap he crept.

The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart ;
The words may be soft as the summer air,
And the tones may break the heart.

For words but come from the mind,
And grow by study and art ;
But the tones leap forth from the inner self,
And reveal the state of the heart.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Think before you speak. The ones we wound by
unkind speech are most often those whose intimate
relation with us affords us opportunity for the sud-
den thrust.

May

Twelfth Day

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.—
Psalm 116 : 15.

DEATH is made the conqueror's coronation. The sunset means eternal day with the trusting soul. Faith looks beyond the veil, where voices call and hands beckon from the eternal future.

Hence, we *ever* "look up," and from the seat on the throne with Christ we shall wait the ingathering of the cycles of eternity. When the stars have grown old, we shall be young. When the moon turns pale, our garlands will be fresh. When we have been singing ten thousand ages, the song we sing will be new. Heaven will never be exhausted.

C. P. MASDEN.

"Sailor!" we cried, "tell us where lies thy port!"
And still came back the answer, clear and strong,
"I know not where, yet am I homeward bound,
This is His sea; its pulses rise and fall
As His breath moves them, and its currents set
Steady and deep, to bear me where He will."
So he sailed on, and once, when stars were large
And luminous, through changeful purple mists,
Rocked by slow waves that bore him from our sight,
And calm with peace that lay too deep for smiles,
He drifted gently to a palm-girt shore,
And knew, at last, where God's fair islands lie.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

May

Thirteenth Day

For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face. —
1 Corinthians 13: 12.

WHEN Alston died, he left sketches, with here and there a part finished with wonderful beauty. So Christians go to heaven with their virtues in outline, only here and there a part completed. But "that which is in part shall be done away," and God shall finish the pictures. BEECHER.

I was so near the garden wall,
The drooping vines and maples tall,
The lawn, the house, each well-known place,
And yet the fog hid every trace
Of any dear remembered face.
A little world drew near apace
And shut me in — so small and round,
So narrow, cold, and dark, I found
No hint of all that lay so near
Of beauty, light, and love's good cheer.
But soon the rift grew wide and high,
And sunlight, flashing from blue sky,
Revealed each well-remembered spot
The fog had lately blotted out.
So after days brought mist and doubt,
And shut the love of God without ;
And then again a sunbeam sped
Through waves of cloud above my head,
And as I looked through rifts of cloud
I found familiar paths to God.

ETTA R. McCAUGHEY.

May

Fourteenth Day

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil ; he shall preserve thy soul. — Psalm 131 : 7.

YOUR external circumstances may change, toil may take the place of rest, sickness of health, trials may thicken within and without. Externally, you are the prey of such circumstances ; but if your heart is stayed on God, no changes or chances can touch it, and all that may befall you will but draw you closer to Him. Whatever the present moment may bring, your knowledge that it is His will, and that your future heavenly life will be influenced by it, will make all not only tolerable, but welcome.

JEAN NICOLAS GROU.

But when the sharp strokes flesh and heart run
through,

For thee and not another : only known,
In all the universe, through sense of thine ;
Not caught by eye or ear, not felt by touch,
Nor apprehended by the spirit's sight,
But only by the hidden, tortured nerves,
In all their incommunicable pain, —
God speaks Himself to us, as mothers speak
To their own babes, upon the tender flesh
With fond familiar touches close and dear ; —
Because He cannot choose a softer way
To make us feel that He Himself is near,
And each apart His own beloved and known.

UGO BASSI.

May

Fifteenth Day

The tree is known by his fruit. — S. Matthew 12: 33.

MANY great projects have their beginnings in littleness and obscurity. We are prone to dwell upon certain epochs in the history of nations, or upon crisis-hours in the lives of men, rather than upon the common level of every-day life. We wonder over results without considering causes. Little heeding the undercurrent of feeling, which silently gathers force and form, as it nears the shores of visible success, we fail to divine the secret unrest which impels its direction.

A poet, gazing upon a Moslem temple, marvelled over the massive grandeur of its ancient walls which centuries had not shaken. Faith forsook his soul, when he saw the shrine of the false prophet firmly planted where men had striven in vain to establish a temple of the living Christ. But scaling the giddy wall, he found the stones broken and crumbled, where a peepul-tree had sprung from a seed, chance-flung upon the roof. That was the atom which was to shatter the temple of a false religion. The little seed

“Did more to shiver the ancient wall,
Than earthquake, war, simoon, and all
The centuries in their lapse and fall.”

So it is in the spiritual realm. Our lives are wrought upon by invisible forces, and the world recognizes the power of those agencies only when it sees their accomplished work.

MRS. JOHN JAY McCABE.

May

Sixteenth Day

I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy. — Psalm 31 : 7.

MY little leaves, why are you glad?
Answer, quivering little leaves,
Small clapping leaves, so freshly clad,
In a green world that never grieves.
Answer me, for my heart is sad !
“Love God, love God !” they sing,
Gay as the birds a-wing.

My little flowers, what's your delight?
Now answer, for my soul believes
In your sweet petals, pure and white,
Sweet purity no man deceives.
Answer, my flow'rets fair and bright.
“Love God, love God !” they sing,
Gay as the birds a-wing.

The flowers and grass make their reply,
With all the merry clapping leaves,
And echoing the holy cry,
The drooping heart its joy retrieves.
All voices to their maker fly.
“Love God, love God !” they sing,
Gay as the birds a-wing.

CONSTANCE HOPE.

The utterances of God are all around us if we will but hear them. Even in the discords that jar the music of every life, the accents of goodness and mercy and divine love may be heard.

May

Seventeenth Day

Unto the land flowing with milk and honey.—Jeremiah
32 : 22.

PROSPECT closely resembles retrospect. The traveller, who stands at a journey's end, weary, and travel-stained with the dust of the way, looks back over his road, with a mind enriched by incidents of the journey. Travel has made him wise ; we call him a sage. But the traveller, with his voyage yet before him, sees all things, not in retrospect, but in prospect. . . . He sees visions of holy peoples, heavenly lands and wonderful scenes, towards which he is setting his face. He becomes a seer.

EDWARD G. BALDWIN.

Oh, as I rest when the long march is over,
Loosing my sandals at close of the day,
Journeys ended, no longer a rover,
Still keep me near Thee forever and aye.
Then while I swell the glad strain of rejoicing
Pealing far over Eternity's sea,
This is the theme I will ever be voicing,
Nearer my Saviour, still nearer to Thee !
Pilgrimage ended,
Lights and shades blended,
Then face to face will I see
How Thou did'st lead me,
How Thou did'st speed me,
Nearer and nearer to Thee !

MARTHA CAPPS OLIVER.

May

Eighteenth Day

Give us this day our daily bread. — The Lord's Prayer.

“GIVE us our daily bread,” we pray,
And know but half of what we say.

The bread on which our bodies feed
Is but the moiety of our need.

The soul, the heart, must nourished be,
And share the daily urgency.

And though it may be bitter bread
On which the nobler parts are fed,

No less we crave the daily dole,
O Lord, of body and of soul !

Sweet loaves, the wine must all afoam,
The manna and the honey-comb,

All these are good, but better still
The food which checks and moulds the will.

The sting for pride, the smart for sin —
The purging draught for self within,

The sorrows which we shuddering meet,
Not knowing their after-taste of sweet,

All these we ask for when we pray,
“Give us our daily bread this day.”

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

O Father, give us, we pray Thee, not what we
in our blindness ask for, but what Thou in Thy
wisdom seest that we need !

May

Pineteenth Day

For if ye forgive men their trespasses your heavenly Father will also forgive you. — S. Matthew 6: 14.

MY heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul
wrong ;

So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,

One summer Sabbath-day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial-place ;

Where, pondering how all human love and hate
Find one sad level ; and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened face,
And cold hands folded over a still heart,

Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and trembling I forgave.

WHITTIER.

Think on thy wants, on thy faults. Recollect all
the patience, all the kindness, all the tenderness,
which has been shown thee. Think also on life —
how short it is, how much unavoidable bitterness it
possesses ; how much which it is easy either to
bear or chase away ; and think how the power of
affection can make all things right.

FREDERIKA BREMER.

Not how much we have borne, but how freely
we have forgiven, will be the plea which wins our
own pardon.

May

Twentieth Day

Restore unto me. — Psalm 51 : 12.

I LOST a friend the other day —
His heart was pure and strong and true ;
Our days were sweet, but all too few ;
He passed from earth — the other day.
But while I see him here no more,
I know that on a happier shore,
Not here, but in eternity,
God will give back my friend to me.

I lost a friend long years ago —
Awhile our paths together lay,
And we were happy by the way
Until we parted — years ago.
From out each other's lives we passed ;
Each went his way, but yet, at last,
Or here, or in eternity,
God will give back my friend to me.

I lost a friend — or, shall I say,
He lost himself ! For sin and shame
Have left me little but the name
Of him I loved, and love to-day.
My friend, as lost, I weep, deplore ;
But faith says : " One can save, restore."
To Thee I come, I pray to Thee,
O Christ, give back my friend to me.

PATON H. HOGE.

May

Twenty-first Day

My grace is sufficient for thee. — 2 Corinthians 12 : 9.

GOD is enough ! thou, who in hope and fear
Toilest through desert-sands of life, sore-tried,
Climb trustful over death's black ridge, for near
The bright wells shine : thou wilt be satisfied.

God doth suffice ! O thou, the patient one,
Who puttest faith in Him, and none beside,
Bear yet thy load ; under the setting sun
The glad tents gleam : thou wilt be satisfied.

By God's gold Afternoon ! peace ye shall have ;
Man is in loss except he live aright,
And help his fellow to be firm and brave,
Faithful and patient : then the restful night !

EDWIN ARNOLD.

I have seemed to see a need of everything God gives me, and want nothing that He denies me. There is no dispensation, though afflictive, but either in it, or after it, I find that I could not be without it. Whether it be taken from or not given me, sooner or later God quiets me in Himself without it. I cast all my concerns on the Lord, and live securely on the care and wisdom of my Heavenly Father.

My ways, you know, are, in a sense, hedged up with thorns, and grow darker and darker daily ; but yet I distrust not my God in the least, and live more quietly in the absence of all faith, than I should do, I am persuaded, if I possessed them.

May

Twenty-second Day

Abide till ye go thence. — S. Matthew 10: 11.

The Master of the Isles.

JUST beyond our utmost fathom
Is the anchorage we crave,
But the Master knows the soundings
By the reach of every wave

What imperial adventure
Some wide morning it will be,
Sweeping to the Lonely Haven
From the chartless round of sea !

How imposing a departure,
While this little harbor smiles,
Steering for the outer sea-rim
With the Master of the Isles !

BLISS CARMAN.

As strangers and voyagers our city of habitation is not here ; the houses we build are but for the hour ; the city, whose builder and maker is God, shines everlastingly ; and those mansions, not made with hands but eternal in the heavens, are our home. Thitherward we flock in companies and in families — thither each is tending. And we rejoice that God is sending forth messages to us by the hour ; that we are remembered, and that we are secured.

BEECHER.

May

Twenty-third Day

Ye have need of patience. — Hebrews 10: 36.

THERE are many trials in life which do not seem to come from unwisdom or folly. They are silver arrows shot from the bow of God, and fixed inextricably in the quivering heart. They are to be borne. They are not meant, like snow on water, to melt as soon as they strike. But the moment an ill can be borne patiently, it is disarmed of its poison, though not of its pain. BEECHER.

There will come a weary day
When, overtaxed at length,
Both hope and love beneath
The weight give way.
Then with a statue's smile,
A statue's strength,
Patience, nothing loth,
And uncomplaining, does
The work of both.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

We have very little command over the circumstances in which we may be called by God to do our part, but unlimited command over the temper of our souls.

J. H. THOM.

God has but one duty at a time for any child of His to perform. If we are doing the one duty He has for us to do at the present moment, that is all that He requires. The results are His.

May

Twenty-fourth Day

I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called. — Ephesians 4: 1.

DO not dare to think that a child of God can worthily work out his career or worthily serve God's other children unless he does both in the love and fear of God, their Father. Be sure that ambition and charity themselves will grow mean unless they are both inspired and exalted by religion.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

What Might Be Done.

What might be done if men were wise —
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite,
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another.

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving-kindness,
And knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental darkness.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect,
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

CHARLES MACKAY.

May

Twenty-fifth Day

Watch therefore ; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come. — S. Matthew 24 : 42.

What of the Day?

WHAT of the day? Do you ask?
Then assuredly know
That the day which began weary ages ago
Speeds on to an issue sublime ;
And the King—whose glad coming draws hourly
more near—
Will, haply, when least you expect Him, appear,
And the blessed, long-prayed-for Sabbatical year
Usher in, in the fulness of time.
Will you hasten the day?
Will you labour and pray?
Will you thrust in the sickle and reap while you
may,
The plenteous harvests that lie
Waiting still for our hand
In every land,
And rip'ning 'neath every sky?
Will you gather the stones for His temple divine?
And the gems in the crown of His glory to shine
Brighter far than the sun?
And then when He comes, bowing low at His feet,
With rapture unspeakable hear Him repeat,
“ Well done, thou good servant, well done ! ”

Four things come not back : the spoken word, the
sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity.

May

Twenty-sixth Day

Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord.
1 Peter 1 : 7.

TO-MORROW you have no business with. You steal if you touch to-morrow. It is God's. Every day has in it enough to keep every man occupied, without concerning himself with the things which lie beyond.

BEECHER.

Be not anxious about to-morrow. Do to-day's, fight to-day's, temptation ; and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and would not understand if you saw them.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

It is not the cares of to-day, but the cares of to-morrow, that weigh a man down. For the need of to-day we have a corresponding strength given. For the to-morrow we are told to trust. It is not ours yet, and it may never be. It is enough to be patient unto the coming of the Lord and to do the work of the present hour.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Thou, who hast made the weakest strong
In holy trust and high endeavor,
And taught the fainting soul to sing,
"Thy God forsakes the righteous never,"
On Thee, the Rock, Thy people rest,
And bear unmoved each wave of sorrow,
Knowing, Who giveth present good
Will strength impart for each to-morrow.

MRS. ANNA M. HUNTLEY.

May

Twenty-seventh Day

I am a burden to myself. — Job 7: 20.

THIS is sometimes the language of *the afflicted*. Thus it was the exclamation of Job. We talk of trouble. He could say, "Behold, and see if ever there was sorrow like unto my sorrow." If we cannot approve of the strength of his complaint, we hardly know how to condemn it. God Himself overlooks it, and only holds him forth as an example of patience. . . . Afflictions may be great in themselves from their number and frequency, and suddenness and subject. But yield not to impatience and despondency. Such afflictions have often introduced a train of mercies, and the valley of Achor has been a door of hope. How many in heaven, how many on earth, are now thanking God for their trials. He knows how to deliver. Say, "Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

WILLIAM JAY.

Faith, patience, love, we need to cultivate,
Our faint hearts are so ready to despair,
So prone to cry the burden is too great
For us to bear.
He sends the bitter who has sent the sweet,
And it is best,
And often 'tis in sorrow and defeat
That we are blessed.

May

Twenty-eighth Day

Lord, not my feet only, but my hands and my head.—S.
John 13:9.

THE secret which selfishness never masters is this of the joy of consecration. In self-devotion for king or cause, those who would lose their life have found it, and in carelessness of themselves have gained grace and renown. But no such joy, elsewhere known among men, has risen to the pitch of his or hers on whom the vision of Christ has shone. Emancipation from all deference to the world has been their prerogative. The hardest and bleakest conditions of life have become to them as jasper walls and crystal pavements. The heart dilates now with equal triumph, while gathering to itself divinest quality, whenever devoted in a similar sense to the King of the World. And he now feels it has in it the vital and sure presage of victory. He follows the banners that never go down. His Leader is one who knows no defeat.

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
Take my heart : it is Thine *own* ;
It shall be Thy royal throne.
Take my love ; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, *only*, ALL for Thee.

HAVERGAL.

May

Twenty-ninth Day

Let those that trust in thee rejoice. — Psalm 5: 11.

HAPPINESS, according to the laws of nature and of God, inheres in voluntary and pleasurable *activities*; and activity increases happiness in proportion as it is diffusive. No man can be so happy as he who is engaged in a regular business that tasks the greatest part of his mind. I had almost said that it was the *beau-ideal* of happiness for a man to be so busy that he does not know whether he is or is not happy; who has not time to think about himself at all. The man who rises early in the morning, joyful and happy, with an appetite for business as well as for breakfast; who has a love for his work, and runs eagerly to it as a child runs to its play; who finds himself refreshed by it in every part of his day, and rests after it as from a wholesome and delightful fatigue, — has one great and very essential element of happiness.

BEECHER.

Take joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her,
Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee
When thou art working in the furrows; aye,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.

It is a comely fashion to be glad;
Joy is the grace that we say to God.

JEAN INGELow.

May

Thirtieth Day

And thus this man died, leaving his death for an example of a noble courage, and a memorial of virtue, not only unto young men, but unto all his nation. — 11 Maccabees 6: 31.

IT is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; and this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG.

Thank God for deeds of valor done !
Thank God for victories hardly won !
That such as you need never know
The anguish of those dark days of woe ;
For time and peace old wounds have healed,
And flowers now strew the battle-field.

HELEN HUNT.

Abraham Lincoln — for them, as for him, character decreed a life and a death.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

May

Thirty-first Day

Thy will be done. — The Lord's Prayer.

WHEN the loss of property and the severance of friendships has come, when the future is overcast, and we know nothing of what is before us except simply this, that God's will must be done, and when we try to leave all to Him, the endurance which then reveals itself is the masterful power of the human will. Men trained in this experience cannot be frightened nor disheartened by troubles, however great.

R. S. STORRS.

Lord, carry me. — Nay, but I grant thee strength
To walk and work thy way to heaven at length.

Lord, why then am I weak? — Because I give
Power to the weak, and bid the dying live.


Lord, I am tired. — He hath not much desired
The goal, who at the starting-point is tired.

Lord, dost Thou know? — I know what is in man ;
What the flesh can, and what the spirit can.

Lord, dost Thou care? — Yea, for thy gain or loss
So much I cared, it brought Me to the cross.

Lord, I believe ; help Thou mine unbelief. —
Good is the word ; but rise, for life is brief.
The follower is not greater than the Chief :
Follow thou Me along My way of grief.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



Peace
be around
thee,
wherever thou
rovi'st;

May
life be
for thee
one
summer's
day.

Moore.

G. H. Kim

June.

June



The Sixth Month

First Day

A friend loveth at all times. — Proverbs 17: 17.

MY friend he was ; my friend from all the rest ;
With child-like faith he oped to me his heart :
No door was locked on altar, grave or grief ;
No weakness veiled, concealed no disbelief ;
The hope, the sorrow, and the wrong were bare,
And oh, the shadow only showed the fair !

I gave him love for love ; but deep within,
I magnified each frailty into sin ;
He smiled upon the censorship, and bore
With patient love the touch that wounded sore ;
Until at length, so had my blindness grown,
He knew I judged him by his faults alone.

At last it came — the day he stood apart,
When from my eyes he proudly veiled his heart . . .
When in his face I read what I had been
And with his vision saw what I had seen.
Too late ! too late ! O, could he then have known
When his love died that mine had perfect grown ;
And when the veil was drawn, abused, chastised,
The censor stood, the lost one truly prized.
Too late we learn that man must hold his friend
Unjudged, accepted, faultless to the end.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

June

Second Day

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you. — 1 Corinthians 3: 16.

SLOWLY through all the universe, that temple of God is being built. Wherever, in any world, a soul, by free-willed obedience, catches the fire of God's likeness, it is set into the growing wall a living stone. When in your hard fight, your tiresome drudgery, or in your terrible temptation, you catch the purpose of your being, and give yourself to God, and so give Him the chance to give Himself to you, your life, a living stone, is taken up and set into that growing wall. . . . Wherever souls are being tried and ripened, in whatever commonplace and homely ways ; — there God is hewing out the pillars for His temple. Oh, if the stone can only have some vision of the temple of which it is to lie a part forever, what patience must fill it as it feels the blows of the hammer, and knows that success for it is simply to let itself be wrought into what shape the Master wills.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Blessed is any weight, however overwhelming,
which God has been so good as to fasten with His
own hands upon our shoulders.

FABER.

If only dear to God the strong
That never trip nor wander,
Where were the throng whose morning song
Thrills His blue arches yonder?

LOWELL.

June

Third Day

SIGH and grieve that you are so carnal and worldly, and your passions so unmortified.

That you are so full of corrupt inclinations, so unguarded in your outward senses, so often ensnared by many vain imaginations.

So much inclined to outward things, so negligent as to inward.

So ready for laughter and dissipation, so unready for weeping and compunction.

So prompt for relaxation and bodily comfort, so disinclined for austerity and fervor.

So curious to hear news and see fine sights, so slack to embrace what is lowly and common.

So eager to have much, so sparing in giving, so close in retaining.

So inconsiderate in speech, so unable to keep silence, so undisciplined in manners, so impetuous in actions.

So hasty to take rest, so slow to labor.

So wakeful to attend to stories, so sleepy at holy vigils.

So anxious to finish devotions, so wandering in attention.

So soon distracted, so rarely fully collected.

So suddenly stirred to anger, so apt to take offence.

So often making good resolutions, so seldom bringing them to good effect.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

June

Fourth Day

Take heed to your spirit. — Malachi 11 : 15.

THERE is no situation which we cannot sweeten or embitter at will. If the past is gloomy, there is no need of dwelling upon it. If the mind can make *one* vigorous exertion, it can another. The same energy you put forth in acquiring knowledge would enable you also to baffle misfortune. Determine not to think of what is painful, resolutely turn away from vexatious subjects, bend all your attention to more elevating interests, and then you defeat the woes of the past. It is *for* the future and in the future that we live.

Strength of character is not mere strength of feeling ; it is the resolute restraint of strong feeling. It is unyielding resistance to whatever would disconcert us from without or unsettle us from within.

DICKENS.

A man's house should be on the hill-top of cheerfulness and serenity, so high that no shadows rest upon it, and where the morning comes so early that the day has twice as many golden hours as those of other men. He is to be pitied whose house is in some valley of grief between the hills, with the longest night and the shortest day. Home should be the centre of joy, equatorial and tropical.

BEECHER.

June

Fifth Day

Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only. — S. James
1 : 22.

O PATIENT, willing doers of the word —
Who worship tireless at the Master's shrine,
With hearts that gentle charity has stirred
To acts and deeds of pity half divine —
O blessed, faithful children of the King,
To whom the Saviour's shield of faith is given,
Full many a golden sheaf your arm shall bring
When all the reapers gather home in heaven !

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

We must love the Lord if we would learn to
serve Him and win others to Him.

WILLIAM ORMISTON.

Do something in this busy, bustling, wide-awake
world. Move about for the benefit of mankind, if
not for yourselves.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

Better a day of strife
Than a century of sleep. RYAN.

I count this thing to be grandly true :
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

HOLLAND.

Cast forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living,
ever-working universe.

CARLYLE.

June

Sixth Day

As the duty of every day required. — 2 Chronicles 8: 14.

THE heroes of the race shrank doubtless from their work as you are shrinking now from yours, — from a sense of unfitness.

At length, unable longer to resist the call of duty, "each forgot his weakness and went and worked his fragment." So for each of us the duty waits. Our deed may not seem worth the doing, because so small. But it is our "fragment" and must be done; and no one else can do it for us. Let not life, then, be frittered away in vacillation and weak compliances, "like those meagre streamlets which seem to lose their way at every new impediment, forever turning backward or turning around; nor, on the other hand, emulate the headlong mountain torrent, boisterous and destructive." Let the ideal of your strength rather be that of the ocean, which, as one finely observes in the calmest hour, still heaves its resistless might of waters to the shore with an imperial consciousness of strength that laughs at opposition.

Practise thy spirit to great thoughts and things ;

.
We can foretell the future of ourselves,
And fateful only to himself is each."

WILLIAM J. TILLEY.

June

Seventh Day

Is not the life more than meat and the body than raiment? —
S. Matthew 6: 25.

IF a man's mind be thoroughly alive, he cannot be content with good health, good revenue, and good dwelling. There are heart-achings and out-goings which waste the life, which cannot be soothed or appeased by bread alone. On the one hand you find sad hearts surrounded by the highest personal and social advantages, and on the other you will find hearts glad with unspeakable joy in spite of circumstances the most untoward and harassing. It is therefore, in the opinion of Christian thinkers, a superficial and mocking theory of human happiness which concerns itself mainly with circumstances. What is wanted is a principle which will put all accidental conditions in their right place, and persistently remind man that "the life is more than bread," and that apparent failure may be real success.

JOSEPH PARKER.

It is God who prepares men when He intends to use them, and who gives them just what they require for their work, and that by a marvellous succession of events, the connection of which can only be seen when we examine the whole chain. As I glance over my own life, from whatever side, I view it all converging to the point where I now stand.

LACORDAIRE.

June

Eighth Day

Happy shalt thou be. — Psalm 128: 2.

HAPPY is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected as April showers upon violet roots. Gifts from the hand are silver and gold ; but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy. To be full of goodness, to be full of cheerfulness, full of hope, full of sympathy, causes a man to carry blessings of which he himself is as unconscious as a lamp of its own shining. Such an one moves on human life like as stars move on dark seas to bewildered mariners ; as the sun wheels, bringing all the seasons with him from the south.

BEECHER.

Forget the past, and live the present hour ;
Now is the time to work, the time to fill
The soul with noblest thought, the time to will
Heroic deeds, to use whatever dower
Heaven has bestowed, to test our utmost power.
Now is the time to love, and better still,
To serve our loved ones ; over passing ill
To rise triumphant. Thus the perfect flower
Of life shall come to fruitage ; wealth amass
For grandest giving ere the time is gone.
Be glad to-day, to-morrow may bring tears ;
Be brave to-day, the darkest night will pass,
And golden rays will usher in the dawn ;
Who conquers now shall rule the coming years.

SARAH K. BOLTON.

June

Ninth Day

I will not forsake my people. — 1 Kings 6 : 13.

I will not fail thee nor forsake thee. — Isaiah 41 : 17.

Forsake Me Not.

FORSAKE me not, though fast the night is falling
And shadows gather in the darkened sky.

I cannot fear, when Thou, O God, art calling,
I cannot fall when Thy kind arms are nigh.
Stay Thou with me ! be Thou my refuge ever,
My strength, my all — whatever be my lot !
Oh, bless me with Thy gracious love forever,
And in the gloom of night forsake me not !

Forsake me not in time of tribulation,
Be Thou my Rock and Fortress in despair ;
Oh, fill my burdened soul with Thy salvation,
And pour Thy spirit's balm on all my care.
Though sorrows break my heart, O gracious Father,
Thy rod and staff can comfort my distress !
Though grief oppress, and heavy tear-drops gather,
Thy pitying love can bring me sweet redress.

Forsake me not ! breathe Thou into my being
The very breath of heaven from above ;
Unseal my eyes, that I Thy goodness seeing
May know and feel Thy deep, Thy boundless love.
In storm or calm, be Thou, O God, beside me —
That I, Thy child, may never be forgot ;
Through shade or sun, by day or night-time guide me
Through all my journey, oh, forsake me not !

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

June

Tenth Day

Ponder the path of thy feet. — Proverbs 15 : 26.

A MONG the pitfalls in our way,
The best of us walk blindly ;
So, man, be wary, watch and pray,
And judge your brother kindly.

ALICE CARY.

We are all wicked ; what one of us blames in
another each will find in his own breast.

SENECA.

Into the path of sin
One step may take you,
For wrong lies near
To the path of right ;
But lower down
From right to wrong,
The way descends ;
But back again to right
'Tis steep and rugged.

How often do we confess the same sins and pray
against them, and yet still commit them as much
as ever, and lie as deeply under the power of them !
We raise a great deal of dust under our feet, but we
do not move from off the ground on which we stood.
We do not go forward at all. We do, and undo.
We weave sometimes a web of holiness, but we let
evil and thoughtless purposes in, and unravel all
again. Nothing but the grace of God can save
us from sin.

June

Eleventh Day

He chasteneth us for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness. — Hebrews 12: 10.

O WHAT will that joy be, where the soul, being perfectly prepared for joy, and joy prepared by Christ for the soul, it shall be our business eternally to rejoice !

WILLIAM J. TILLEY.

A Husk.

I take it in my hand,
A form whose use is o'er,
Cast off by the ripe soul
That needed it no more.

A withered, worthless thing,
The mocking whirlwind's scorn —
Would God have cared to fashion it
Except to shield the corn?

MARY F. BUTTS.

Then shall a new, a spirit childhood come,
A fresher sense of life in thee have room !
A life that knows no pain, no death, no tomb !
There sight shall know what faith hath first
believed,
There perfect trust thy heart hath not conceived,
There saddening thoughts be gone, thy mind here
grieved !
Then for the work, my soul, that waits thee there,
A firm, bold heart, within thee bear,
Undimmed by painful thoughts, unbowed by care.

WILLIAM J. TILLEY.

June

Twelfth Day

Follow that which is good. — 1 Thessalonians 5: 15.

GOODNESS is the only orthodoxy that God cares one particle about, and every man that is living the Christ-life is orthodox — doctrine go to the winds. If you ask me if some representations of truth are not more likely to produce this than others, Yes ; and therefore it is important that men should study to be true according to the test of Scripture. But so long as that blazing centre remains, “I am determined to know nothing but Christ, and Him crucified” — because He represented the God of love who suffered for all the universe and all it contains — so long as that is the grand ideal of life, it is nonsense for the man that does not pattern after that, to pattern after the intellectual elements of it, or the mere auxiliary institutions. But if he has both he is doubly blest. BEECHER.

’Tis only noble to be good.

Count not thy life by calendars ; for years
Shall pass by thee unheeded, whilst an hour —
Some little fleeting hour, too quickly past —
May stamp itself so deeply on thy brain,
Thy latest years shall live upon its joy.

KENNEDY.

If the heart be right with God, He will weigh
the rest in a balance of compassion.

CARDINAL MANNING.

June

Thirteenth Day

Thou shalt abide for me. — Hosea 3: 3.

“TAKE my life !” We have said it or sung it before the Lord, it may be many times ; but if it were only whispered but once in His ear with full purpose of heart, should we not believe that He heard it ? And if we know that He heard it, should we not believe that He has answered it, and fulfilled this, our heart’s desire ? For with Him hearing means heeding. Then why should we doubt that He did verily take our lives when we offered them — our bodies when we presented them ? Have we not been wronging His faithfulness all this time by practically, even unconsciously, doubting whether the prayer ever reached Him ? And if so, is it any wonder that we have not realized all the power and joy of full consecration ? By some means or other He has to teach us to trust implicitly every step of the way. And so, if we do not really trust in this matter, He has had to let us find out our want of trust by withholding the sensible part of the blessing, and thus stirring us up to find out why it is withheld.

An offered gift must be either accepted or refused. Can He have refused it when He has said, “Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out” ? If not, then it must have been accepted.

June

Fourteenth Day

Your father knoweth what things ye have need of. — S. Matthew 6 : 8.

He Knows.

HUSH, child ! doth not thy Heavenly Father
know ?

Love causelessly would never wound thee so.
Sometimes the chastened lean upon His breast,
And, sobbing, find themselves more closely pressed.

Hereafter thou shalt better understand
What discipline was needed from His hand.
Be patient, then, and to His will resigned,
And thou shalt be more Christ-like and refined.

Implicit trust is thine, but He imparts
His fulness only unto emptied hearts ;
Who asks His love will in return receive
Far more than tongue can tell, or thought conceive.

Then give Him children, home, thy weight of care ;
They are too heavy for thy strength to bear.
The pitying Father will thy fears relieve,
And bind the wounds His children must receive.

MRS. ANNA M. HUNTLEY.

My son, suffer me to do with thee what I please.
I know what is expedient for thee. Thou thinkest
as man ; thou judgest in many things as human
affection persuadeth thee.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

June

Fifteenth Day

Take my yoke upon you and learn of me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart : and ye shall find rest unto your souls. —

S. Matthew 11 : 29.

CHRIST'S invitation is a call to begin life over again upon a new principle — upon His own principle. "Watch my way of doing things," He says. "Follow me. Take life as I take it. Be meek and lowly and you will find rest." . . . Christ's life outwardly was one of the most troubled lives ever lived : tempest and tumult, tumult and tempest, the waves breaking over it all the time till the worn body was laid in the grave. But the inner life was a sea of glass. The great calm was always there. At any moment you might have gone to Him and found rest. And even when the bloodhounds were dogging Him in the streets of Jerusalem, He turned to His disciples and offered them, as a last legacy, "My peace." Nothing ever for a moment broke the serenity of Christ's life on earth.

There was nothing that the world could do to Him, that could ripple the surface of His spirit. Such living, as mere living, is altogether unique. It is the mind at leisure from itself. It is the perfect poise of the soul ; the stability of assured convictions ; the eternal calm of an invulnerable faith ; the repose of a heart set deep in God. It is the mood of the man who says, with Browning, "God's in His heaven, all's well with the world."

HENRY DRUMMOND.

June

Sixteenth Day

My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever. — Psalm 73: 26.

THERE are heart sicknesses known to earth more real and distressing than any physical malady. Times there are in each human life when the sharp sword pierces to the very centre of the soul. Speaking after the manner of this world, the agony seems greater than can be borne. What then? Shall we sink down in despair? No. There is a better way. Summon thy soul to new courage, and patience. Say to thy soul within the thick shadows, even where no light enters, “My soul, wait thou only upon God.”

SPURGEON.

Pain's furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow;
And yet I whisper: As God will!
And in His hottest fire hold still.

Why should I murmur? For the sorrow
Thus only longer lived would be;
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,
When God has done His work in me;
So I say, trusting: As God will!
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

FROM THE GERMAN.

June

Seventeenth Day

Rules for Making Sunshine.

WHEN you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done ; a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving, trifles in themselves light as air, will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours ; and if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old ; and if you are old, it will send you gently and happily down the stream of human time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result ; you send one person, only one, happily through the day, — that is three hundred and sixty-five during the course of the year ; and suppose you live only forty years after you commence that of medicine, you have made fourteen thousand six hundred human beings happy, at all events for a time. Now is not this simple ? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, too easily accomplished for you to say, “ I would if I could.”

SYDNEY SMITH.

Be like the bird, that, halting in her flight
Awhile on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way beneath her and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings.

VICTOR HUGO.

June

Eighteenth Day

Be sober, be vigilant. — 1 Peter 5 : 8.

The prudent man looketh well to his own going. — Proverbs
14 : 10.

KEEP at some work of usefulness.

We forge our own fetters.

To thine own self be true.

SHAKSPEARE.

The worst things are the perversion of good things. Abused intellectual gifts make the dangerous villain ; abused sensibilities make the accomplished tempter.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

The lost days of my life until to-day,

What were they ; could I see them on the street
Lie as they fell ? Would they be ears of wheat
Sown once for food but trodden into clay ?

Or golden coins squander'd and still to pay ?
Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet ?
Or such spilt waters as in dreams must cheat
The undying throats of Hell, a thirst alway ?

I do not see them here ; but after death
God knows I know the faces I shall see,
Each one a murdered self, with low last breath.

“ I am thyself, — what hast thou done to me ?
And I — and I — thyself ” lo ! each one saith,
And thou thyself to all — eternity.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

June

Nineteenth Day

Little children, keep yourselves from idols. — 1 John 5 : 21.

TO make idols, and find them clay
And to bewail their worship. Therefore pray.

FELICIA HEMANS.

Two Lost Heroes.

And so Death took your hero,
How kind to you was Fate !
For Death but crystallizes Life,
And you need only wait.
Death keeps him, dear, safe from all tainting touch,
I, in your place, could scarcely weep so much.

For, I, too, lost my hero.
Would God it were by Death !
Would God that he were sainted,
That I might spend my breath
In praying to heaven to make my deeds so sweet
That he might welcome me when we should meet !

Alas, alas, my hero !
How often we bow down,
Deceived, to crown a coward king
And deify a clown !
Pass on ; compared to me you know not grief.
You have lost him, but I have lost Belief.

ANNE REEVE ALDRICH.

June

Twentieth Day

For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad. — 2 Corinthians 5: 10.

PERHAPS it may have been little thought of, in the days of careless unconcern, which you have spent hitherto; but I call upon you to think of it now; to lay it to heart; and no longer delay when the high waters of death and judgments and eternity are thus set before you. It is my prayer to carry you beyond the regions of sight and sense, to the regions of faith, and to assure you in the name of Him who cannot lie, that as sure as the hour for the laying of the body in the grave comes, so surely will also come the hour of the spirit returning to Him who gave it. Yes, the day of final reckoning will come, and the appearance of the Son of God in the heaven, and the opening of the books will come, and the standing of men of all generations before the judgment-seat will come, and the solemn passing of that sentence which is to fix your destiny for eternity, will come.

CHALMERS.

And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful soe'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

June

Twenty-first Day

We ought to love one another. — S. John 4: 11.

THE world is full of love that is not much better than no love at all. The fuel of the stove makes the room warm, but there are great piles of trees among the rocks on the top of the hill, where nobody can get them; but these do not make anybody warm. Just so in family, love makes the parents and children, the brothers and sisters, happy; but if they take care never to say a word about it, as if it were a crime, they will not be much happier than as if there was no love among them; the house will seem cold even in summer.

We long for tenderness like that which hung
About us, lying on our mother's breast;
A selfish feeling that no pen or tongue
Can praise aright, since silence sings its best.
A love, as far removed from passion's heat
As from the chillness of its dying fire;
A love to lean on when the failing feet
Begin to totter and the eyes to tire.
In youth's brief heyday hottest love we seek,
The reddest rose we grasp — but when it dies
God grant the latter blossoms, violets meek,
May spring for us beneath life's autumn skies.
God grant some loving one be near to bless
Our weary way with simple tenderness.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

June

Twenty-second Day

He that rusteth in his riches shall fall; but the righteous shall flourish as a branch. — Proverbs 11 : 28.

Contentment with godliness is great gain. — 1 Timothy 6 : 6.

They that will be rich fall into temptation. — 1 Timothy 6 : 9.

I was a father to the poor. — Job 29 : 16.

Both low and high, rich and poor together. — Psalm 49 : 2.

The cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches. — S. Mark 4 : 19.

The rich he hath sent empty away. — S. Luke 1 : 53.

LET us learn to be content with what we have, with the place we have in life. Let us get rid of our false estimates, let us throw down the god Money from its pedestal, trample that senseless idol under foot, set up all the higher ideals — a neat home, vines of our own planting, a few books full of the inspiration of genius, a few friends worthy of being loved, and able to love in turn; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or remorse, a devotion to the right that will never swerve, a simple religion empty of all bigotry, full of trust and hope and love, and to such a philosophy this world will give up all the joy it has.

Wealth has now all the respect paid to it which is due only to virtue and to talent, but we can see what estimate God puts upon it, since He often bestows it upon the meanest and most unworthy of all His creatures.

SWIFT.

June

Twenty-third Day

To every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance, but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. — S. Matthew 25 : 29.

THE heart dwindles in contact with small things and narrow interests ; but when brought into harmony with great ideas, striving for great ends, with strong feeling excited and pouring upon the altar of success the most costly and precious sacrifices, then the human heart, developing the germ of its immortal nature, rises to the height of the loftiest ideas, and enlarges to the compass of the broadest principles. GEORGE M. ROBESON.

It was the martyr who saw “the heavens open and the Son of God standing on the right hand of God.” It is when we have borne submissively some dreadful sorrow that we see the golden ladder reaching upward, as did Perpetua from the darkness of the dungeon ; when we have given ourselves to some great work and wrought it, by God’s help and the inspiration of His spirit, triumphantly to the end, — that the vision is granted us.

R. S. STORRS.

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheathen sabre,
Ready to flash out at God’s call,
O chivalry of labor !

GERALD MASSEY.

June

Twenty-fourth Day

He is their strength. —Psalm 37: 39.

I WOULD present true sainthood to you as the strong chain of God's presence in humanity running down through all history, and making of it a unity, giving it a large and massive strength able to bear great things and to do great things too. The unity which the line of sainthood gives to history is the great point that shows its strength.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

But all through life I see a cross,
Where sons of God yield up their breath ;
There is no gain except by loss,
There is no life except by death,
There is no vision but by faith,
No glory but by bearing shame,
No justice but by taking blame ;
And that Eternal Passion saith,
Be emptied of glory and right and name.

OLRIG GRANGE.

The highest of us is but a sentry at his post.

WHYTE MELVILLE.

Dome up, O heaven ! yet higher o'er my head !
Back ! back, horizon ! widen out my world !
Rush in, O Infinite sea of the Unknown,
For though He slay me I will trust in God.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

June

Twenty-fifth Day

These things I command you, that ye love one another. —
S. John 15: 17.

IS it worth while that we jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart? that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumph we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the
heather,
Pierced to the heart; words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe than for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey,
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish, instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be or abide
Forever and aye in the dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain;
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain,
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow-creature down in the dust?
God pity us all! Time eftsoon will tumble
All of us together, like leaves in a gust,
Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.

June

Twenty-sixth Day

We know that all things work together for good to them that love God.—Romans 8:28.

THE crosses of the present moment always bring their own special grace and consequent comfort with them; we see the hand of God in them when it is laid upon us. But the crosses of anxious foreboding are seen out of the dispensations of God; we see them without grace to bear them; we see them indeed through a faithless spirit which banishes grace. So everything in them is bitter and unendurable; all seems dark and helpless. Let us throw self aside; no more self-interest, and then God's will, unfolding every moment, will console us for all that He shall do around us, or within us.

FÉNELON.

Being perplexed, I say,

Lord, make it right!

Night is as day to Thee,

Darkness is light.

I am afraid to touch

Things that involve so much;—

My trembling hand may shake,

My skillless hand may break;

Thine can make no mistake.

ANNA WARNER.

Should we feel at times disheartened and discouraged, a confiding thought, a simple movement of heart towards God will renew our powers.

[178]

FÉNELON.

June

Twenty-seventh Day

Above all that we ask or think. — Ephesians 3: 20.

THEY were living to themselves ; self, with its hopes and promises and dreams, still had hold of them ; but the Lord began to fulfil their prayers. They had asked for contrition, and He gave them sorrow ; they had asked for purity, and He sent them anguish ; they had asked to be meek, and He had broken their hearts ; they had asked to be dead in the world, and He slew all their living hopes ; they had asked to be made like unto Him, and He had placed them in a furnace till they should reflect His image ; they had asked to lay hold of His cross, and when He had reached it to them, it lacerated their hands.

But if, impatient, thou let slip thy cross,
Thou wilt not find it in this world again,
Nor in another ; here, and here alone
Is given thee to *suffer* for God's sake.
In other worlds we shall more perfectly
Serve Him and love Him, praise Him, work for Him,
Grow near and nearer Him with all delight ;
But then we shall not any more be called
To suffer, which is our appointment here.
And while we suffer let us set our souls
To suffer perfectly : since this alone,
The suffering, which is this world's special grace,
May here be perfected and left behind.

UGO BASSI'S SERMON IN THE HOSPITAL.

June

Twenty-eighth Day

Oh that I might have my request ; and that God would grant me the thing that I long for ! — Job 6 : 8.

YEA, leave it with Him,
The lilies all do,
And they grow —
They grow in the rain,
And they grow in the dew —
Yes, they grow.

They grow in the darkness, all hid in the night ;
They grow in the sunshine, revealed by the light,
Still they grow.

They ask not your planting,
They need not your care
As they grow.
Dropped down in the valley,
The field anywhere —
There they grow.

They grow in their beauty, arrayed in pure white,
They grow clothed in glory, by heaven's own light,
Sweetly grow.

Yea, leave it with Him ;
'Tis more dear to His heart
You will know
Than the lilies that bloom,
Or the flowers that start
'Neath the snow.

What you need, *all* you need, if you ask it in prayer,
You can leave it with Him, for you are His care,
You, you know.

June

Twenty-ninth Day

That your joy may be full. — 1 John 16: 24.

MANY objects in this earth are what things in heaven will be like. Meadows we shall lie down in ; and there will be the murmur in our ears of the river of life ; and over us there will be a tree of life, and through the leaves of it some rays of the light of God will shine upon us in that blessed shade ; and we shall eat of the fruit of the tree, because it is for the healing of the nations. And God will be all in all. He will be in the river of life, flowing alongside of us, and in the light that shines through it ; and He will be in us, ourselves. He will be everlasting growth of spirit in us, and He will be peace and joy. Ay, there will be then one soul of joy in us and in God. We in Him, He will be in us. We shall be nerves in His infinite blessedness, and forever be thrilled with delight.

MOUNTFORD.

Open our eyes, thou Son of life and gladness,
That we may see that glorious world of Thine !
It shines for us in vain, while drooping sadness
Enfolds us here like mist ; come, Power benign,
Touch our chilled hearts with vernal smile,
Our wintry course do Thou beguile.
Nor by the wayside ruins let us mourn,
Who have th' eternal towers for our appointed bourn.

KEBLE.

June

Thirtieth Day

Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall. — Proverbs 16: 18.

PRIDE slays thanksgiving, but a humble mind is the soil out of which thanks naturally grow. A proud man is seldom a grateful man, for he never thinks he gets as much as he deserves. When any mercy falls, he says, "Yes, but it ought to be more. It is only manna as large as a coriander seed, whereas it ought to be like a baker's loaf." How base a pool God's mercies fall into, when they plash down into such a heart as that! If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes, and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would it draw to itself the almost invisible particles, by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings; only the iron in God's sand is gold.

BEECHER.

Ah! languid hand, safe in some scented glove,
Give alms of bread — give truer alms of love —
To other hands whose stains and scars you scorn!

MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

Thine
be every joy
and
treasure,

E. Quinn.

July.

Peace, enjoyment,
love, and pleasure

July



The Seventh Month

First Day

The end of that man is peace. — Psalm 37: 37.

Peace.

I STOOD in a crowd on pleasure bent,
And heard the ripple of laughter and song ;
But the song was stilled ere night was spent,
And the laughter sank and died ere long.
Mirth and melody, fume and fret
Were there ; but Peace I found not yet.

'Then I saw a cottage where want and care
Had entered every day for years,
And a woman was there, whose face was fair,
Tho' scarred by pain and marked by tears —
A face that was fair with the light of faith,
And a love that was stronger still than death.

I stood at the open door, and heard
A voice like an angel's, sweet and low :
"Who doeth my will and keepeth my Word,
Nor grief nor pain at last shall know."
And the woman answered, with dying breath,
"True, Lord !" Then I knew there was Peace in
Death.

J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

July

Second Day

The law of kindness. — Proverbs 31 : 26.

I WAS once present at the funeral service of a man who was held in high esteem in his community.

He had served terms in the state legislature both as representative and senator, and had made a record of unblemished honor. He was a deacon, and trustee and Sunday-school superintendent in his church, and had always been influential in all church and philanthropic work. But the thing for which he will be most lovingly remembered was his tenderness of heart and the genius he had for doing little things to brighten the lives of others. As illustrative of this spirit and habit, an incident occurred at his church one Sabbath morning. A woman came to the service, evidently a stranger. Mr. M—— observed her and divined her feeling of loneliness, and when he passed down the aisle with a collection basket, he quietly unpinned a rose which he wore upon his coat and dropped it in the lonesome woman's lap. Instantly the whole atmosphere of the church changed to that woman, the sense of strangeness vanished, she felt herself among friends, and her heart entered warmly into all the service that followed. It takes a great soul to do a little thing like that. J. T. MCFARLAND.

The kindly deeds which their own balm impart,
These are not lost.

July

Third Day

While we look not at the things which are seen, but the things that are not seen : for the things which are seen are temporal ; but the things which are not seen are eternal.—2 Corinthians 4: 18.

If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.—1 Corinthians 15: 19.

A Blind Spinner.

LIKE a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days ;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways.
I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
Of what I spin ;
I only know that some one came
And laid within
My hand the thread, and said, "Since you
Are blind, but one thing you can do."

I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place,
In some great fabric to endure,
Past time and race,
My threads will have ; so from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

July

Fourth Day

Wait on the Lord, and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land. — Psalm 37: 34.

O H, keep your armor bright,
Sons of those mighty dead,
And guard ye well the right,
For which such blood was shed !
Your starry flag should only wave
O'er freedom's home, or o'er your grave.

BOTTA.

It is our duty to celebrate this day, not merely by idle pomp and vain display, but in a manner worthy of the great men and the great principles with which it is associated, by high purposes and magnanimous resolves, by deeper gratitude and a loftier faith. The character of man is always more severely tried by the passive than the active virtues. The same dignity of mind and elevation of character which gave our fathers the power to do, gave them also the power to bear and suffer. Their noble example demands from us to watch for the overshadowing presence of that spirit of the Lord, without which there is no true liberty.

Faith of our fathers ! Good men's prayers
Shall win our country all to thee ;
And through the truth that comes from God
Our land shall then indeed be free.
Faith of our fathers ! Holy faith !
We will be true to thee till death !

July

Fifth Day

Pray without ceasing. — 1 Thessalonians 5: 17.

MORE things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.

Prayer is not overcoming God's reluctance, it is laying hold of His highest willingness.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

I have lived to thank God that all my prayers have not been answered.

JEAN INGELow.

Now, soul, be very still and go apart.

Fly to thy inmost citadel, and be thou still.

Dost thou not know the trembling, shrinking heart

That feels the shadow of some coming ill?

Ah! no. 'Tis not delusion; some kind care

Touches thee, soul, and whispers thee, "Beware!"

So, soul, come with me, and be sure we'll find

A sanctuary, wherein dwells faith and prayer;

Then, if misfortune come, cast doubt behind;

We shall have strength to fight or strength to bear;

No prisoners of evil fate are we,

For in our breast we carry Hopeful's key.

MARY A. BARR.

It is an introspection on which all religion has been built, man going into himself, and seeing the struggle within him, and thence getting self-knowledge, and thence knowledge of God.

MOZLEY.

July

Sixth Day

Sing unto him a new song. — Psalm 33: 3.

THE power of a Christian hymn has been one of the great beneficent forces in human life. It is almost impossible to overestimate it. Literature and art and oratory influence the emotions and conduct of man. Noble poetry haunts and inspires us. But in the trying crises of life — in temptation, or misfortune, or sickness, or sorrow, or even death — myriads of souls have been comforted and helped by the sustaining influence of Christian song.

Two Songs.

A singer sang a song of tears,
And the great world heard and wept ;
For he sang of the sorrows of the fleeting years
And the hopes which the dead past kept ;
And souls in anguish their burdens bore,
And the world was sadder than before.

A singer sang a song of cheer,
And the great world listened and smiled ;
For he sang of the love of a Father dear
And the trust of a little child ;
And souls that before had forgotten to pray
Looked up and went singing along the way.

July

Seventh Day

Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh. — S. Matthew 24 : 44.

THE vain regret that steals above the wreck of
squandered hours. WHITTIER.

The Foolish Virgin.

“The midnight comes on and my lamp unfilled !”

(Black and stormy the night wanes on.)

“Sisters, help ! ere my hope be killed ;

Give of your store, that my lamp be filled.”

(The Bridegroom into the House hath gone.)

“Sisters, help !” They have closed the door.

(Black and stormy the night wanes on.)

Naught they give of their brimming store,

Each one watching the lamp she bore.

(The Bridegroom into the House hath gone.)

“I will knock, though the door be closed.”

(Black and stormy the night wanes on.)

“Lord, thy handmaid waits. Unclose !

Around me night like a river flows.”

(The Bridegroom into the House hath gone.)

“Who knocks so late from the darkened East ?”

(Black and stormy the night wanes on.)

“Depart ! I know nor greater nor least,

Who brings no light to the marriage feast.”

(The Bridegroom into the House hath gone.)

MARIE B. WILLIAMS.

July

Eighth Day

A people that jeopardized their lives unto the death in the high places of the field. — Judges 5 : 18.

COME, Howard, from the gloom of the prison and the taint of the lazar-house, and show us what philanthropy can do when imbued with the spirit of Jesus ; come, Eliot, from the thick forest where the red man listens to the Word of Life ; come, Penn, from the sweet counsel and weaponless victory, and show us what Christian love can accomplish with the rudest barbarians and the fiercest hearts. Come, Raikes, from thy labors with the ignorant and the poor and show us with what an eye this faith regards the lowest and the least of our race ; and how diligently it labors for the plastic soul that is to course the ages of immortality. And ye, who are a great number, ye nameless ones, who have done good in your narrow spheres, content to forego renown on earth, and seeking your reward on high — come and tell us how kindly a spirit, how lofty a purpose, or how strong a courage the religion ye professed can breathe into the poor, the humble, and the weak. Go forth, then, Spirit of Christianity, to thy great work of REFORM ! The past bears witness to thee in the blood of thy martyrs, and the ashes of thy saints and heroes ; the present is hopeful because of thee ; the future shall acknowledge thy omnipotence.

CHAPIN.

July

Ninth Day

Lord, thou hast heard the desire of the humble: . . . thou wilt cause thine ear to hear.—Psalm 10: 17.

“**L**EARN to entwine with prayers the small cares, the trifling sorrows, the little wants of daily life. Whatever affects you—be it a changed look, an altered tone, an unkind word, a wrong, a wound, a demand you cannot meet, a sorrow you cannot disclose—turn it into prayer, and send it up to God. Disclosures you may not make to man you can make to the Lord. Only give yourself to prayer, whatever be the occasion that calls for it.”

He Knows.

He knows it all at set of sun,
The little errands I have run,
How hard I tried and where I failed,
Where dreadful wrong and sin prevailed ;
He knows the burden and the cross,
The heavy trial and the loss
That met me early on the way,
And lingered still at close of day.
He knows it all — how tired I grew
When pressing duties that I knew
Were mine, I left in part undone,
And how I grieved at set of sun,
And could not rest till His sweet tone
Of calming love had gently shown
Me that He did not blame — He knew
That I had tried my best to do.

July

Tenth Day

The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong. —
Ecclesiastes 9: 11.

I SAW them start, an eager throng,
All young and strong and fleet ;
Joy lighted up their beaming eyes,
Hope sped their flying feet.
And one among them so excelled
In courage, strength, and grace,
That all men gazed and smiled and cried :
“ The winner of the race ! ”

But ah, what folly ! See, he stops
To raise a fallen child,
To place it out of danger's way
With kiss and warning mild.
A fainting comrade claims his care,
Once more he turns aside ;
Then stays his strong, young steps to be
A feeble woman's guide.

The race is o'er. 'Mid shouts and cheers
I saw the victors crowned ;
Some wore fame's laurels, some love's flowers,
Some brows with gold were bound.
But all unknown, unheeded, stood —
Heaven's light upon his face —
With empty hands and uncrowned head,
The winner of the race.

SUSAN MARR SPAULDING.

July

Eleventh Day

It is God that girdeth me with strength and maketh my way perfect. — Psalm 18: 32.

THE Christian learns by frequent experience that he cannot live without prayer. And so he prays daily and hourly, not as a duty, but as a necessity, — prays when it is necessary, be it seldom or often, — prays till the need is supplied, till the hunger has ceased, till the empty soul is filled, till his weakness has been made strength, till his weariness has changed to inward rest. And then, having prayed from necessity, he prays again spontaneously, the prayer of thanksgiving and gratitude, the acknowledgment of his new life.

Silent the starry sails go down
Upon the western sea ;
Silent they bear away our cares
And leave us glad and free ;
So calm each overburdened heart,
So still each burning chord,
So glad to sink down at His feet,
And listen to the Lord.

AGNES E. MITCHELL.

No soul can preserve its strength or the bloom of its consecration without lonely musing and silent prayer ; and the greatness of this necessity is in proportion to the greatness of the soul.

FARRAR.

July

Twelfth Day

A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another, as I have loved you. — S. John 13: 34.

THE love of Christ is not an absorbing, but a radiating love. The more we love Him, the more we shall most certainly love others. Some have not much natural power of loving, but the love of Christ will strengthen it. Some have had the springs of love dried up by some terrible earthquake. They will find “fresh springs” in Jesus, and the gentle flow will be purer and deeper than the old torrent could ever bear. Some have spent it all on their God-given dear ones. Now He is come whose right it is; and yet in the fullest resumption of that right, He is so gracious that He puts back an even larger measure of the old love into our hand, sanctified with His own love, and energized with His own blessing, and strengthened with His new commandment, “That ye love one another, as I have loved you.” HAVERGAL.

Oh, sweet command, that goes so far beyond
The mightiest impulse of the tenderest heart !
A bare permission had been much ; but He
Who knows our yearnings and our fearfulness,
Chose graciously to *bid* us do the thing
That makes our earthly happiness,
A limit that we need not fear to pass,
Because we cannot. Oh, the breadth and length,
And depth and height of love that passeth knowledge ;
Yet Jesus said, “ As I have lovèd you.”

July

Thirteenth Day

The Lord knoweth the days of the upright: and their inheritance shall be for ever. — Psalm 37: 18.

HAVE they days of affliction? The Lord knows them. Have they days of danger? He knows them, and will be a refuge and defence in them. Have they days of duty? He knows them, and will furnish the strength and the help they require. Have they days of inaction, when they are laid aside from their work by accident or disease? He knows them. Have they days of privation when they are denied the ordinances of the church? He knows them, and will follow His people when they cannot follow Him, and be a little sanctuary to them in their losses. Have they days of feebleness and of old age, in which their strength is fled, and their senses fail? He knows them, and says, "I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth. Even to old age I am He, and to hoary hairs will I bear and carry you."

WILLIAM JAY.

Among so many, can He care?
Can special love be everywhere?
A myriad homes, — a myriad ways, —
And God's eye over every place?
I asked: my soul bethought of this: —
In just that very place of His
Where He hath put and keepeth you,
God hath no other thing to do!

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

July

Fourteenth Day

Search me, O God, and know my heart : try me, and know my thoughts : and see if there be any wicked way in me. —
Psalm 139 : 23-24.

“**S**HALL not God search this out? for He knoweth the secrets of my heart.” The greatness of guilt arises chiefly from the greatness of God’s goodness towards us, from the favors, the lights and instruction that we have received from Him. In order to know your own guilt, you must consider your own circumstances, your health, your sickness, your youth or age, your special duties, the happiness of your education, the degree of light and instruction you have received, the admonition that you have had, the resolutions of amendment that you have so often broken, and the checks of conscience that you have disregarded. It is from this examination that each one must learn the measure and greatness of his own guilt. Frequent reflection will cause us to seek for pardon and strength from God.

Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent, —
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent ; —
These and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own ;
Humbled at Thy feet we bow,
Seeking strength from Thee alone.

July

Fifteenth Day

Cleanse me from secret faults.—Psalm 19: 12.

L ORD, have compassion upon us. Chastise us. By any means clear the guilt that is in us. Make us to feel the sinfulness of sin, but yet, have compassion, and chastise us because Thou lovest us !

BEECHER.

If, every time conscience was wronged, it sighed, and every time reason was perverted, it uttered complaints, no one could live for the moaning which would fill his soul.

Strangled.

There is a legend in some Spanish book
About a noisy reveller who, at night,
Returning home with others, saw a light
Shine from a window, and climbed up to look
And saw within the room hanged to a hook
His own self-strangled self, grim, rigid, white,
And who, struck sober by that livid sight,
Feasting his eyes, in tongue-tied terror shook.

Has any man a fancy to peep in
And see, as through a window in the past,
His noble self self-choked with toils of sin,
Or sloth or folly? Round the throat whipped
fast

The nooses give the face a stiffened grin.
'Tis but thyself. Look well. Why be aghast?

EUGENE LEE HAMILTON.

July

Sixteenth Day

What time I am afraid I will call on thee. — Psalm 56: 3.

WE have all taken a sorrow or a perplexity out into the noontide or the midnight and felt its morbid bitterness drawn out of it, and a great peace descend and fill it from the depth of the majesty under whose arch we stood. . . . The sweet and solemn influence which comes to you out of the noontide or the midnight sky does not take away your pain, but it takes out of it its bitterness. It lifts it to a higher peace. It says, "Be still and wait." It gives the reason power and leave and time to work. It gathers the partial into the embrace of the universal.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Who of us has not bowed his will to some supreme law, accepted some obedience as the atmosphere in which his life must live, and found that his mind's darkness at once turned to light, and that many a hard question found its answer? Who has not sometimes seemed to see it all as clear as daylight, that not by the sharpening of the intellect to supernatural acuteness, but by the submission of the nature to its true authority, man was at last to conquer truth; that not by agonizing struggles over contradictory evidence, but by the harmony with Him in whom the answers to all our doubts are folded, a harmony with Him brought by obedience to Him, our doubts must be enlightened?

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

July

Seventeenth Day

The work of our hands establish thou it. — Psalm 90: 17.

SILENTLY the work of our lives goes on. It proceeds without intermission, and all that has been done is the under-structure for that which is to be done. Young man and maiden, take heed to the work of your hands. That which you are doing is imperishable. You do not leave it behind you because you forget it. It passes away from you apparently, but it does not pass away in reality. Every stroke, every single element abides, and there is nothing that grows so fast as character.

The Work of Our Hands.

“The work of our hands, establish Thou it.”

So often with thoughtless lips we pray ;

But He who sits in the heavens shall say,

“Is the work of thy hands so fair and fit,

That ye dare so pray?

“Is it strong as the wonderful bonds that knit

All truth as one? Is it pure as snow?

As gracious and sweet as the winds that blow?

As true as the stars that are nightly lit

For the world below? ”

Softly we answer : “ Lord, *make* it fit,

The work of our hands, that so we may

Lift our voices and dare to pray,

The work of our hands, establish Thou it,

Forever and aye.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

July

Eighteenth Day

Lord, teach us to pray. — S. Luke 2: 1.

IT is not only in the beginning of a devotional life that assistance is required. “Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities,” says the apostle; “for we know not what we should pray for as we ought, but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.” And where is the Christian who would not often have given over the exercise, under a sense of his imperfections and weaknesses, but for the hope of the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ; and the promise, “If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?” This has revived him again, and out of weakness he has been made strong, and delighted himself in the Almighty. Happy they who, by the great Teacher, are thus taught to pray. WILLIAM JAY.

Prayer is the breath of God in man,

Returning whence it came;

Love is the sacred fire within,

And prayer the rising flame.

The humble suppliant cannot fail

To have his wants supplied,

Since He for sinners intercedes,

Who once for sinners died.

BENJAMIN REDDOME.

July

Nineteenth Day

Go work in my vineyard. — S. Matthew 21 : 28.

“ **W**HY stand ye here idle ? ” when dewy and
bright,

‘The vine’s purple clusters wave in the morn’s light ;

“ Why stand ye here idle ? ” when noon’s golden
glare

Falls over the vineyard — ripe, waiting and fair.

“ Why stand ye here idle ? ” when broad fields in view
Are white for the harvest, and reapers are few.

“ Why stand ye here idle still, all the day long,”

While the sunset is near and the glad harvest song ?

“ Go work in the vineyard ! to-day must thou share
The heat and the burden my laborers bear.”

Thus the voice of the Master for each of us calls,
Though sealed be our ears when the pleading voice
falls.

MARY A. LEAVITT.

Oh, if every one could put his arms round one
other one, and save him from perdition, it would
be worth a lifetime of exertion. If you can lie
down on the bed of death, and ask, of what avail
has been my living ? and only one redeemed by
your agency, only one shall stand before you, only
one upon whom you can fix your dying eyes, and
feel, “ God has given me that as a seal to my
ministry,” oh, it were enough ! It were enough !
For the redemption of one human soul is worth
. . . a lifetime of self-denial.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

July

Twentieth Day

Little children, keep yourselves from idols. — S. John 5 : 21.

“OH, not by loving less, but loving more.
It is not that we love our precious ones
Too much, but God too little. As the lamp
A miner bears upon his shadowed brow
Is only dazzling in the grimy dark,
And has no glare against the summer sky,
So, light the tiny torch of our best love
In the great sunshine of the love of God,
And, though full fed and fanned, it casts no shade
And dazzles not, o'erflowed with mightier light.”

There is no love so deep and wide as that which is kept for Jesus. It flows both fuller and farther when it flows only through Him. Then, too, it will be a power for Him. It will always be unconsciously working for Him. In drawing others to ourselves by it, we shall necessarily be drawing them nearer to the fountain of our love, never drawing them away from it. It is the great magnet of His love which alone can draw any heart to Him ; but when our own are thoroughly yielded to its mighty influence, they will be so magnetized that He will condescend to use them in this way.

HAVERGAL.

Idols of dust,
Idols of clay,
Crumble and fall,—
Vanish for aye.

July

Twenty-first Day

These all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication. — Acts 1 : 14.

PUBLIC devotion has claims upon us. God has commanded us not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together as the manner of some is ; and He has said, " In all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee and I will bless thee." The worship of the sanctuary enlivens our feelings, endears us to each other, and keeps the distinctions of life from becoming excessive. There the rich and the poor meet together, and seek and serve a Being with whom there is no respect of persons. Let me always avail myself of the privilege, and be glad when they say unto me, " Let us go up into the house of the Lord."

With One Accord.

" With one accord ! " The day had brought
Its vexing cares ; its anxious thought ;
With labor worn, with doubts perplexed,
With toils and troubles sorely vexed ;
When evening brought its hour of prayer,
With sweet accord we gathered there.

" The door was shut ! " " With one accord "
We kneeled before our risen Lord ;
Some needed strength ; some needed peace ;
Some prayed that wrongs and woes might cease ;
All felt the need of humble prayer,
All needed Christ, and Christ was there.

July

Twenty-second Day

Every purpose of the Lord shall be performed. — Jeremiah 51 : 29.

A MAN cannot choose his own life. He cannot say : "I will take existence lightly, and keep out of the way of the wretched, mistaken, energetic creatures, who fight so heartily in the great battle." He cannot say : "I will stop in the tents while the strife is fought, and laugh at the fools who are trampled down in the useless struggle." He cannot do this. He can only do, humbly and fearfully, that which the Maker who created him has appointed for him to do. If he has a battle to fight, let him fight it faithfully. But woe betide him if he skulks when his name is called in the mighty muster-roll ! woe betide him if he hides in the tents when the tocsin summons him to the scene of war !

M. E. BRADDON.

Exactly thus men stand to God :

I with my courier, God with me. Just so

I have His bidding to perform ; but mind
And body, all of me, though made and meant
For that sole service, must consult, contest
With my own self and nobody beside,
How to effect the same : God helps not else.

ROBERT BROWNING.

July

Twenty-third Day

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee.—Isaiah 26: 3.

A TRUE Christian, that hath power over his own will, may live nobly and happily, and enjoy a clear heaven within the serenity of his own mind perpetually.

He can look about him, and with an even and indifferent mind behold the world either to smile or frown upon him; neither will he abate of the least of his contentment for all the ill and unkind usage he meets withal in this life. He that hath got the mastery over his own will feels no violence from without, finds no contests within; and when God calls for him out of this state of mortality, he finds in himself a power to lay down his own life.

DR. JOHN SMITH.

In heavenly love abiding
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here :
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed ?
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

WARING.

July

Twenty-fourth Day

None of them that trust in him shall be desolate. — Psalm 34 : 22.

WE cannot always be doing a great work, but we can always be doing something that belongs to our condition. To be silent, to suffer, to pray when we cannot act, is acceptable to God. A disappointment, a contradiction, a harsh word, an annoyance, a wrong received and endured as in His presence, is worth more than a long prayer; and we do not lose time if we bear its loss with gentleness and patience, provided the loss was inevitable, and was not caused by our own fault.

FÉNELON.

Trust.

Though the rain may fall and the wind be blowing,
And cold and chill is the wintry blast,
Though the cloudy sky is still cloudier growing,
And the dead leaves tell that summer has passed,
My face I hold to the stormy heaven,
My heart is as calm as the summer sea,
Glad to receive what my God has given,
Whate'er it be.

.

If I trust Him once I must trust Him ever,
And His way is best though I stand or fall.
Through wind and storm He will leave me never ;
He sends it all.

MRS. FRANK TAYLOR.

July

Twenty-fifth Day

*Be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said,
I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.*—Hebrews 13: 5.

MY future will not copy fair the past
On any leaf but heaven's. Be fully done,
Supernal Will! I would not fain be one
Who, satisfying thirst and breaking fast
Upon the fulness of the heart, at last
Says no grace after meat. My wine has run
Indeed out of my cup, and there is none
To gather up the bread of my repast,
Scattered and trampled — yet I find some good
In earth's green herbs, and streams that bubble up
Clear from the darkling ground — content until
I sit with angels before better food.
Dear Christ! when Thy new vintage fills my cup
This hand shall shake no more, nor that wine spill.

E. B. BROWNING.

*Contentment is not to be caught by long and
foreign chases: he is likeliest to find it who sits at
home and duly contemplates those blessings which
God has placed within his reach.*

Each pilgrim, weary of a changing life,
Who ceases battling with its constant strife;
Who turns to Him by whom all things are made,
Shall be contented still and unafraid.

Be content; God's promise covers both present
and future needs. "My cup" for the present,
my "inheritance" for the future, "my lot" for all
conditions and places.

July

Twenty-sixth Day

A wounded spirit who can bear? — Proverbs 18: 14.

IN how many cases the hasty temper flashes out, and does its work with the precision and the pain of the swift stiletto ! Singularly enough, the hasty word oftenest wounds those we love. We know the weak points in the armor of our friend ; we are aware of his caprices, and are ordinarily tender and compassionate even of his vanities ; but there dawns a day when it is written in the book of fate that we shall be as cruel as loving. We are cold, or tired, or hungry. So politeness fails us, fortitude is vanished, and we say that which we repent in sackcloth and ashes. But though the hasty word may be forgiven, it is not forgotten. It has flawed the crystal of our friendship ; there is a shadowy scar on the gleaming surface.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah ! lip with the curve impatient ;
Ah ! brow with that look of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.

MARGARET SANGSTER.

July

Twenty-seventh Day

I, the Lord, search the heart ; I try the reins, even to give every man according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his doings. — Jeremiah 17 : 10.

HAVE patience with all things, but chiefly have patience with yourself. Do not lose courage in considering your own imperfections, but instantly set about remedying them ; every day begin the task anew. The best way of attaining to Christian perfection is to be aware that you have not yet reached it ; but never be weary of recommencing. Whosoever is overcome with a sense of his own faults, will not be able to subdue them.

Be thou faithful, watch and pray ;
Murmur not, nor dare repine,
If thy labor seems in vain,
From the dawn to day's decline.

Where the foot of sin has trod,
There, unwearied, do thou toil ;
Still renew with ready zeal
Effort to reclaim the soil.

There are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care,
There's a cross in every lot
And an earnest need for prayer ;
But the heart that leans on Thee
Is happy everywhere.

WARING.

July

Twenty-eighth Day

Watching . . . with all perseverance. — Ephesians 6 : 18.

Faint, yet pursuing. — Judges 8 : 4.

IF, losing all that makes life smooth and sunny, one still retains that which is more than houses or lands, or prosperity or friends ; if, under sickness or temptation, when heart and flesh fail, one still follows on after God, ignoring the bitterness of life, and taking up its burdens “ for Christ’s sake,” be sure that that courage and that support come from a vital religion.

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Bind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and its strife ;

Because I lift my head above the mist
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
By every ray and every raindrop kissed
That God’s love doth bestow, —

Think you I find no bitterness at all?
No burden to be borne, like Christians’ pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back?

And in each one of these rebellious tears
Kept bravely back He makes a rainbow shine.
Grateful, I take His slightest gift : no fears
Nor any doubts are mine. CELIA THAXTER.

July

Twenty-ninth Day

He shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.—
Psalm 92: 12, 13.

THE wind that blows can never kill
The tree God plants ;
It bloweth east, it bloweth west,
The tender leaves have little rest,
But any wind that blows is best.

The tree God plants
Strikes deeper root, grows higher still,
Spreads wider boughs, for God's good will
Meets all its wants. H. C. BUNNER.

“He shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.” Of the wicked the Saviour had said just before, “When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish, it is that they shall be destroyed forever.” They flourish as the grass, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven. What a contrast with the weakness and destiny of grass are the palm tree and cedar in Lebanon. They are evergreen. How beautifully, how firmly, how largely they grow. How strong and lofty is the cedar. How upright and majestic and tall is the palm tree. “Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God, and shall bring forth fruit in their old age.”

July

Thirtieth Day

Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before kings. — Proverbs 22 : 29.

DILIGENCE and perseverance, in the right paths of life, bring God's blessings with them.

Perseverance.

The proudest motto for the young !
Write it in lines of gold
Upon thy heart, and in thy mind
The stirring words unfold ;
And in misfortune's dreary hour
Or fortune's prosperous gale,
Twill have a holy, cheering power,
“ There's no such word as fail ! ”

MRS. NEAL.

Perseverance will not only make friends, but it will make favorable circumstances. It will change the face of all things around us ; clouds of darkness, evil forebodings, opposition, enemies, barriers of every kind, will vanish before a stout heart and resolute energy of soul. The Alps stood between Napoleon and Italy which he desired to conquer. He scaled the mountain and descended upon his prey. His startling descent more than half conquered the country. He forced every circumstance into his favor. His greatest barrier proved a sure means of victory. So a barrier once scaled affords a vantage-ground for our future efforts.

July

Thirty-first Day

With cheerfulness. — Romans 12:8.

Cheerfulness.

I THINK we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope,
Indeed, beyond the zenith and the scope
Of yon gray bank of sky, we might grow faint
To muse upon Eternity's constraint
Round our aspirant souls; but since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
Oh, pusillanimous heart, be comforted;
And like a cheerful traveller take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn and thou unshod
To meet the flints? At least it may be said
"Because the way is short, I thank Thee, God."

MRS. BROWNING.

Keep the sunshine of a living faith in the heart.
Do not let the shadow of discouragement and
despondency fall upon your path. However weary
you may be, the promises of God will, like the
stars at night, never cease to shine, to cheer and
strengthen. The best harvests are the longest in
ripening. It is not pleasant to work in the
earth plucking the ugly tares and weeds, but it
is as necessary as sowing the seed. The harder
the task, the more need of singing.

ROYAL PATH OF LIFE.

August



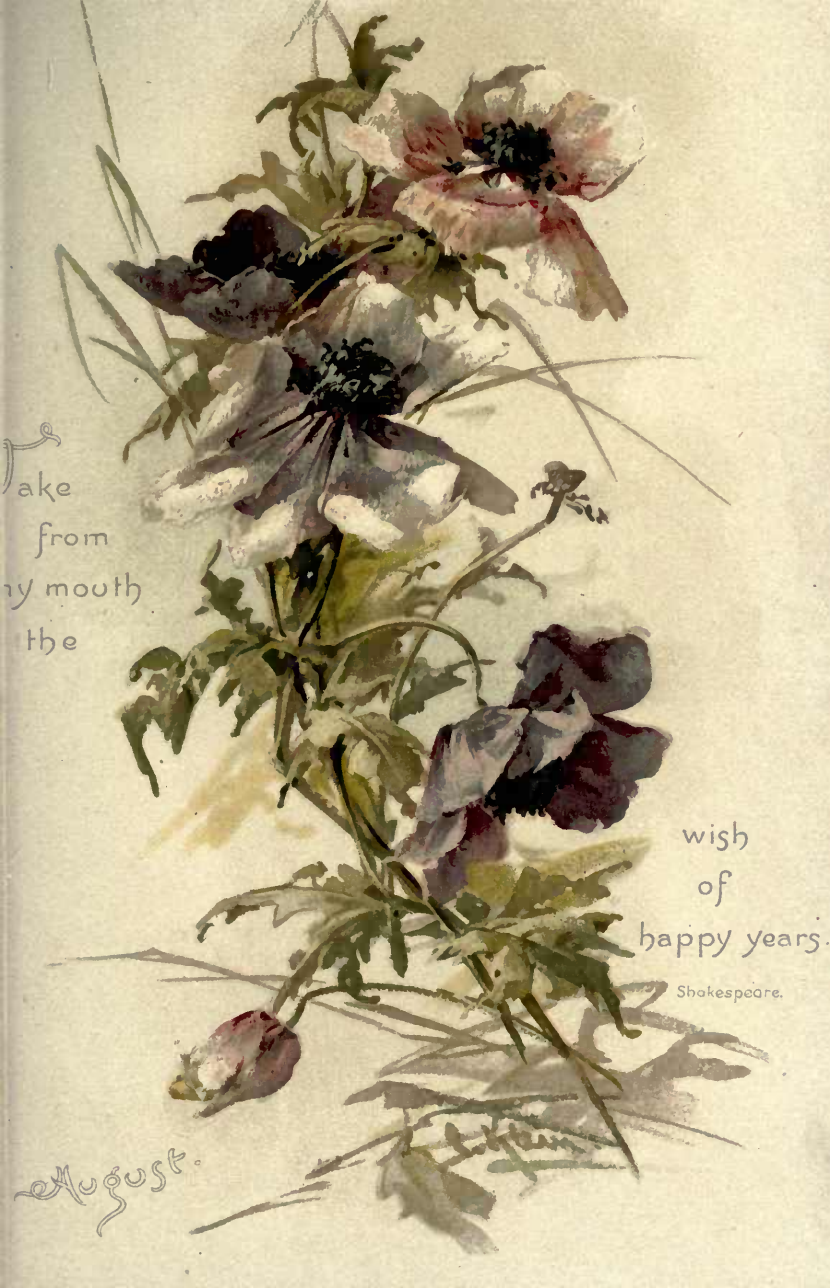
The Eighth Month

First Day

Though he may slay me yet will I trust him. — Job 31 : 15.

GUIDE me, O Lord, in all the changes and vanities of the world ; that in all things that shall happen, I may have an evenness and tranquillity of spirit ; that my soul may be wholly resigned to Thy divinest will and pleasure, never murmuring at Thy gentle chastisements and fatherly corrections. Amen. JEREMY TAYLOR.

Our hearts are temples of the living God ; and though idols have been set up there, Thou, O God, dost not desire the temple, but the idol only. Thou wilt lead us through grief to exaltation ; thou wilt lead us downward, that we may stand not far from Thy throne. Thou wilt make us like Thyself. Knowing the baptism, and knowing the cup, we still say, “ Let us not sit far from Thy right hand and Thy left in Thy glory. We, knowing what it is to follow Christ, desire still to follow. Though it be a crown of thorns, and the road to the cross, we desire to keep Thee company.” BEECHER.



Take
from
my mouth
the

wish
of
happy years.

Shakespeare.

August.



August

Second Day

Him that overcometh . . . I will write upon him my new name. — Revelation 3: 12.

A FAITH, a life that overcomes, —
A warfare unto victory.
And then reward ! A pure white stone,
And in the stone a secret name, —
A strange, new name, and no two stones
Shall bear inscription quite the same.
And thus the sacred record reads :
“ No man may know it saving he
Who shall receive it ” — his alone
This new and blessed name shall be.

This is the thought that thrills me through :
We have a secret — God and I !
He keeps it now, but unto me
He will reveal it by and by.
And while I wait, my heart still holds
Some fancy, beautiful and fair,
Of what the glad surprise will be
When He His thought with me shall share.

MRS. HERRICK JOHNSON.

O God, Thou knowest what is the battle with each one. Wilt Thou help every one of us to gain victories in his own place and over his own nature. May we not be weary in well-doing ; may none of us feel as though it were too long a strife, or too hard to bear.

BEECHER.

August

Third Day

The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them.
— Revelation 7: 17.

THE Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them. Here the imagery is pastoral. His people are held forth as sheep, and He performs the office of shepherd. His concern with them begins here. He seeks after them when lost. He brings them to His fold and feeds them. They can rely on His care, and say, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear ;
Though I should walk through Death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

Nor is this all. When they shall have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb ; when they shall be before the throne, and serve Him day and night, even then, He shall feed them ; not, as now, in the wilderness, but in the heavenly Canaan ; not, as now, surrounded with enemies, but where all shall be quietness and assurance forever. He shall be the dispenser and the source of happiness. "*He* that sitteth on the throne shall *dwell among them*. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat : *for* the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them.

WILLIAM JAY.

August

Fourth Day

Godliness with contentment is great gain. — 1 Timothy 6: 6.

NO man can tell whether he be rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich.

Enjoy the present, whatever it may be, and be not solicitous for the future; for if you take your foot from the present standing, and thrust it forward to to-morrow's event, you are in a restless condition; it is like refusing to quench your thirst by fearing you will want to drink the next day. If to-morrow you should want, your sorrow would come time enough, though you do not hasten it; let your trouble tarry till its own day comes. Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently, and sweetly, for this day is ours. We are dead to yesterday and not yet born to to-morrow. A contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world.

T. L. HAINES AND L. W. SAGGY.

To us remains nor place nor time ;
Our country is in every clime ;
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.
While place we seek or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But with our God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

MADAME GUYON.

August

Fifth Day

Fulfil the law of Christ.—Galatians 6: 7.

“**B**EAR ye one another’s burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ.” Enter into each other’s life. Be helpful. Let those who have joy minister to those who are without it. From the cross, I seem to hear a voice which comes straight to us, saying : “Thou shalt love one another as I have loved you.” That means that you should enter into one another’s life and bear one another’s burdens. Over against sorrow and suffering the Master has put Fatherhood and immortality.

“Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.” “Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.”

Ring out the message wherever hearts are breaking and eyes filled with tears ! All things are in the Father’s hands ; not one is utterly alone ; no life is without purpose, and all things are moving upward.

AMORY H. BRADFORD.

Our God is love ; and all His saints
His image bear below :
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.
Teach us to love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by Thee ;
None who are truly born of God
Can live in enmity.

THOMAS COTTERILL.

August

Sixth Day

Behold the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy. — Psalm 33: 18.

YOUR life and mine may be vaulted very low, yet it has its outlook of shining possibilities. We are insignificant when placed side by side with illustrious names. But there *are* those, in contrast with whom we are strong. With such, daily association makes us very familiar.

Walk up and down this weary, suffering world, with eyes like Christ's. Let issue from your lives an influence so blessed, that, though you be not heralded as the great benefactors of the race, though your death produce no universal shock,—there shall rise to God the silent testimony of sorrowing souls that you have comforted. E. A. TANNER.

Who calls thy glorious service hard?
Who deems it not its own reward?
Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness?

For where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed is done !

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toils of fields like these
Than waking dreams and slothful ease.

WHITTIER.

August

Seventh Day

Thou hast been a shadow from the heat. — Isaiah 25 : 4.

A SHADOW from the heat ! Heat means evil — every evil from which it is desirable to be screened. Heaven is a state — and many have reached it — where the sun does not light on them, or any heat. But it is otherwise in this world. Here many things affect the mind as heat does the body, — afflictions, trials, temptations ; here is the heat. Where is the shadow ? Behold Me, “Come unto Me,” “This is the rest,” says God, “and this is the refreshing.”

WILLIAM JAY.

Beneath the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty Rock,
Within a weary land.
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat,
And the burden of the day.

O safe and happy shelter,
O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place where heaven's love
And heaven's justice meet !
As to the holy patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's cross to me
A ladder up to heaven.

ELIZABETH CLEPHANE.

August

Eighth Day

Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law. — Psalm 94 : 12.

IF we could be half sufficient to ourselves, we should soon lose the secret sense of dependence upon God. We build our plans up about us, and so we shut out the sight of heaven, and very soon the thought of it, and we say to ourselves we will be merry with the goods we shall have stored up with us.

But some earthquake of Providence shakes our building, and overhead it is unroofed, and the walls of it give way. And then there is heaven to be seen again, and infinity is open round us, and the dews of divine grace can fall on us again, and again we feel ourselves at the mercy of God, to be spared from cold, and storms, and enemies. And so, among the ruins of our pride, we grow to be loving children of the Most High instead of worldly creatures.

MOUNTFORD.

My Jesus, as Thou wilt :
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not Thy star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE.

August

Pinch Day

Absent in the body but present in spirit.— 1 Corinthians 5 : 3.

THE nearer we draw to Christ, the nearer we are to all the joys that have been, or are yet to be ours. For in the heart of things, at the centre of the spiritual universe, there is neither past nor future, but a grand, glorious, eternal present, where the Author of all existences dwells, and where it is our privilege to abide, even here among the earth-shadows. There should be no sadness in memory, as there is none in hope. We can never leave in the past aught of the beautiful and true that has once been received into our lives. It is the soul's permanent possession, into the full enjoyment of which we shall come when we take on the resurrection body. Do we ever leave the morning behind us? The instant it becomes a memory does it not become a hope also? As it recedes from view, are we not journeying straight toward its reappearing as truly as we journey toward the night that lies between? Ah, Memory and Hope are not two angels; they are the two outspread wings of the one beautiful angel Faith, who stands ever with radiant countenance fronting God's eternal present, at the heart of which sits enthroned our humanity in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ, who holds in His hands the thread of each individual life, every gem, every jewel, ever strung thereon. Ah! the dear Lord takes care of our past as well as of our future, else what were life worth. MRS. E. L. SKINNER.

August

Tenth Day

Oh ! that I had wings like a dove, for then I would fly away and be at rest. — Psalm 4 : 6.

NOT now, my child, — a little more rough tossing,

A little longer on the billow's foam ;

A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,

And then the sunshine of thy Father's home !

Not now ; for I have loved ones sad and weary :

Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile ?

Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow ;

Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while ?

MRS. CAROLINE PENNEFEATHER.

Our work on earth is not alone within ourselves ; or rather, as the inward work is being accomplished, it will find expression in all blessed helps and beneficences to others. We will minister to the bereaved in the midst of the strokes that have desolated their joys. If frosts have seared and killed their gardens of earthly joy, we will remind them that though frosts must come, Spring, too, will come again with its resurrection-time. We will sustain those who are under temptation by pointing to the promise that none of those who trust in God can ever be tempted above that they are able to bear. We will comfort the sick in their pain, and relieve the poor in their poverty. And thus going forward from one good work to another we will be brought safely and triumphantly to "the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

August

Eleventh Day

I will arise and go to my father. — S. Luke 15: 18.

WHAT time we plead our poverty, what time we come abjectly to ask for the lowest place, Thou dost throw about us the royal robe of forgiveness ; Thou dost put sandals upon our feet and a ring upon our hand ; Thou callest for the preparation of the feast, and we are received again in the estate of children in our Father's house. Our chastisements have been fewer than our sins, and when Thou hast mingled bitterness in our cup, Thou hast still forborne ; Thou hast watched our need, ever taking counsel of the generosity of Thine own heart — Thou hast dealt according to the measure that was in Thee, and not according to the measure of desert in us.

BEECHER.

Come home ! Come home !
You are weary at heart,
For the way has been dark
And so lonely and wild,
O prodigal child !
Come home ! Oh ! come home.

Come home ! Come home !
From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame,
And the tempter that smiled,
O prodigal child !
Come home ! Oh ! come home !

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

August

Twelfth Day

He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me. — S. Matthew 10: 38.

IN the old Anglo-Saxon versions of the Scriptures, the word *disciple* is rendered “*leorning-cniht*” — a learning servant or follower. Christian Knighthood or discipleship demands an absolute devotion of the life to the service of Christ. The candidate for knighthood in the holy orders in mediæval times spent the night preceding his induction in solemn vigils before the altar of the church, in solemn meditations, prayers, and confessions, and before he received his sword and spurs, he bound himself by the most solemn vows to the service of the church and the order.

So too, only with deeper heart-searching, must he who becomes a “*leorning-cniht*” of Christ, bind himself to his Divine Master with the most solemn vows and the most absolute self-surrender.

This is Christ’s imperative demand: “If any man come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me. For whosoever shall save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for My sake, shall find it.”

J. T. McFARLAND.

Long though my task may be,
Cometh the end.
God 'tis that helpeth me,
His is the work, and He
New strength will lend.

August

Thirteenth Day

The Lord knoweth the thoughts of man. — Psalm 94 : 11.

THOUGHTS of my soul how swift ye go !
Swift as the eagle's glance of fire,
Or arrows from the archer's bow
To the far aim of your desire !
Thought after thought ye thronging rise
Like spring-doves from the startled wood,
Bearing, like them, your sacrifice
Of music unto God.

WHITTIER.

Subtile and intangible are the forms in which thought steals upon us and proves its deathlessness. A rude stave from a plantation melody reaches us, and we strain our ears to catch the beating of a human heart ; the heart which years ago, perhaps, crowded all the want and oppression, the anguish and simple-hearted devotion of a helpless people into a cry that was at once petition and triumphal outburst. We gaze upon the constellations at midnight, and across two thousand years floats the immortal thought of the psalmist : "The heavens declare the glory of God ; and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." We read the quaint old hymn, "Jerusalem, the golden, how pants my heart for thee," and our souls swell within us as we picture the gates of pearl and the street of gold, and that wonderful city, built without hands.

MRS. JOHN J. McCABE.

August

Fourteenth Day

We ought also to lay down our lives for the brethren.—
S. John 3: 14.

“**T**O lay down our lives for the brethren.”
Yes, some one will say, that is a beautiful sentiment, but the opportunity for fulfilling it is rare. We are not likely to be called upon to *lay down our lives*. If we should be, then we ought to be heroic enough to do it. Nay, this is the opportunity of every one of us. Not a rare call to the few, but the daily duty of all.

Let any man resolutely set out to live as Christ did and he will find that his life will be the *way of the cross*. This was Christ's ideal — that His disciples should re-enact His *voluntary substitutional* sacrifice until sin shall be driven from the world. He never intended that His cross should be a kind of magical sign to which we should look and be saved, but that it should be a perpetual reality in the lives of his followers. The cross was the law of His life; it must also be the law of life for every genuine disciple of His. It was the instrument of His exaltation. It must also be the instrument of our exaltation.

J. T. MCFARLAND.

O hearts of love ! O souls that turn
Like sunflowers to the pure and best !
To you the truth is manifest :
For they the mind of Christ discern
Who lean, like John, upon His breast.

August

Fifteenth Day

In quiet resting places. — Isaiah 32: 18.

SHE folded up the worn and mended frock
And smoothed it tenderly upon her knee,
Then through the soft web of a wee red sock
She wove the bright wool, musing thoughtfully :
 “Can this be all? The great world is so fair,
 I hunger for its green and pleasant ways ;
 A cripple prisoned in her restless chair
 Looks from her window with a wistful gaze —

“I can but weave a fair thread to and fro,
 Making a frail woof in a baby’s sock ;
Into the world’s sweet tumult I would go,
 At its strong gates my trembling hand would
 knock ;”

Just then the children came, the father too ;
 Their eager faces lit the twilight gloom ;
“Dear heart,” he whispered, as he nearer drew,
 “How sweet it is within this little room.

“Home is the pasture where my soul may feed,
 This home a paradise has grown to be ;
And only where these patient feet shall lead
 Can it be home for these dear ones and me.”

The mother drew the baby to her knee
And, smiling, said : “The stars shine soft to-night ;
My world is fair ; its edges soft to me,
And whatsoever is, dear Lord, is right.”

MAY RILEY SMITH.

August

Sixteenth Day

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance; but by sorrow of heart the spirit is broken.—Proverbs 15: 13.

GOD bless the cheerful people — man, woman or child, old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely. What the sun is to nature, what God is to the stricken heart, are cheerful persons in the house and by the wayside. They go unobtrusive, unconsciously, about their mission, happiness beaming from their faces. We love to sit near them. We love the nature of their eye, the tone of their voice. Little children find them out quickly, amid the densest crowd, and passing by the knitted brow, and compressed lip, glide near, laying a confiding hand on their knee, and lift their clear young eyes to those loving faces.

A. A. WILLITS.

Why do we not always smile when we meet a fellow-being? That is the true recognition which ought to pass from soul to soul. Little children do this involuntarily. The honest-hearted German peasant does it. It is the magical sunlight all through that simple land, the perpetual greeting on the right hand or the left between strangers as they pass each other, never without a smile. This then is the "Fine art of smiling," like all fine art, true art, perfection of art, the simplest following of nature.

HELEN HUNT.

August

Seventeenth Day

If a man die shall he live again? — Job 14 : 14.

WE find in every sound mind a passionate desire for immortality. Wherever, since the morning stars sang together, man or woman has asked the question, "What is Truth?" and has patiently sought the answer, and has beaten against the bars of the earth, and has confronted the limits of time, the Comforter has whispered *Immortality!*

Wherever man or woman has been profoundly moved to become strong, pure, and beneficent, but from weakness and passion and selfishness has been sorely tempted to abandon the ideal, the Comforter has whispered *Immortality!*

Wherever man or woman has caught the inspiration of service, and has longed to do something for the permanent well-being of self and others, and after unspeakable weariness and sinfulness has looked upon meagre accomplishment, and has cried in bitterness, "What doth it profit? Let me eat and drink, for to-morrow I die!" the Comforter has whispered *Immortality!*

E. A. TANNER.

Be still ! Just now be still !
There comes a presence very mild and sweet,
White are the sandals on his noiseless feet ;
It is the Comforter whom Jesus sent
To teach what all the words He uttered meant.
The waiting, willing spirit He doth fill :
If thou wouldst hear His message, soul, be still !

[230] MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

August

Eighteenth Day

It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him. — S. John 3: 2.

OUR highest thoughts do not reach the level of our happiness hereafter. For every instant it will be sublimer than first hearing the organ in York Minster, more tender than lovers' faith, more earnest than any act of self-sacrifice. Oh, the truths I shall know, the beauty I shall see, and the friends I shall have ! At first our everlasting life will be like a summer's day, so calm, and beautiful, and long ; it will last on and on and on. And when no nights come, then, little by little, we shall begin, in awe and wonder, to feel what it is to be immortal.

MOUNTFORD.

As little children in a darkened hall

At Christmas-tide await the opening door,

Eager to tread the fairy-haunted floor

Around the tree with goodly gifts for all,

Oft in the darkness to each other call —

Trying to guess their happiness before —

Or knowing elders eagerly implore

To tell what fortune unto them may fall :

So wait we in Time's dim and narrow room,

And, with strange fancies or another's thought,

Try to divine before the curtain rise

The wondrous scene ; forgetting that the gloom

Must shortly flee from what the ages sought —

The Father's long-planned gift of Paradise.

CHARLES HENRY CRANDALL.

August

Nineteenth Day

I have sinned. — Job 7 : 20.

Sin.

KNOWEST thou not all germs of evil
In thy heart await their time ?
Not thyself, but God's restraining,
Stays their growth of crime. WHITTIER.

O Sin, what hast thou done to this fair earth ?
DANA.

Remember that falls are not always by the grosser
sins which the world takes count of, but by spiritual
sins, subtle and secret, which leave no stain upon
the outward life. MANNING.

Earnest toil and strong endeavor
Of a spirit which within
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin. WHITTIER.

All sin, unrepented of, must be punished ; and
even the most noxious criminals, the enemies of
God and His creatures, are not useless in the
universe, but answer the terrible but benevolent
end of warning all other creatures against diso-
bedience, which would involve them in the same
misery, just as the execution of a few malefactors
in human governments is of extensive service to
the rest of the subjects. LYMAN BEECHER.

August

Twentieth Day

The way which thou shalt go.— Psalm 32: 8.

THERE are heart-sicknesses known to earth more real and distressing than any physical malady. Times there are in each human life when the sharp sword pierces to the very centre of the soul. Speaking after the manner of this world, the agony seems greater than can be borne. What then? Shall we sink down into despair, or shall we take refuge then in stoicism? No. There is a better way. Summon thy strength to new courage. Say to thy soul within the thick shadows, where no light enters: This is the way God would have me go.

“ He chose this path for thee.

No feeble chance, nor hard, relentless fate,

But love, His love, hath placed thy footsteps here ;
He knew the way was rough and desolate,

He knew the heart would often sink with fear ;
Yet tenderly He whispers, ‘ Child, I see

This path is best for thee ! ’ ”

“ He chose this path for thee,

Though well He knew sharp thorns would tear thy
feet,

Knew how the branches would obstruct thy way,
Knew all the hidden dangers thou wouldst meet,

Knew how thy faith would falter day by day ;
And still the whisper echoed, ‘ Yes, I see

This path is best for thee ! ’ ”

August

Twenty-first Day

None of them that trust in him shall be desolate.— Psalm 34:52.

I WILL not doubt though all my ships at sea
Come drifting home with broken masts and sails ;
I shall believe the hand that never fails
From seeming evil worketh good for me.

And though I weep because the sails are tattered,
Still will I cry, while my best hopes lie shattered,
“ I trust in Thee ! ”

We are not wandering in darkness and forgetfulness ; we are not cast into the midst of confusions and undirected turmoils of life. Thou sittest regent : all things are naked and open before Thee, and Thou beholdest the end from the beginning. In Thy hand the most complex things are simple ; the strangest things to our thought are plain to Thine. Thou wilt restrain the wrath of man, and cause the remainder of wrath to praise Thee ; and the things that run adverse, all those causes which conflict in time, we shall behold them from the other side ; and in the order of eternity all things shall then appear wise, nothing fugitive, nothing erratic.

BEECHER.

Yes ! I believe, and only thou
Canst give my soul relief :
Lord ! to thy truth my spirit bow ;
Help thou my unbelief.

DR. JOHN R. WREFORD.

August

Twenty-second Day

Serve him with a perfect heart and a willing mind. Whereby we may serve God acceptably.—Hebrews 12: 28.

IF you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors
Anchored yet within the bay ;
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boat away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountains, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
While the multitudes go by ;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along :
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

ELLEN H. GATES.

God is a kind Father. He sets us all in the places where He wishes us to be employed ; and that employment is truly "our Father's business." He chooses work for every creature which will be delightful to them, if they do it simply and humbly. He gives us always strength enough, and sense enough, for what He wants us to do ; if we either tire ourselves or puzzle ourselves, it is our own fault.

RUSKIN.

August

Twenty-third Day

Pleasant words are as a honeycomb, sweet to the soul and health to the bones. — Proverbs 16: 24.

An Open Secret.

L AUGH, my young daughters, and keep your
 hearts gay —

The secret of happiness lies
In holding the sunshine and driving away
The shadows that sometimes arise.
Remember this truth in your childhood years —
That laughter is better than tears.

This to you, maidens — 'tis sunshine that wins.
The light of a true, loving heart —
Shining out through eyes that doubt never dims —
Is the secret of beauty's art.
'Tis also the secret of love, my dears,
For smiles are more potent than tears.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

I am asked how I have found life to be? I have found life *good*. It has been good always — in poverty or wealth, in joy or sorrow, tenting awhile or wandering about. I have found life a warfare, but the weapons provided were sufficient for victory. And the God of my childhood has been the Guard and Guide of my youth, and the friend of my gray hairs.

AMELIA A. BARR.

August

Twenty-fourth Day

Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul. — Psalm 25 : 1.

WE are naturally sluggish and grovelling. Who has not reason to acknowledge with sorrow, "My soul cleaveth unto the dust"? It is easy enough, in duty, to lift up our hands and our eyes and our voices, but it is another thing to enter into the secret of His tabernacle, and to hold intercourse with the God of heaven. Yet without this a real Christian is no more satisfied than God. He will not indeed undervalue the means of grace, or neglect public and private devotion; but he is disappointed unless he can lift up his soul to God in them. And this marks the spiritual worker and worshipper. He is not distinguished by always enjoying liberty and fervor in his holy exercises, but he mourns the want of them; while the formalist looks no farther than the performance itself. But it is *good* to draw near to God. Then, there is a sacred charm that keeps our thoughts from wandering. Then, we attend on the Lord without distraction. Then, we feel no weariness of spirit. And our meditation of Him is sweet.

When such a man, familiar with the skies,
Has filled his urn where those pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings :
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
Which tells us whence his treasures are supplied.

August

Twenty-fifth Day

Behold I stand at the door and knock. — Revelation 4: 20

THE certainest, surest thing I know
Whatever, what else, may yet befall,
Of blessings or bane, of weal or woe,
Is the truth that is fatefullest far of all,
That the Master will knock at my door some night,
And there, in the silence hushed and dim,
Will wait for my coming with lamp and light,
To open immediately to Him.

I wonder if I at His tap will spring
In eagerness up, and cross the floor,
With rapturous step, and freely fling,
In the murk of the midnight, wide the door;
Or will there be work to put away?
Or the taper, that burns too low, to trim?
Or something that craves too much delay
To open immediately to Him?

If this is the only thing foretold
Of all my future, — then I pray,
That quietly watchful, I may hold
The key of a golden faith each day
Fast shut in my grasp, that when I hear
His step, be it dawn or midnight dim,
Straightway may I rise without a fear
And open immediately to Him.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

August

Twenty-sixth Day

Forgive us our sins for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us. — S. Luke 11 : 12 (Revised Version).

MEASURE our pity, not in our poor scale,
But in Thine own, which weighs eternities;
We do our little part, we strive, we fail;
Our wine of charity has bitter lees,
Our best unselfishness seeks self to please.

Forgive us, Lord, because we have forgiven,
Not as we have forgiven, is our prayer;
Earth is so lower far than highest heaven,
Man is not even as the angels are,
And Thou to angels art as sun to star.

Is not forgiveness the noblest exercise of the soul? When the heart is wounded and bleeding over the unfaith of some one in whom we trusted, and our whole world is dark with the shadow that has fallen upon us, then, if we can say "I forgive," the blessed dews of God's compassion may drop upon our wounds until we find them a healing balm. And when we have forgiven, we may approach the divine Presence and implore forgiveness for our own errors and offences.

Endeavor to be patient in bearing with the defects and infirmities of others, of what sort soever they be; for that thyself hast also many failings which must be borne with by others.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

August

Twenty-seventh Day

By love serve one another. — Galatians 5 : 3.

SERVICE and sacrifice are the natural language of love. Other men may have ambition for themselves, but a Christian must do as his Master did — serve humanity. The life that ended on the Cross, how little it is understood ! How many know that there is but one material of which a cross can be made ? There was never yet one cross of gold or silver or precious stones ; the only material that can get into that shape is love ; love that manifests itself in service which will not shrink from sacrifice. The first recorded word of Christ was : “ Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business ? ” and His last : “ It is finished.” What lies between these words ? Constant ministry. When He said, “ Let him that is chiefest among you be servant of all,” He outlined the form that the Christ-like must take. AMORY H. BRADFORD.

He stood beside his fellow-man and asked
“ What need’st thou ? ” — then gave with freest hand ;
But not of gold alone ; the greater part
Of what he gave was as the quiet rain
That blesseth all the thirsty ground — it fell
And quenched the sorrows in a thousand hearts
With sympathy and love unspeakable.

He held all things in trust for God ; each day
Was filled with kindnesses that live and move
And gather majesty.

W. BRADWAY.

August

Twenty-eighth Day

My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle. — Job 7:6.

Recompense.

THROUGH the long tiresome day she went
With quiet sweetness, everywhere ;
I watched her tender, tireless hands,
Caressing here, relieving there ;
No recompense, no answering smile,
No words of cheer were hers the while.

“Tell me, thou patient one,” I cried,
“What secret hope sustains thy heart,
That through a thankless ministry
So gentle unto all thou art ?”
She turned on me her soft eye's light ;
“I heed them not. He comes to-night.”

O soul, whose hope is high as heaven,
Cease thy unprofitable plaint !
A watcher, waiting for the Lord,
How canst thou grieve, how dar'st thou faint ?
Work on, rejoice, while yet 'tis light,
Thy Bridegroom's voice may call to-night.

A day of toil — what matters it ?
So short this life of tears and pain.
Lift up thy face ! What dost thou fear ?
Thou hast not given thine all in vain.
Soon thou shalt walk with Him in white,
Who knoweth ? It may be to-night.

ADELAIDE ALLISON.

August

Twenty-ninth Day

Let every man take heed how he buildeth. — 1 Corinthians 3: 10.

The Builder.

I HAVE laid each stone in its measured space,
Turret, and tower, and stair,
Pillars and carvings that stand on their face ;
And I know that my work is fair.

Yet the doubt of its beauty and worth grows strong,
Now that my work is done ;
And I find the thought I have held so long
Not worthy to stand in stone.

And the question comes, as its towers beam high
O'er the lower walls of the town,
Have I raised earth's dirt to thy feet, O sky,
Or dragged thy crystal down?

ANNA ROBESON BROWN.

It is not by regretting what is irreparable that true work is to be done, but by making the best of what we are. It is not by complaining that we have not the right tools, but by using well the tools we have. What we are, and where we are, is God's providential arrangement, — God's doing, though it may be man's misdoing ; and the manly and wise way is to look your failures in the face, and see what can be made out of them.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

August

Thirtieth Day

I was an hungered and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink. — S. Matthew 25: 35.

BE assured that in lowly service the highest treasures of life will be reckoned. An eminent man was once asked, "What incident in your life has made the most lasting impression upon your mind?" It was expected that he would recur to some circumstance of worldly distinction, for he had associated with both civil and commercial princes. He replied that the only thing he remembered worth mentioning was the giving a breakfast to a poor working-girl who had lost her purse. "I can never forget," he said, "the look of sweet humility with which she said, 'I cannot pay; I can only thank you, and pray for you.' Her voice was like that of a little child saying its evening prayer, and I felt that it was she who was giving, and I was receiving." And I fancy when life's course has been run with us and we have entered, as God grant we may, into the Paradise above, if any one shall ask us what incident in our earth-life made the strongest impression upon us, we will recall some occasion when we put forth our hands for the help of the needy, when the "blessing of Him who was ready to perish" came upon us.

"The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need.

J. T. MCFARLAND.

August

Thirty-first Day

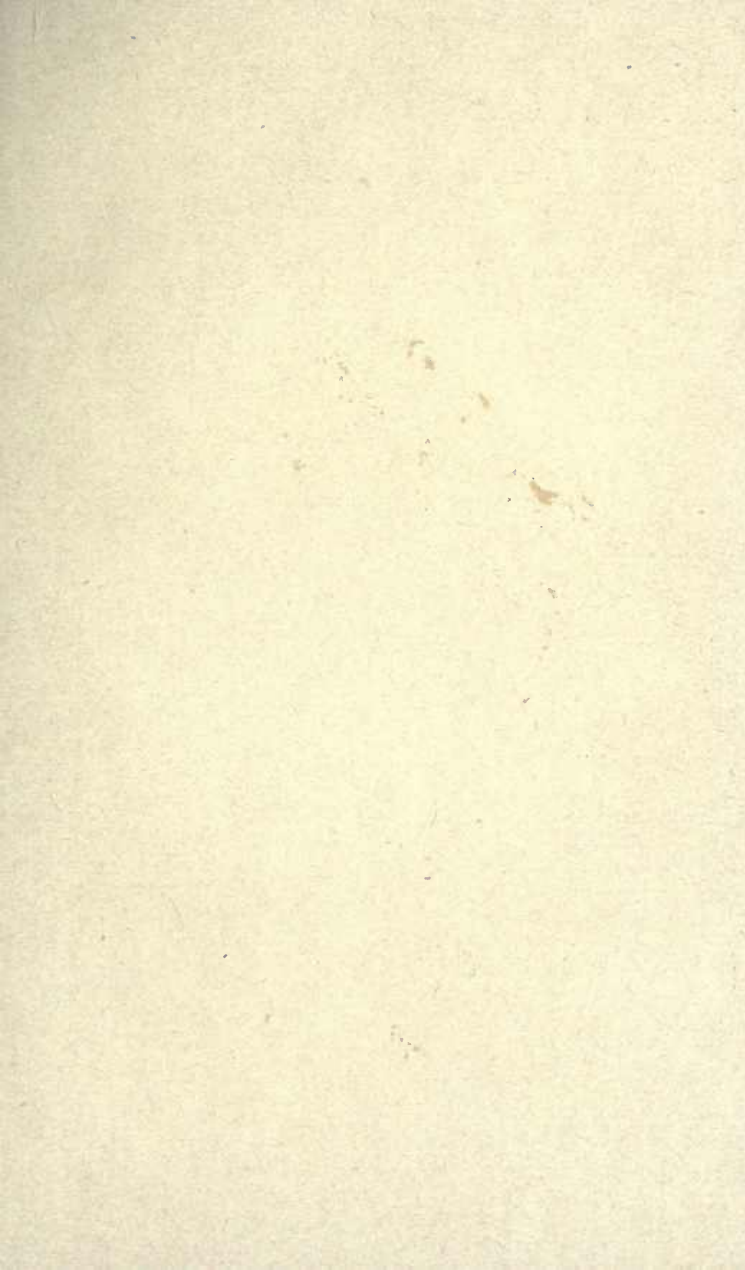
As for me I will behold thy face in righteousness. —
Psalm 17:15.


WE will behold His face, and oh, what will that mean to us? When the tides of God's nature shall sweep through ours, when His light shall shine through our glorified souls, when all our tastes are quickened and exalted, when our natures are purified and redeemed, when we rise from blessing to blessing and glory to glory, and know the eternal life in all its fulness, then and not until then, will we comprehend what it means to "behold His face."

There is that in our natures which longs for the visible presence of God — and then it will be satisfied. We are like children waking in the night and calling for a light that we may see our Father's face. Now, we hold His hand and grope after Him in the dark, but then we will indeed "behold His face."

"Under the grand green palms of heaven
I yet shall walk,
With the good and the wise of the ages past
Shall some day talk.

"I shall lay my cross at the gate of pearl
And take my crown,
And then at the shining feet of my Lord
Shall cast it down."





May
still your
life from day
to day

C. H. Kim
Harmonious
flow!

Burns.

September.

September



The Ninth Month

First Day

Keep not silence: O Lord, be not far from me. — Psalm 25: 22.

WHAT is the saddest, sweetest, lowest sound
Nearest akin to perfect silence? Not
The delicate whisper sometimes in the hot
Autumnal morning heard the corn-fields round ;
Nor yet to lonely man, now almost bound
By slumber, near his house a murmuring river
Buzzing and droning o'er the shores forever.
Not such faint voice of Autumn oat-encrowned,
And not such liquid murmur, O my heart !
But tears that drop o'er graves, and sins, and fears,
A sound the very weeper scarcely hears,
A music in which silence hath some part.
O Thou, all gentle, who all-hearing art,
Hold not Thy peace, sweet Saviour, at my tears !

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

I never think of the silences of God without thinking how great is the delight which comes when any man discovers that God really has been answering him all the time when he thought that his prayers were all unheard. That must be one of the most exquisite joys of heaven.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

September

Second Day

He that abideth in me, the same bringeth forth much fruit. —
S. John 15: 5.

FRUIT first, Joy next; the one the cause or medium of the other. Fruit-bearing is the necessary antecedent; and Joy the necessary consequent. It lies partly in the bearing fruit, partly in the fellowship which makes that possible. Joy lies in mere constant living in the presence of Christ, with all that that implies of peace, of shelter, and of love, and in the inspiration to live and work for others.

There is no mystery about Happiness. Put in the right ingredients and it must come out. He that abideth in Him will bring forth much fruit; and bringing forth much fruit is Happiness.

Fill up each hour with what will last;

Buy up the moments as they go;

The life above when this is past

Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth if thou the truth wouldst reap;

Who sows the false shall reap the vain;

Erect and sound the conscience keep,

From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;

Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;

Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,

And find a harvest home of light.

E. BONAR.

September

Third Day

Redeem the time. — Ephesians 5 : 16.

While We May.

THE hands are such dear hands ;
They are so full, they turn at our demands
So often ; they reach out
With trifles scarcely thought about, —
If their fond wills mistake
We well may bend, not break.
They are such fond, frail lips
That speak to us. Pray if love strips
Them of deception many times,
Or if they speak too slow, or quick, such crimes
We may pass by ; for we may see
Days not far off when those small words may be
Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear
Because the lips are no more here.
They are such dear, familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours — feet, fast or slow,
And trying to keep pace — if they mistake
And tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our heart, or bruise some reed,
Or crush poor hope until it bleed,
We may be mute
Nor turning quickly to impute
Grave faults ; for they and we
Have such a little way to go — can be
Together such a little while upon the way,
We will be patient while we may.

September

Fourth Day

This is the whole duty of man. — Ecclesiastes 22 : 13.

THE world now as ever needs not so much men of genius and brilliancy, as men who are sternly and unswervingly loyal to duty. The word which Wellington, the great and invincible "Iron Duke," kept always before him, was DUTY ; the word which, like a bright but delusive *ignis fatuus*, was forever before the mind of Napoleon, was GLORY. The glory of Napoleon went out suddenly and forever like the flash of a meteor ; while the name of Wellington will stand through all the centuries for those elements by which men and nations are made strong.

The path of Duty is the way to Glory,
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which out-redden
All voluptuous roses.

J. T. McFARLAND.

One's first duty is the one that lies nearest.

Oh ! what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent !

LONGFELLOW.

September

Fifth Day

That whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him. — 1 Thessalonians 5 : 10.

GOD'S children live with Him now, but not as they will live with Him hereafter. Now He is invisible ; then they will see Him as He is. Now their intercourse with Him is mediate, and often interrupted ; then it will be immediate and free from any annoyance. Now they are with Him in the wilderness ; then they will be with Him in the land flowing with milk and honey. Now they groan, being burdened with infirmities, cares, and troubles ; then they will be presented faultless before the presence of His glory, with exceeding joy. Yet, whether they wake or sleep, they live together with Him. Here is your happiness, Christian. It is your union with Christ.

And therefore whatever be your circumstances, you may boldly say, " Nevertheless I am continually with Thee ; Thou hast holden me by my right hand."

" Forever with the Lord !"

Amen, so let it be !

Life from the dead is in that word,

'Tis immortality.

No cloud those regions know,

Realms ever bright and fair ;

For sin, the source of mortal woe,

Can never enter there.

MONTGOMERY.

September

Sixth Day

Hold fast till I come. — Revelation 2: 25.

Paradise.

WE do not know how far it lies,
Beneath what bending sapphire skies,
Through what unmeasurable deeps of space
May be thy mystic, heavenly place,
But to our lips these words arise,
“We’re on our way to Paradise!”

Oh, land beyond our fading sight!
Oh, realm which ne’er had known the night!
Oh, rest of heart and peace of soul!
Into our trembling lives doth roll
The thought of all that grand surprise
Awaiting us in Paradise!

The glimpse of far-off, hopeless years,
With twilight gleams of stars, through tears,
Recalls a foregone life again,
With shock of tempest-doubt and pain,
As from this spirit-level’s rise
We think “Not far from Paradise!”

Not far! Ah no! A prophecy
Floats on the air of what shall be!
The incense, music, tint, and gleam
Float o’er the walls — blend in the dream —
Flood through the veins, brim up the eyes,
Till souls cry out, “Blest Paradise!”

September

Seventh Day

Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am.
S. John 13: 13.

IN our most exalted moods we ought to be the most ready to render the lowliest service to our fellow-men. The proof that we have the divine fellowship, the evidence that we have the Holy Spirit dwelling within us, should appear in the promptness and gladness with which we discharge the offices of a servant. It is significant that Christ never commands us to do those things which men consider great, that He never holds up for admiration the things which the world applauds; but, over and over again, He lays stress upon those small deeds of kindness which it is possible for every one to perform, but which are counted insignificant in the eyes of the world. In that wonderful foreview which He gives of the final judgment, He does not recite the great and distinguished things which the righteous have done. But He speaks of those things which lie within the possibility for every man and woman. "I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in: naked and ye clothed me: I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me." "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it to Me."

J. T. McFARLAND.

September

Eighth Day

Being dead yet speaketh. — Hebrews 11 : 4.

ANYTHING the dead leave unfinished, makes one feel the nothingness of human purposes ! I remember the pain in which I once saw what would have been a beautiful picture, only it was not finished ; for the painter had died suddenly. And there was a statue which was just being brought out of the marble when the artist died. Whatever purpose death cuts a man off from has for his surviving friends a look, as though it had been shone on by light, not of this world.

MOUNTFORD.

This is the prerogative of the noblest natures, — that their death exercises a no less blessed influence than did their life ; that they lighten us from above, like stars by which to steer our course.

GOETHE.

And now, sometimes, from upper heights,
From spaces wide and blue,
The echoes of the voice we loved
Floats down to us anew ;
“ We hail thee, comrade,” comes the word
And swift the answer flies,
As evermore we send response
“ We hail *thee* in the skies.”

MARTHA CAPPS OLIVER.

September

Ninth Day

Let patience have her perfect work. — James 1 : 4.

MANY a one is asking in the midst of hardship and sorrow, "Is life worth living?" We must not be swept away by such thoughts. Ours is a God-given life, and every soul is precious in His sight.

Why was I born? God, who never made a human being without some purpose, plans a high destiny for every one of us. Beautiful fabrics are woven by weavers who never see their work but on the wrong side. They sit before the loom with rough edges always before them. But the master-workman knows just what he wants ; he has chosen the pattern and set the weaver at work, and by and by, when the tapestry is finished, the workman is astonished at the beauty his own hands have created.

We have the pattern of a perfect character in the Lord Jesus Christ. He sets us at the task of weaving from that pattern every day. "How disappointing and wearisome is my life!" we say. Where is the use in this monotonous round? But if our eyes are upon the pattern, and we faithfully obey orders, though we may not see now how the right side looks, it will be a glad surprise when it is finished.

September

Tenth Day

Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart. — Psalm 97: 11.

WHAT inexpressible joy for me, to look up through the apple-blossoms and the fluttering leaves, and to see God's love there ; to listen to the thrush that has built his nest there, and to feel God's love who cares for the birds, in every note that swells his little throat ; to look beyond to the light blue depths of the sky, and feel they are a canopy of blessing, — the roof of the house of my Father ; that if clouds pass over it, it is the unchangeable light they veil ; that, even when the day itself passes, I shall see, that the night itself only unveils new worlds of light ; and to know if I could unwrap fold after fold of God's universe, I should unfold only more and more blessing, and see deeper and deeper into the love which is at the heart of all.

ELIZABETH CHARLES.

There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime ;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusty lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

KEBLE.

September

Eleventh Day

Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.—
Ephesians 5 : 19.

SING ! as the birds shall teach thee
A song of love and trust ;
Sing ! till the world shall listen,
Till thine own eyes shall glisten
As joy or grief shall reach thee,
As a true singer must ;
May the brave music swelling,
From thy good heart upwelling,
Its message still be telling
Long after thou art dust.

Sing ! for the world is weary
With burden of its care ;
And men are heavy-hearted,
Perplexed, misjudged, and thwarted,
And sin has made life dreary,
Temptation everywhere ;
Sing ! as true singer may,
Driving these clouds away
With promises of day
Whose coming shall be fair.

God sent His singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men
And bring them back to heaven again.

LONGFELLOW.

September

Twelfth Day

How beautiful are the feet of them who bring glad tidings of good things. — Isaiah 52: 7.

ONCE the question was asked, "Wherefore wilt thou run, my son, seeing that thou hast no tidings ready?" If we want to have beautiful feet, we must have tidings ready which they are to bear. If the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth. There are plenty of cups of cold water to be carried in all directions; not to the poor only, — ministries of love are often as much needed by a rich friend. In such services we are treading in the blessed footsteps of His most holy life, who "went about doing good!"

HAVERGAL.

He hath said, "How beautiful the feet!"

The feet so weary, travel-stained, and worn —
The feet that humbly, patiently have borne
The toilsome way, the pressure, and the heat.

The feet, not hastening on with winged flight,
Nor strong to trample down the opposing foe;
So lowly, and so human, they must go
By painful steps to scale the mountain height.

Not unto all the tuneful lips are given,
The ready tongue, the words so strong and sweet;
Yet all may turn, with humble, willing feet,
And bear to darkened souls the light of heaven.

SARAH GERALDINE STOCK.

September

Thirteenth Day

He was wounded for our transgressions. — Isaiah 53: 5.

O CHRIST, what burdens bowed Thy head !
Our load was laid on Thee ;

Thou stood'st in the sinner's stead,

Did'st bear all ill for me.

A Victim led, Thy blood was shed ;

Now there's no load for me.

Jehovah lifted up His rod —

O Christ, it falls on Thee !

Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God ;

There's not one stroke for me.

Thy tears, Thy blood beneath it flowed,

Thy bruising healeth me.

MARY A. R. COUSIN.

With silent, soft, and mighty pressure, the sight of the Sufferer's holiness, and the gratitude for the Sufferer's pity, as one complete power, one perfect love, has drawn the depths of men's lives on to the nature of the Sufferer, and there their oneness to Him has become known to them, and they, in and through Him, have been renewed into the image of their Father, and His Father. The robber who was crucified with Him felt that power first. It was a baptism of blood, and the power which our baptisms re-echo found its first utterance in Him. "Being by nature, born in sin and the child of wrath," there by the fellowship of suffering, there by the power of love . . . he was made the child of grace.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

September

Fourteenth Day

Wherefore have ye not fulfilled your task? — Exodus 5: 14.

THERE is some duty which God has made ready for you to do to-day! He has built it like a house for you to occupy. You have not to build it. He has built it, and He will lead you up to its door and set you with your feet upon its threshold. Will you go in and occupy it? Will you do the duty which He has made ready? Perhaps it is the great comprehensive duty of the consecration of yourself to Him. Perhaps it is some special task. Whatever it is, may He who anticipated your love by His own in giving you the task, now help you to fulfil His love with yours by doing it. Amen.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Oh, how many deeds
Of deathless virtue and immortal good
The world had wanted, had the actor said
“I will do this to-morrow!”

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

And as the path of duty is made plain
May grace be given that I may walk therein,
Not like the hireling, for his selfish gain,
With backward glances, and reluctant tread,
Making a merit of his coward dread,—
But, cheerful in the light around me thrown,
Walking as one to pleasant service led;
Doing God's will as if it were my own,
Yet trusting not in mine, but in His strength alone.

September

Fifteenth Day

For who hath despised the day of small things. — Zechariah 4: 10.

SPRINGS are little things, but they are sources of large streams ; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a large ship ; a bridle-bit is a small thing, but see its use and power ; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold parts of large buildings together ; a word, a look, a frown, are all little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things. Pay that little debt — its promise redeem. Little acts are elements of true greatness. . . . They are tests of character and disinterestedness. They are the straws upon life's deceitful current, and show the current's way. The heart comes all out in them. They move on the dial of character and responsibility significantly. They indicate the character and destiny. They help to make the immortal man. It matters not so much where we are as what we are. It is seldom the acts of moral heroism are called for. Rather the real heroism of life is, to do all its little duties promptly and faithfully.

ROYAL PATH OF LIFE.

The lives which seem so poor, so low,
The hearts which are so cramped and dull,
The baffled hopes, the impulse slow,
Thou takest, touchest all, and lo !
They blossom to the beautiful.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

September

Sixteenth Day

The Lord have patience with me. — S. Matthew 18: 26.

THE soul loses command of itself when it is impatient. Whereas, when it submits without a murmur, it possesses itself in peace, and possesses God. To be impatient, is to desire what we have not, or not to desire what we have. When we acquiesce in an evil, it is no longer such. Why make a real calamity of it by resistance? Peace does not dwell in outward things, but within the soul. We may preserve it in the midst of bitterest pain, if our will remains firm and submissive. Peace in this life springs from acquiescence even in disagreeable things, not in an exemption from bearing them. FÉNELON.

Oh ! lose not patience, weary heart !

Tangled life's web may seem ;

But thread by thread the Master's hand

Unravels what we deem

Inextricable ; then we see

How skilled a guide that hand must be.

And so in faith we day by day

Take both the toil and pain,

Knowing the work and warfare each

Shall end in heavenly gain,

And those who have through patience won,

Shall hear the Master's word, "Well done !"

G. M. TAYLOR.

September

Seventeenth Day

To do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me. — Book of Common Prayer.

“**W**HO speaks for this man?” From the
great white throne,

Veiled in its roseate clouds, the voice came forth ;
Before it stood a parted soul alone.

And rolling east and west, and south and north,
The mighty accents summoned quick and dead ;
“Who speaks for this man, ere his doom be said?”

Shivering he listened, for his early life
Had passed in dull, unnoted calm, away ;
He brought no glory to his early strife,
No wreath of fame, or genius’ fiery ray ;
Weak, lone, ungifted, quiet, and obscure,
Born in the shadow, dying ’mid the poor.

Lo ! from the solemn concourse, hushed and dim,
The widow’s prayer, the orphan’s blessing rose ;
The struggler told of trouble shared by him,
The lonely of cheered hours and softened woes ;
And like a chorus spake the crushed and sad,
“He gave us all he could and all he had.”

And little words of loving-kindness said,
And tender thoughts, and help in time of need,
Sprang up like leaves by soft spring showers fed,
In some waste corner, sown by chance-flung seed.
In grateful wonder heard the modest soul,
Such trifles gathered to so blest a whole.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

September

Eighteenth Day

I am their music. — Lamentations 3 : 63.

WHEN troubles come, go at them with songs.
When griefs arise, sing them down. Lift
the voice of praise against care. They sing in
heaven, and among God's people on earth ; song
is the appropriate language of Christian people.

BEECHER.

Music should strike fire from the heart of man
and bring tears from the eyes of woman.

BEETHOVEN.

What martial music is to marching men, should
song be to humanity.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

I stand by every word I utter when I sing, and
feel that I must to the death. It is not alone song
with me, — melodious sounds, — it is the lesson
inculcated ; hope in the future, bright joys to come,
the mercy of an all-wise God. I would not sing
a frivolous word before my audience for anything
on earth.

ANTOINETTE STERLING.

The glory of heaven,
The sorrow of earth,
Were breathed in one whisper,
When music had birth.

God set a harp in nature's beating breast ;
The secret of the music yet to be
Lay latent in the strings. At His behest
Love breathed upon the wires and set it free.

September

Nineteenth Day

I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep. — S. John 10: 2.

HIS life “for thee” ! Oh, wonderful gift ! not promised, but *given* ; not to friends, but to enemies. Given without condition, without reserve, without return. Himself unknown and unloved, His gift unsought and unasked, He gave His life for thee ; a more than royal bounty — the greatest gift that Deity could devise. Oh, grandeur of love ! “I lay down My life for the sheep !” And we for whom He gave it have held back, and hesitated to give our lives, not even *for* Him (He has not asked us to do that), but *to* Him ! But that is past, and He has tenderly pardoned the unloving, ungrateful reserve, and has graciously accepted the poor little fleeting breath and speck of dust which was all we had to offer. And now His precious death and His glorious life are all “for thee.”

HAVERGAL.

I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I spilt
That thou might ransomed be
And saved from woe and guilt.
I gave My life for thee —
What hast thou given for Me ?

May we set before us Thine own image, calmly beholding us, and forever looking forth upon the strife of life, not indifferent to its least act ; and may we live as seeing Thee who art invisible.

September

Twentieth Day

Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not. —
Jeremiah 14: 5.

OH ! to be nothing — nothing !
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet !
Emptied that He may fill me,
As forth to His service I go ;
Broken that so, unhindered,
Through me His life may flow.

Oh ! to be nothing — nothing !
An arrow hid in His hand,
Or a messenger at His gateway,
Waiting for His command ;
Only an instrument, ready
For Him to use at His will ;
And willing, should He not require me,
In patience to wait on Him still.

G. M. TAYLOR.

Oh ! be little, be little ; and then thou wilt be content with little ; and if you feel, now and then, a check or a secret smiting, — in *that* is the Father's love ; be not over-wise, nor over-eager, in thy own willing, running, and desiring, and thou mayst feel it so ; and by degrees come to the knowledge of thy Guide, who will lead thee, step by step, in the path of life, and teach thee to follow. Be still, and wait for light and strength. I. PENNINGTON.

September

Twenty-first Day

Have mercy upon me, O God . . . blot out my transgressions.

Psalm 51 : 1.

“**D**EPTH of Mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear —
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?”

The Salvation Army records tell how often this hymn has been sung in the slums of London, and how men and women deep in sin, feeling that for them there could be no forgiveness, have heard the message of “salvation to the uttermost,” sung in this hymn and been saved by it. Dr. Lyman Abbott says : “The man who has committed a great sin and followed it with a great repentance, is further along in the moral life than the man who has never committed a great sin and does not know that he is a sinner.” The outcasts of Christ’s time were not the men with stains upon their garments and with shame upon their brows ; they were the men and women who did not know that they had sins to be forgiven. I have read stories of men who were walled up in some dungeon castle and left to die there ; and as I look out in life, as I look sometimes into my own heart and my own life, it seems to me that we who preach the Gospel and we who sit in the pews and come to the prayer-meetings are in danger of that very doom ; we are in danger of walling up ourselves through our own self-satisfaction and dying of asphyxia.

September

Twenty-second Day

Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice. — 1 Samuel 15 : 22.

THERE is no action so slight nor so mean but it may be done to a great purpose, and ennobled therefore ; nor is any purpose so great but that slight actions may help it, and may be so done as to help it much, most especially, that chief of all purposes — the pleasing of God. RUSKIN.

Not at the battle front, writ of in story ;
Not on the blazing wreck, steering to glory,
Not while in martyr-pangs, soul and flesh sever,
Died he this hero new, hero forever.
No pomp poetic crowned, no forms enchained him,
No friends applauding watched, no foes arraigned
him,
Death found him there, without grandeur or beauty,
Only an honest man, doing his duty :
Death found and touched with finger in flying :
Lo ! he rose up complete — hero undying.

DINAH MULOCH CRAIK.

It is not the multitude of hard duties, it is not constraint and contention that advance us in our Christian course. On the contrary, it is the yielding of our wills without restriction and without choice, to tread cheerfully every day in the path in which Providence leads us, to seek nothing, to be discouraged by nothing, to see our duty in the present moment, to trust all else without reserve to the will and power of God. FÉNELON.

September

Twenty-third Day

These things saith he that holdeth the seven stars in his right hand. — Revelation II : I.

ALL the promises are "To him that overcometh." Listen! "He that overcometh shall be clothed with white raiment and . . . I will confess his name before my Father, and before the angels." "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even also as I overcame, and am set down with my Father in His throne." "He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be My son." All the symbolisms of that glory are symbolisms of victory, palms, sceptres, crowns, thrones.

It is possible for a man to drift along with life's great army of martyrs, reformers, philanthropists, and victors, and yet develop none of their soldierly spirit. One may go through life and win no victories, compromise with every foe, overcome nothing, achieve nothing; but it is not for such that heaven waits.

Not to the vanquished,
Heaven opens its portals.
Rest is the glory given
To crowned immortals,
Where never foes surprise,
Where never storms arise,
Past all uncertainties,
His rest shall be glorious.

September

Twenty-fourth Day

The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.—Ephesians 3: 19.

IF ever human love was tender, and self-sacrificing, and devoted ; if ever it could bear and forbear ; if ever it could suffer gladly for its loved ones ; if ever it was willing to lavish itself for the comfort or pleasure of its objects ; then infinitely more is Divine love tender, and self-sacrificing, and devoted, and glad to bear and forbear, and to suffer, and to lavish its best blessings upon the objects of its love. Put together all the tenderest love you know of, the deepest you have ever felt, and the strongest that has ever been poured out upon you, and heap upon it all the love of all the loving hearts in the world, and then multiply it by infinity, and you will begin, perhaps, to have some faint glimpse of what the love of God is. H. W. S.

It passeth Knowledge.

It passeth knowledge ; that dear love of Thine !
My Jesus ! Saviour ! Yet this soul of mine
Would of that love, in all its depth and length,
Its height, and breadth, and everlasting strength,
Know more and more.

But ah ! I cannot tell, or sing, or know,
The fulness of that love, whilst here below :
Yet my poor vessel I may freely bring, —
O Thou who art of love the living spring,

My vessel fill.

MARY SHEKLETON.

September

Twenty-fifth Day

The Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy. — S. James 5 : 2.

WE never have more than we can bear. The present hour we are always able to endure. As our day so is our strength. If the trials of many years were gathered into one day they would overwhelm us ; therefore in pity to our little strength, He sends first one, then another, then removes both, and lays on a third, heavier, perhaps, than either ; but all so wisely measured to our strength that the bruised reed is never broken. We do not enough look at our trials in this continuous and successive view. Each one is sent to teach us something, and altogether they have a lesson which is beyond the power of any to teach a line.

H. E. MANNING.

Be still and trust,
For His strokes are strokes of love,
Thou must for thy profit bear ;
He thy filial fear would move,
Trust thy Father's loving care,
Be still and trust.

Know God is near
Though thou think Him far away,
Though His mercy long hath slept,
He will come and not delay
When His child enough hath wept,
For God is near.

ANTON ULRICH (1667).

September

Twenty-sixth Day

I would not live always.— Job 7:16.

OH, the woods and the hill-sides, the meadows and the gardens, the valley with the river in it, summer morning with its long shadows in the moist grass, and the summer evening going away in the west, calm and sublime, like the last words of a blessing!—Oh, in all these things, the beauty there has been,—what has it been, and what is it now? It is God; and so it is what my soul will be living in forever. . . . Oh, how my soul used to yearn after Him! Strange feeling it was! Sorrow, joy, love, worship,—it was all these,—and an infinite longing. It was what would have felt wealth like poverty, and what no sceptre would have pleased,—an infinite longing, to which the whole world felt little and nothing.

MOUNTFORD.

Wings! Wings!

To touch the hem of the veil that swings,
As moved by the breath of God between
The world of sense and the world unseen;
To swoon where the mystic folds divide
And wake, a child, on the other side!
To wake and wonder if it be so,
And weep for joy at the loss of woe;
To know the seeker is sought and found;
To find Love's being, but not his bound;
Oh! for the living that dying brings!

Wings! Wings! MARY A. LATHBURY.

September

Twenty-seventh Day

In quietness and confidence shall be your strength. — Isaiah 30: 15.

THE blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew ;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed,
Like fairy blossoms grew. WHITTIER.

It is the lives, like the stars, which simply pour down on us the calm light of their bright and faithful being, to which we look and out of which we gather the deepest calm and courage. No man or woman can really be strong, gentle, pure, and good, without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The deliverance of the soul from all useless and selfish and unquiet cares, brings to it an unspeakable peace and freedom ; this is true simplicity. And the effect of this simplicity is felt, not in one's life alone, but it shines into other lives with a clear serene light like that of moonlight or star-shine. This is the strength of the quiet soul : other souls will come to it for rest and quieting ; other lives will grow peaceful by viewing its peace. Small anxieties and frets will vanish in its presence, and earthly shadows will be pierced and interfused with its heavenly light.

September

Twenty-eighth Day

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction.— Psalm 103:4.

THE ideal embodied in a redeemed life is high. It means not alone your own salvation, but that you are called to the work of saving the world. William Scott, the Vermont boy whose life Lincoln saved, after he had been condemned to be shot, is an example of how a redeemed life spent itself in sacred service. Scott, in telling of his interview, said that Mr. Lincoln came to him and said:—

“My boy, you are not going to be shot to-morrow. I am going to trust you and send you back to your regiment. I have come to Washington when it was hard to come, and now, how will you pay my bill?” Scott said: “There was a big lump in my throat; I could scarcely speak, but I managed to say, ‘I will pay you some way.’” “But it is a great deal,” said Mr. Lincoln; and then he put his hands on my shoulders, and said: “My bill is a very large one, my boy. There is only one man in the world who can pay it, and his name is William Scott. If from this day he does his duty so that at life’s close he can say, ‘I have kept my promise and have done my duty as a soldier, then my debt will be paid. Will you make that promise, and try to keep it?’”

The record says that Scott became one of the truest, best soldiers ever known, and that he died risking his life in the rescue of wounded men.

September

Twenty-ninth Day

Whom having not seen, ye love. — 1 Peter 1 : 8.

IN reflecting the character of Christ, it is no real obstacle that we may never have been in visible contact with Himself.

There lived once a young girl whose perfect grace of character was the wonder of those who knew her. She wore on her neck a gold locket which no one was ever allowed to open. One day, in a moment of unusual confidence, one of her companions was allowed to touch its secret spring and learn its secret. She saw written these words — "*Whom having not seen, I love.*" That was the secret of her beautiful life. She had been changed into the Same Image.

DRUMMOND.

Whom Having Not Seen, Ye Love.

"Not seen!" The veil of flesh
Doth dim our spirit's eyes,
Nor shall we see, until
We mount the vaulted skies.
But we will love Thee still, our Lord!
Believing all Thy gracious word.

"Not seen!" but dearer far
Than aught that greets the sight;
We seek Thee through the day,
And trust Thee through the night.
In busy toil or silent sleep,
Thy loving watch around us keep.

September

Thirtieth Day

That Rock was Christ. — 1 Corinthians 10: 4.


The Wondrous Rock of Ages.

O WONDROUS Rock of Ages,
What power and might are Thine,
What memories 'round Thee cluster
As pilgrims 'round a shrine !
Rock, ever firm and steadfast,
Confessed in prayer and song,
In whom our fathers trusted, —
What hopes around Thee throng !

The storms of life may gather,
The winds beat to and fro,
But always there is refuge,
Where we may freely go ;
No dark or dread disaster
Can e'er oppress the day,
For 'neath Thy sacred shelter
All griefs are swept away.

O precious Rock of Ages !
Since Thou wert cleft for me,
I'm sheltered from all danger
If I but hide in Thee ;
Securely there abiding
On Thee I calmly rest,
Whatever be my portion
I count it good and blest.

MARTHA CAPPS OLIVER.



God
shield thee
to thy latest
years.

Wordsworth

October.

October



The Tenth Month

First Day

Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us. — Hebrews 12: 1.

WE are encompassed about by a cloud of witnesses, whose hearts throb in sympathy with every effort and struggle, and who thrill with joy at every success. How should this thought check and rebuke every feeling that is worldly and every unworthy purpose, and enshrine us, in the midst of a forgetful and unspiritual world, with an atmosphere of heavenly peace ! They have overcome—have risen—are crowned, glorified ; but still they remain to us, our assistants, our comforters, and in every hour of darkness their voice speaks to us : “ So we grieved, so we struggled, so we fainted, so we doubted ; but we have overcome, we have obtained, we have seen, we have found,—and in our victory behold the certainty of thy own.”

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Not a vain and cold ideal,
Not a poet's dream alone,
But a presence warm and real,
Seen and felt and known.

WHITTIER.

October

Second Day

Take my yoke upon you and learn of me . . . and ye shall find rest.—S. Matthew 11: 20.

CHRIST never said much in mere words about the Christian graces. He lived them, He was them. Yet we do not merely copy Him. We learn His art by living with Him, like the old apprentices with their masters. He says "Follow me . . . and you will find rest." Perhaps if we knew how much was involved in the simple "learn" of Christ, we would not enter His school with so irresponsible a heart. For there is not only much to learn, but much to unlearn. Many persons never go to this school at all until character has almost taken on its fatal set. But it can be done—and there is Rest in the school although there is also much Work.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

The heart bereft of all its brood of singing hopes,
and left

'Mid leafless boughs, a cold, forsaken nest,
With snowflakes in it : folded in Thy breast
Doth lose its deadly chill ; and grief that creeps
Unto Thy side for shelter, finding there
The wound's deep cleft, forgets its moan and weeps
Calm, quiet tears ; . . . pain on Thee doth press
Its quivering cheek, and all the weariness,
The want that keep their silence, till from Thee
They hear the gracious summons ; none beside
Hath spoken to the world-worn, "Come to me !"

October

Third Day

If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness ; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted. — Galatians 6 : 1.

What doest thou here, Elijah ? — 1 Kings 9 : 13.

GOD well knew where Elijah was when He asked, "What doest thou here?" But He would know from Elijah himself, that, being called upon to account for his conduct, he might be convinced of his folly. God has a right to know where we are, and what we are doing ; He is interested in observing our conduct ; interested as a judge who is to pass sentence upon our actions ; as a friend, who would check us when we go astray. Elijah's reproof was a reproof given to a good man. But while God does not cast him off, He reprehends him. It is thus His gentleness makes us great. If a brother be overtaken in a fault, let us not employ the earthquake, the wind, and the fire, but the small still voice. Let us take him aside, and tell him his fault between him and us alone.

Jesus, let Thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep ;
False to Thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep ;
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all long-suffering shown,
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break this heart of stone.

C. WESLEY.

October

Fourth Day

In our low estate. — Psalm 136: 23.

NOT a few in their last hours find themselves tried because the future is so uncertain, because their life has been so imperfect. . . . When they think what God is in His purity and majesty, they tremble, and dare not die. Why, then, do they not think what God is in His mercy ! He stands in the plenitude of all-comforting grace — grace not to be given to those that have, but grace to be given as raiment is given to those that are naked, as medicine is given to those that are sick, as food is given to those that are hungry, as charity is bestowed on those that are needy. God supplies, not the supplied, but the unsupplied ; He strengthens, not the strong, but the weak ; He comforts, not the rejoicing, but the sorrowing. BEECHER.

Leave all to God,
Forsaken one, and stay thy tears ;
For the Highest knows thy pain,
Sees thy suffering, and thy fears ;
Thou shalt not wait His help in vain.
Leave all to God.

If thou love Him,
Walking truly in His ways,
Then no trouble, cross, or death,
E'er shall silence faith and praise !
All things serve thee here beneath
If thou love God. ANTON ULRICH.

October

Fifth Day

All things to all men. — 1 Corinthians 9: 22.

VERY largely we ourselves become what others are to us. . . . Love truly, and then other men's souls will be sources of your soul's growth. Sympathize with the good in their endeavors, and you yourself will be morally stronger. Revere the wise, and yours will be the state of mind into which wisdom comes most freely. Love little children, and something of their innocence will come over your mind, and whiten its darker spots. Love them that are old, and your soul will be as though the longer experienced in life. This life that we are living in is not empty of power, but full of it, — power that is on us and about us always, and into the nature of which we have vision given us, that we should not perish.

Wish to be a child of God ; and then sunshine and frost, and friends and enemies, and youth and age, and business and pleasure, and all things will help to make you one.

MOUNTFORD.

Attainment.

The soul that longs for higher things unknown,
Shall not forever long unsatisfied ;
The heart's desire shall of itself alone
Lift up the soul to that for which it cried.

MARY A. LEWIS.

October

Sixth Day

Thy law is within my heart. — Psalm 40 : 8.

Within.

WITHIN the circling storm there is a centre
Of perfect rest ;
Within the cloud we so much fear to enter
Are visions blest.
Within the husk the harvest lies enfolded ;
The chaff falls dead,
But the sweet life the summer months have moulded
Becomes our bread.
Within the bark, all rough and deeply wrinkled,
Flow hidden streams,
Bearing a thousand flowers with perfume sprinkled —
The sun's bright beams.
Within the shell are wings, and songs unspoken,
A perfect bird ;
All useless wings, until the shell be broken,
And songs unheard !
Within, the spirit dwells ; the outer letter
Is not the whole ;
'Tis but the body, or at times a fetter
Binding the soul.
Within the veil, beyond the world's pollution,
Are seas of light,
Giving to each enigma its solution —
The perfect sight !

HENRY BURTON.

October

Seventh Day

For the very works' sake.—S. John 14: 11.

OTHERS shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of, win.

What matter, I or they?
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said
And life the sweeter made?

WHITTIER.

I will not say that humility is the only way to excellence, but I am sure that it is one road. •

LONGFELLOW.

Labour as if the success of this life and the life eternal rested upon you alone. And yet keep to that sweet humility which allows others to build upon the low foundation of that which you have begun but could not finish.

Keep in mind the idea that it is the work itself that is of consequence to the world, and not the worker.

No matter whether He calls us into ways of honour or of scorn, it is all one if His work is thereby done. The consecrated soul will merge all thoughts of self in the one thought of helping on the kingdom of God.

October

Eighth Day

As for man, his days are as grass : as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.— Psalm 103 : 15.

THERE is a past which is gone forever, but there is a future which is still our own.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

Looking calmly yet humbly for the close of my mortal career, which cannot be far distant, I reverently thank God for the blessings vouchsafed me in the past, and with an awe that is not fear, and a consciousness of demerit that does not exclude hope, await the opening before my steps of the gates of the eternal world. HORACE GREELEY.

The places that know you will soon know you no more forever. The cares that made you fret yesterday are already below the horizon. Your friends have gone on before ; but what of that? You will soon be with them. Your life is full of troubles and mischiefs ; but what of that? Your mischiefs and troubles are nearly over—nearer than you think. The glorious future is almost yours.

It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed with tears,
And wake, in glorious repose,
In God's Eternal Years.

ABRAHAM H. C. MOLAN.

October

Ninth Day

When I fail I shall arise. — Micah 7: 8.

I will arise and go to my Father. — S. Luke 15: 18.

BE patient with every one, but above all with yourself. I mean, do not be disturbed because of your imperfections, and always rise up bravely from a fall. I am glad that you make a daily new beginning; there is no better means of progress in the spiritual life than to be continually beginning afresh.

S. FRANCIS DE SALES.

It is not that I feel less weak, but Thou
Wilt be my strength; it is not that I see
Less sin; but more of pardoning love with Thee,
And all-sufficient grace.

F. W. HAVERGAL.

O child, hast thou fallen? arise, and go, with child-like trust, to thy Father, like the prodigal son, and humbly say, with heart and mouth, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son; make me as one of Thy hired servants." And what will thy heavenly Father do but what that father did in the parable. Assuredly He will not change His essence, which is love, for the sake of thy misdoings. Is it not His own precious pleasure, and a small thing for Him to forgive thy trespasses, if thou believe in Him? for His hand is not shortened that it cannot make thee fit to be saved.

JOHN TAULER.

October

Tenth Day

The Lord is my helper. — Hebrews 13: 6.

DO not be discouraged at your faults; bear with yourself in correcting them, as you would with your neighbor. Lay aside this ardor of mind, which exhausts your body, and leads you to commit errors. Accustom yourself gradually to carry prayer into all your daily occupations. Speak, move, work, in peace, as if you were in prayer, as indeed you ought to be. Do everything without excitement, by the spirit of grace. As soon as you perceive your natural impetuosity gliding in, retire quietly within, where is the kingdom of God. Listen to the leadings of grace, then say and do nothing but what the Holy Spirit shall put in your heart. You will find that you will become more tranquil, . . . and that you will accomplish more good.

FÉNELON.

Just to trust and yet to ask
Guidance still;
Take the training or the task
As He will.
Just to follow, hour by hour,
As He leadeth,
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth;
Just to trust Him — that is all,
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,
Bright and blessed, safe and free.

October

Eleventh Day

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near. — Isaiah 55 : 6.

NEARER to Thee, O my Father, still nearer,
This is my song and my reverent plea,
This is the theme of my fervent petition,
Nearer to Thee, Saviour, nearer to Thee !
When I am heedless Thy hand will restrain me,
Gently my feet all the way will be led,
When I am weary Thy love will sustain me,
Sweetly thy dew's will descend on my head.
Waking or sleeping, smiling or weeping,
What reck's it how my days be —
If they but lead me, if they but speed me
Nearer and nearer to Thee ?

Or, if in darkness my path must be followed,
Speak through the silence, my spirit constrain,
Show me what providence, sacred and hallowed,
Urges my steps through the valley of pain !
Show me how service or sacrifice lowly
Leads to the heights and to visions divine,
Whisper a message all tender and holy, —
Thus through the gloom will Thy voice answer
mine.

Trusting or fearing, listening or hearing,
All my days let them be
Envoys to lead me, heralds to speed me
Nearer and nearer to Thee !

MARTHA CAPPS OLIVER.

October

Twelfth Day

By grace ye are saved. — Ephesians 11 : 5.

IT is not strength of intellect that saves a man, nor the most respectable surroundings, or orthodoxy of creed. All these under pressure have proved to be but ropes of sand attached to anchors of straw ; they never hold a man against the tides of strong temptation. He must have Christian principle, or he is lost. No man is safe in business or safe in politics or safe in personal character, when conscience cuts loose from God. He may float for a while, but it is a question of time how soon he shall strike and go to the bottom. God never insures any one, not even in the church, who has refused to guide his course by the Bible compass, and to fasten his soul to Jesus Christ. But the cable of Christ's love will not only keep you steadfast through life's storms and through its treacherous under-currents, but will advance you heavenward. The refusal of Jesus Christ means the shipwreck of your immortal soul. Fasten in faith your weakness to His strength, your sinful heart to His cleansing grace, and you are saved. If you reach heaven, my friend, you will come in, like that returning ship from its long voyage, with your anchor at the prow. You will give all the glory not to your own skill or your own seamanship, but to Him whose atoning blood purchased your redemption, and whose mighty arm of love brought you into the heavenly port. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

October

Thirteenth Day

In him we live and move and have our being.—Acts 17: 28.

A BIDE in me : o'ershadow by thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought
of sin ;

Quench ere it rise, each selfish, low desire
And keep my soul as Thine, calm and divine.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Yea ! In Thy life our little lives are ended,
Into Thy depths our trembling spirits fall ;
In Thee enfolded, gathered, comprehended,
As holds the sea her waves — Thou hold'st us all.

SCUDDER.

To whatever worlds He carries our souls when
they shall pass out of these imprisoning bodies, in
those worlds these souls of ours shall find them-
selves part of the same great Temple : for it
belongs not to this world alone. There can be
no end of the universe where God is, to which
that growing temple does not reach — the temple
of a creation to be wrought at last into a perfect
utterance of God by a perfect obedience to God.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Nothing of joy or grief, of pleasure or pain that
we experience but has some part in the experience
of Christ. When we make prayer the scaling ladder
to reach Him, we not only find Him, but we may
indeed live in Him as He in us.

October

Fourteenth Day

We walk by faith, not by sight. — 2 Corinthians 5 : 7.

“SOME day,” we say, and turn our eyes
Toward the fair hills of Paradise.
Some day, some time, a sweet, new rest
Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast,
Some time, some day, our eyes shall see
The faces kept in memory,
Some day their hands shall clasp our hands
Just over in the morning lands.
Some day our ears shall hear the song
Of triumph over sin and wrong.
Some day, some time ; but oh ! not yet ;
But we will wait, and not forget
That some time all these things shall be,
And rest be given you and me.
So wait, my friend, though years move slow,
The happy time will come, we know.

NEW ORLEANS ITEM.

This is what it is to walk by faith — to feel that we are ever drawing nearer to our home. You that are called of God, you that have a hope in Jesus Christ, have not only a duty, but a right of joy. It is a part of that treasure which God has given you, and you have a right to be increasingly joyful. The nearer you come to the end of life and to the kingdom of heaven, the more your heart should shine and your tongue rejoice.

October

Fifteenth Day

Be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven you.—
Ephesians 4:32.

CHARITY does not demand of us that we should not see the faults of others; we must in that case shut our eyes. But it commands us to avoid attending to them unnecessarily, and that we be not blind to the good, while we are so clear-sighted to the evil that exists.

No man is obliged to live so free from passion as not to show some resentment; and it is rather stoical stupidity than virtue, to do otherwise. Anger may glance into the breast of a wise man, but rest only in the bosom of fools. Fight hard against resentment. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

I bow before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong forgives;
Yet noble is the one forgiven
Who bears that burden well, and lives.

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

The soul which sin has overtaken is like a bruised reed. It must be raised up gently, that it may once more aspire heavenwards.

E. BERSIER.

Reproof is not an act of butchery, but of surgery.

ARCHBISHOP SECKER.

October

Sixteenth Day

With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.—
Isaiah 12: 3.

A FOUNTAIN, or a well, in the sacred writings, is an emblem of that which produces joy and refreshment ; which sustains and cheers. The figure is often employed to denote that which supports and refreshes the soul ; which sustains man when sinking from exhaustion—as the bubbling fountain or well refreshes the weary and fainting pilgrim. It is thus applied to God as an overflowing fountain, fitted to supply the wants of all.

The water of life is sweet and refreshing, the wells of salvation are deep and inexhaustible ; but none can drink save those who draw. “With joy we are to draw water out of the wells of salvation. Faith is the bucket, but joy and love are the hands that move it.

O Christ, we come to draw,
For we are thirsty, faint, and worn,
Thine are the living wells
Whence cooling waters flow,
And healing for our wounds :
O give us strength to draw.
But help us, Lord, we pray,
Our vessels are so small,
That we must dip and dip again
Before our thirst is quenched
Or hearts made whole again ;
O give us strength to draw !

October

Seventeenth Day

Lord, thou hast heard the desire of the humble: thou wilt cause thine ear to hear. — Psalm 10 : 17.

LEARN to entwine with prayers the small cares, the trifling sorrows, the little wants of daily life. Whatever affects you — be it a changed look, an altered tone, an unkind word, a wound, a demand you cannot meet, a sorrow you cannot disclose — turn it into prayer, and send it up to God. Disclosures you may not make to man you can make to the Lord. Only give yourself to prayer, whatever be the occasion that calls for it.

From this sinful heart of mine,
To Thy bosom I would flee;
I am not my own, but Thine,
“God be merciful to me!”

There is one beside Thy throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him, and Him alone,
“God be merciful to me!”

He my cause will undertake,
My interpreter will be;
He's my all — and for His sake,
“God be merciful to me!”

J. S. B. MONSELL.

October

Eighteenth Day

With lovingkindness.—Jeremiah 31 : 3.

WHAT was the secret of such a one's power? What had she done? Absolutely nothing, but radiant smiles, beaming good humor, the tact of divining what every one felt and every one wanted, told that she had got out of self and learned to think of others; so that at one time it showed itself by sweet words; at another, by smoothing an invalid's pillow; at another, by soothing a sobbing child. None but she saw those things. None but a loving heart *could* see them. That was the secret of her heavenly power. The one who will be found in trial capable of great acts of love, is ever the one who is always doing considerate small ones.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvests bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest home of light. BONAR.

May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

GEORGE ELIOT.

October

Nineteenth Day

With patience.—S. Luke 8: 15.

GO bend to God, and leave to Him
The mystery of thy brother's heart,
Nor vainly think his faith is dim
Because in thine it has no part.
He too is mortal, and, like thee,
Would soar to immortality.
There may be hope as pure, as bright,
As ever sought eternity, —
There may be light, clear, heavenly light,
Where all seems cold and dark to thee.

And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

GOLDSMITH.

God can and does render sinners happy in spite of their sins, for Christ's sake, remitting to them its penalty, while its power is only partially broken, fostering them, and rejoicing over them until their restoration to spiritual health is complete. Anything that turns the sinner's regard inward on himself as a ground of hope, instead of bidding him look to Christ, must plunge him into despair, and despair is the portal of death. CHARLES HODGE.

Be patient under trials, and always look at the reverse side for the mercy that may be concealed beneath the "forming providence."

October

Twentieth Day

Bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ. — 1 Corinthians 10: 5.

THEY are never alone who are accompanied
by noble thoughts. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

A broad-minded selection of noble passages, though it may not be able to do all we could wish in a moral way, can certainly do much to raise men to a high moral, political, and social plane. I believe that gems of literature introduced into our schools, if properly taught, will be able to do this, partly by their own directive influence, on the young mind, but particularly and partly as it shall result in an abiding thirst for noble reading.

JOHN B. PEASLEE.

Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when, whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees. VICTOR HUGO.

For your own sakes, brethren, for God's sake, let your thought rise. Bid it, force it to rise. Think of the face of Jesus, of your future home in heaven, of the loved ones who have gone before you. Think of all that has ever cheered, quickened, braced you. In such thoughts, to such thoughts, Jesus will assuredly and increasingly reveal Himself. LIDDON.

The key to every man is his thought.

THACKERAY.

October

Twenty-first Day

The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. — Galatians 6: 14.

My Cross.

HE lays on me my cross,
It is my own ;
I know, alone,
My suffering, my loss.
He binds it on my heart ;
Its fibres press
With sore distress,
From it I never part.
My cross is meted me :
Its breadth and length
Fitted my strength ;
Though weighted heavily.
No less than this
Enough could be
To chasten me,
Until the Hand I kiss.

You have your cross, my friend. . . . There is pain in the duty which you do. But if in all your pain you know that God's love is becoming a dearer and plainer truth to you ; and that the vision of the world's redemption is growing more certain and bright, then you can be more than brave ; you can triumph in every task, in every sacrifice. Your cross has won something of the beauty and glory of your Lord's. Rejoice and be glad, for you are crucified with Christ.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

October

Twenty-second Day

Because I live ye shall live also. — S. John 14: 19.

GOD'S I am — if the soul has God within it it is His everlastingly, — His to grow forever. There will grow in it the whole wisdom in which this world is made.

In the dark everything is shut out from us but the omnipotent present, and so in darkness the Godhead wraps us around like a felt presence. A clear night calms me, and while I am walking in it, high truths rise upon my soul, like stars above the horizon. In nature, one view calms the soul, another purifies it, and another sublimes it. But it is possible, in the sight of the same scene, and at the same time, for one man to feel one way, and another another ; for one looker to be solemnized, and another to be made more hopeful. Just as, looking on the blessed face of Christ, a happy person would rejoice more purely, and a tearful one sorrow more holily. So it is with nature. O, out in the country, sometimes, my soul feels wrapped, as though in the arms of the Great Father. It is as though the wind whispered me divine messages ; and it is as though divine meaning broke upon me from out of the clouds, and the hillsides, and from among the stars. And I know that I am growing into the spirit of it all, — the brightness of the sun, the majesty of the night, — the purity of the winter, and the contentment of the summer.

MOUNTFORD.

October

Twenty-third Day

My meat is to do the will of him that sent me.—S. John
4: 24.

NOTHING is small or great in God's sight ; whatever He wills becomes great to us, however seemingly trifling, and if once the voice of conscience tells us that He requires anything of us, we have no right to measure its importance. On the other hand, whatever He would not have us do, however important we may think it, is as nought to us. How do you know what you may lose by neglecting this duty, which you think so trifling, or the blessing which its faithful performance may bring? Be sure that if you do your very best in that which is laid upon you daily, you will not be left without sufficient help when some weightier occasion arises. Give yourself to Him, trust Him, fix your eye upon Him, listen to His voice, and then go on bravely and cheerfully.

JEAN NICHOLAS GROU.

I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right ;
But only to discover and to do,
With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.

I will trust in Him,
That He can hold His own ; and I will take
His will, above the work He sendeth me,
To be my chiefest good. JEAN INGELow.

October

Twenty-fourth Day

Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.—Jeremiah
31 : 3.

WE know how to love our friends because they are no worse than we ; but how Christ can stoop from without the circle of blessed spirits to love us, who are begrimed with sin, and bestormed with temptation, and wrestling with the lowest parts of humanity,—that is past our finding out. He has loved us from the foundation of the world ; and because heaven was too far away for us to see, He came down to earth to do the things which He has always been doing profusely above. Christ's life of earth was not an official mission ; it was a development of His everlasting state, a dip to bring within our horizon those characteristics and attributes which otherwise we could not comprehend ;—God's pilgrimage on earth as a shepherd, in search of His wolf-imperilled fold. And when I look into His life I say to myself, "As tender as this, and yet on earth? What is He now, then?"

BEECHER.

It passeth knowledge : that dear love of Thine !
My Jesus ! Saviour ! Yet this soul of mine
Would of that love in all its depth and length,
And height and breadth and everlasting strength
Know more and more.

MARY SHACKELTON.

October

Twenty-fifth Day

Get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding. —
Proverbs 15: 7.

Think of It.

THE secret of success of one of England's most learned men was bound up in four little words, which he took as a motto, "I'll think of it." And although to-day we may think it a little thing *to think*, let us learn that it is the power that moves the world. That it is the great drive-wheel of progress, driving, with its propelling force, humanity from wrong to right; driving it from the dark shades of barbarity into the sun-lit regions of civilization; lifting it higher, step by step, into that glorious realm, manhood. And as surely as terrestrial power is drawn from the sun, so surely is the propelling power and influence over man drawn from that fountain ever rich and full, the mind.

Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth,
Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walks of easy life,
Blown by the ceaseless wind across our way.

Great truths are greatly won. Not found by chance,
Nor wafted on the breath of summer dream,
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

HORATIUS BONAR.

October

Twenty-sixth Day

I say unto thee, Arise. — S. Luke 7: 14.

HE meets us bearing forth our dead hopes through the city's gate ; He meets us when our hearts are faint and weary ; when we feel the emptiness of all with which this world has sought to cheat our earnest longings for the great, the real, and the true. He stands beside the bier, He bids us weep no more, He stops our mourning steps ; the dead hear Him ; hopes of youth, aspiration of heart, dreams of purity, of high service, with which once our spirits kept glad company, but which had withered, and sunk, and died, as the hot and scorching sun of common life arose upon us — these revive ; they turn to Him, and He gives them back to us, and bids us cherish them for Him.

BIBLE STUDIES.

Bring warmth to this coldness, bring life to this death ;
Renew the great miracle ; let us behold
The stone from the mouth of the sepulchre rolled,
And hope, like to Lazarus, rise as of old !

Let our faith, which in darkness and coldness has lain,
Revive with the warmth and the brightness again,
And in blooming of flower and budding of tree
The symbols and types of our destiny see ;
The life of the spring-time, the life of the whole,
And as the sun to the sleeping earth love to the
soul !

WHITTIER.

October

Twenty-seventh Day

Here a little and there a little. — Isaiah 28: 10.

THERE are no such things as trifles in the biography of man. Drops make up the sea. Acorns cover the earth with oaks and the ocean with navies. Sands make up the bar in the harbor's mouth, on which vessels are wrecked; and little things in youth accumulate into character in age, and destiny in eternity. If you cannot be a great river, bearing great vessels of blessing to the world, you can be a little spring by the wayside of life, singing all the day and all the night, and giving a cup of cold water to every weary, thirsty one who passes by. Life is made up of little things. He who travels over a continent must go step by step. He who writes books must do it sentence by sentence. What is the happiness of our life made up of? Little courtesies, little kindnesses, pleasant words, genial smiles, a friendly letter, good wishes, and good deeds. One in a million—once in a lifetime—may do a heroic action; but the little things that make up our life come every day and every hour. If we make the little events of life beautiful and good, then is the whole life full of beauty and goodness.

ROYAL PATH OF LIFE.

See that you have enough of the little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a renowned hero nor a saint.

October

Twenty-eighth Day

This is my Beloved and this is my Friend. — Song of Solomon 5 : 16.

Calvary.

Under an Eastern sky,
Amid a rabble's cry,
A man went forth to die
For me.

Thorn-crowned His blessed head,
Blood-stained His every tread ;
Cross-laden, on he sped,
For me.

Pierced glow His hands and feet,
Three hours o'er Him beat
Fierce rays of noon-tide heat
For me.

Thus were Thou made all mine :
Lord make me wholly Thine ;
Grant grace and strength divine
To me.

In thought, and word, and deed
Thy will to do. Oh, lead
My soul, e'en though it bleed,
To Thee.

BOSTON PILOT.

He who was the holiest among the mighty, and the mightiest among the holy, has, with His pierced hand, lifted heathenism off its hinges, and turned the dolorous and accursed centuries into new channels, and now governs the ages.

RICHTER.

October

Twenty-ninth Day

Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.
Hebrews 12: 11.

THOSE who are now at rest were once like ourselves. They were once weak, faulty, sinful; they had their burdens and hindrances, their slumbering and weariness, their failures and their falls. But now they have overcome. Their life was once homely and commonplace. Their day ran out like ours. Morning and noon and night came and went to them as to us. Their life, too, was as lonely and sad as yours. Little fretful circumstances and frequent disturbing changes wasted away their hours as yours. There is nothing in your life that was not in theirs; there was nothing in theirs but may be also in your own. They have overcome, each one, and one by one; each in his turn, when the day came, and God called him to the trial. And so shall you likewise.

H. E. MANNING.

Around me, like a silver bell
Rung down the listening sky to tell
Of holy help, a sweet voice fell.
“Still hope and trust,” it sang; “the rod
Must fall, the wine-press must be trod,
But all is possible with God!”

WHITTIER.

October

Thirtieth Day

I have chosen the way of truth. — Psalm 119: 30.

Truth.

THE seat of truth is in our secret hearts,
Not in the tongue, which falsehood oft
imparts. BRANDON.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers ;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

BRYANT.

His yea is *Yea* forevermore !

MARGARET I. PRESTON.

No power can die that ever wrought for truth.

J. R. LOWELL.

God is the author of truth, the devil the father of lies. If the telling of a truth shall endanger thy life, the Author of truth will protect thee from danger, or reward thee for thy damage. If the telling of a lie may secure thy life, the father of lies will beguile thee of thy gains, or traduce the security. Better by losing of a life to save it, than by saving of a life to lose it. However, better thou perish than the truth.

October

Thirty-first Day

And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever. — Isaiah 32: 17.

AH! why by passing clouds oppressed,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast:
Turn thou to Him in every pain,
Whom suppliant never sought in vain;
Thy strength in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope, when joy has passed away.

H. F. LYTE.

We have only to be patient, to pray, and to do His will, according to our present light and strength, and the growth of the soul will go on. The plant grows in the mist and under clouds as truly as under sunshine. So does the heavenly principle within.

W. E. CHANNING.

Reparation.

In the midnight darkness deep,
Shrouding all my room,
Somewhere tender violets
Hide their purple bloom.

Darker, softer, grows the night,
Deeper still the gloom;
Penetrating, rich, intense,
Breathes the blest perfume.

GRACE DUFFIELD GOODWIN.

November



The Eleventh Month


First Day

His mercy endureth for ever. — Psalm 107 : 1.

STAR of heaven to light our pathway,
Word our fainting souls to cheer,
Peace to calm our sad forebodings
When our spirits shrink with fear, —
Courage for renewed endeavor
When our failures we deplore —
“God’s great mercy still endureth
Now and always, evermore.”

Calm assurance for misgiving
When we falter by the way,
Sweet reply to anxious questions
When we know not what we say,
Strength and wisdom for our guidance,
Word of truth from heaven’s lore,
Given for our consolation, —
“Mercy stands forever more.”

Like a heavenly benediction
Falling on us from above,
Sinking deep in every spirit,
Are those precious words of love ;
And the message thrills us ever
As we whisper o’er and o’er,
“O the mercy pure, transcendent —
Which endures forever more !”



On
you be every
bliss,
and every
day

In
home-felt
joys
delighted,
roll
away.

Pope,

November

November

Second Day

In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. —
Colossians 2 : 9.

LAY hold of Christ with both your poor, empty hands.

ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

Every day we see something new in Christ. His love hath neither brim nor bottom.

We may have as much of God as we will. Christ puts the key of the treasure-chamber into our hand, and bids us take all we want. If a man is admitted into the bullion vault of a bank, and told to help himself, and comes out with one cent, whose fault is it that he is poor? Whose fault is it that Christian people generally have such scanty portions of the fine riches of God?

MCLAREN.

Thou, O most compassionate,
Who didst stoop to our estate,
Drinking of the cup we drain,
Treading in our path of pain,
Through the doubt and mystery,
Grant to us Thy steps to see,
And the grace to draw from thence
Larger hope and confidence.
Show Thy vacant tomb and let
As of old the angels sit
Whispering by its open door,
“Fear not, He hath gone before.”

WHITTIER.

November

Third Day

To die is gain. — Philippians 1 : 21.

If a man die he shall live again. — Leviticus 18 : 5.

WE are glad for those who go, going forth by permission by the door of life and death. We are glad for those whose work is completed ; who rest from it ; whose life is purified upon this sphere, and begins to blossom in the other. We rejoice that Thou art taking from out of the company of sinful men, and from the midst of troubles in this life, one and another into the dear delights of their Father's kingdom, and that they that sang here are to-day singing more sweetly above. BEECHER.

If one had watched a prisoner many a year,
Standing behind a barred window-pane,
Fettered with heavy hand-cuff and with chain,
And gazing on the blue sky, far and clear ;
And suddenly some morning he should hear
The man in the night had contrived to gain
His freedom, and was safe, would this bring pain ?
Ah, would it not to dullest heart appear
Good tidings ?

Yesterday I looked on one
Who lay as if asleep in perfect peace.
His long imprisonment for life was done.
Eternity's great freedom his release
Had brought. Yet they who loved him called him
dead,
And wept, refusing to be comforted. H. B. M.

November

Fourth Day

As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.—Psalm 42: 1.

IN the soul the elements of decay do not enter — it longs for things immortal; it perpetuates nationalities, and builds pyramids to the skies; its nature is instinctively far-reaching and goes out in its longings after the eternal—the Infinite; its powers develop themselves while striving to build something lasting, which shall survive the wrecks of time. The soul continually longs for something beyond its reach; it even longs for a perfection which will satisfy its ideal, and is never satisfied — is ever restless. Death is the point where Divinity claims its own — eternity dawns on the soul in its grandeur at last; the mortal has put on immortality — that which was inherent still remains. Death is the portal where the soul and body part forever, from which the soul wings its flight to its future abode.

God only is the creature's home,
Though long and rough the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

How little of that road, my soul,
How little hast thou gone!
Take heart, and let the thought of God
Allure thee further on.

November

Fifth Day

As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you. —
Isaiah 66: 13.

LIKE a cradle, rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe, and slow ;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best ;
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great heart of God ! whose loving
Cannot hindered be or crossed,
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost —
Love divine ! of such great loving,
Only mothers know the cost —
Cost of love, which all love passing,
Gave a Son to save the lost.

SAXE HOLM.

November

Sixth Day

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might ; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave. — Ecclesiastes 9 : 10.

ONE secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which idle people indulge themselves.

NEWMAN.

Without a diligent and faithful obedience to the calls and claims of others upon us, our religious profession is simply dead. Neglect of charitable offices will miserably darken our own hearts, and hide the face of God from us. H. E. MANNING.

We mean to do it : some day, some day,
We mean to slacken this fevered rush
That is wearing our very souls away,
And grant to our goaded hearts a hush
That is holy enough to let them hear
The footsteps of angels drawing near.

.
The day we dreamed of comes at length,
When, tired of every mocking guest,
And broken in spirit and shorn of strength,
We drop, indeed, at the door of rest ;
And wait, and watch, as the days wane on —
But the angels we meant to call are gone.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

November

Seventh Day

I have trodden the wine press alone. — Isaiah 63: 3.

Surely he hath borne our sorrows. — Isaiah 53: 4.

LIFE'S battles thou must fight all single-handed,
No friend, however dear, can bear thy pain.
No other soul can ever bear thy burdens,
No other hand for thee the prize may gain.

Lonely we journey through this vale of sorrow,
No heart, in full, respondeth to our own ;
Each one alone must meet his own to-morrow,
Each one must tread the weary way alone.

Ah ! weary heart ! why art thou sad and lonely ?
Why this vain longing for an answering sigh ?
Thy griefs, thy longings, trials and temptations
Are known and felt by Him who reigns on high.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

An hour of solitude, passed in sincere and earnest prayer in conflict with, and conquest over, a single passion or subtle bosom sin, will teach us more of thought, will more effectually awaken the faculty and form the habit of reflection than a year's study in the schools without them.

COLERIDGE.

By all means, use sometimes to be alone ;
Salute thyself, see what thy soul doth wear ;
Dare to look in thy chest, for 'tis thine own —
And tumble up and down whate'er thou findest
there.

HERBERT.

November

Eighth Day

If ye endure chastening God dealeth with you as sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? — Hebrews 12: 7.

GOD is as incapable of being indifferent towards His lost mankind, as is a mother towards her lost child. Lost mankind are not only His lost, but His lost children. Does not the Source of all hearts feel? And is He not concerned for His lost? In the Divinity of indifference I cannot believe. I could far more easily believe that the Divine Heart carries a huge grief; and that "the Man of Sorrows" only partially represents the tenderness of Infinite Love. In human hearts, in mother's love, in angelic love, and in the person of Jesus, the affections of God have a wide and wonderful revelation; but what the Divine Affections are in their Fountain-head must be beyond all revealing and conceiving.

PULSFORD.

God liveth ever !

Wherefore, soul, despair thou never !

What though thou treadest with bleeding feet

A thorny path of grief and gloom,

Thy God will choose the way most meet

To lead thee heavenward, lead thee home.

For this life's long night of sadness

He will give thee peace and gladness ;

Soul, forget not in thy pains

Good o'er all forever reigns.

ZIBU.

November

Ninth Day

My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest. —
Exodus 33: 14.

HOW shall we rest in God? By giving ourselves wholly to Him. If you give yourself by halves you cannot find full rest ; there will ever be a lurking disquiet in that half which is withheld.

Martyrs and saints have tested this rest “and counted themselves happy in that they endured.” A countless host of God’s faithful servants have drunk deeply of it under the daily burden of a weary life — dull, commonplace, painful, or desolate. All that God has been to them He is ready to be to you. The heart once fairly given to God, with a clear conscience, a fitting rule of life, and a steadfast purpose of obedience, you will find a wonderful sense of rest coming over you.

JEAN NICHOLAS GROU.

By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray ;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way ;
As far from danger as from fear
While love, Almighty love, is near.

CHARLES WESLEY.

With God for my friend I pass through my life in peace. In fellowship with Him I find a rest from all earthly dangers and fatigues.

November

Tenth Day

The Lord shall lift you up. — S. James 4 : 10.

Lift Me Higher.

LIFT me higher, O my Saviour,
As I journey on my way,
Help me over life's deep pitfalls,
Draw me nearer day by day ;
Lift me up from doubt and darkness,
Let me feel Thy loving care,
While I hear Thy tender accents
Like a whisper in the air.

Lift me from unworthy self-hood,
Let me set my will aside
While I measure Thy forbearance,
While I count Thy mercies wide ;
Every burden, every trial,
Every sorrow I may feel,
Every act of lowly service, —
May they lift me higher still !

When I drink from broken cisterns
Lead me to Thy living wells,
Drop my bucket in the waters
Where life's current freely swells ;
That my thirsty, fainting spirit,
Worn with toil and weary strife,
May be lifted to salvation
And to everlasting life.

MARTHA CAPPS OLIVER.

November

Eleventh Day

Be ye angry and sin not : let not the sun go down upon your wrath. — Ephesians 4 : 26.

“**B**E angry and sin not !” — the easiest charge under the hardest condition that can be. He that will be angry and not sin, let him be angry at nothing but sin. J. TRAPP.

“ Forgiveness before sundown ! ” He who never feels the throb of indignation is imbecile. He who can walk among the injustices of the world inflicted upon himself and others, without flush of cheek or flash of eye, or agitation of nature, is either in sympathy with wrong, or devoid of feeling. It all depends on what you are angry at, and how long the feeling lasts, whether anger is right or wrong. TALMAGE.

Anger becomes sinful if wrongly directed, or if there be an inadequate cause for it. A natural manifestation of indignation is manly, and is often absolutely necessary to resent an injury.

A lesson which I well may heed,
A word of fitness to my need.

.

Search thine own heart. What paineth thee
In others in thyself may be ;
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak ;
Be thou the man that thou dost seek.

November

Twelfth Day

Yet a little while and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry. — Hebrews 10: 37.

GOD comes to His people in an undisclosed and unrecognized form, in the hours of their despondency. That which seems to us to be a cloud and darkness is, after all, but the garment in the midst of which Christ is walking. All right occupations, all duties, all fidelities, bring along with them a divine presence. We are never alone. The most menial callings, routine, occupations, things not agreeable in themselves, but necessary, and things of duty, all of them have or may have with them a Christ.

I cannot think but God must know
About the thing I long for so ;
I know He is so good, so kind,
I cannot think but He will find
Some way to help, some way to show
Me to the thing I long for so.

SAXE HOLM.

Patiently wait, for His steps will not tarry,
Patiently listen — He cometh apace ; —
“Only a little time” — thou who art weary,
Then shalt behold Him and gaze on His face.
All thou hast longed for He brings at His coming ;
Down the dim ages Thy gift cometh sure,
See that thy hands are made fit to receive it,
See that thy heart and thy spirit are pure.

November

Thirteenth Day

Mighty to save. — Isaiah 63: 1.

JESUS CHRIST takes men, not because they are clean, but because they are willing to be taken. He takes them in all their poorness and leanness, and irregularities, and says, "I am willing to carry you and bear with you through your whole life if I can see that in the end my affection and patience will bring you into the enjoyment of the eternal inheritance." It is the cleansing, forgiving, enduring, remedial love of Christ Jesus that gives a man hope. When wrong rises up in me I feel that there is something higher than that. It is the faithfulness of Christ, and the wonderful power of Christ's love to redeem men from sin, that gives me hope.

Mine is a day of fear and strife,
A needy soul, a needy life,
A needy world, a needy age ;
Yet, in my perilous pilgrimage,
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save, even me,
Jesus, Thou Son of God.

To Thee I come ; ah ! only Thou
Canst wipe the sweat from off this brow ;
Thou, only Thou, canst make me whole,
And soothe the fever of my soul ;
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save e'en me,
Jesus, Thou Son of God.

November

Fourteenth Day

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. — 1 Samuel 7 : 12.

WE are often speculating on what is to come. You who trust that you are God's children may take one answer as regards the coming years : you are going forth into nothing but goodness. I cannot say that you may not be going forth to meet trouble, toil, disappointment. It may be ; but if you are at God's side you are going forward to nothing but good. If the worst that you fear shall come to pass, you will find His goodness hidden in the very heart of the disaster.

M. R. VINCENT.

The years have taught me many things,
But none so sure as this :
That shelter, solace, joy, and strength
Are always where God is.

So now, when hope and courage fail,
And only fear is strong,
My heart will sing, as in the past,
An unforgotten song.

God is my refuge and my strength,
I will not be afraid ;
And though the night be wild and dark,
I meet it undismayed.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

November

Fifteenth Day

The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us. — Romans 8: 18.

THERE come times in every life when men must undergo a crucial test. But the perfection of Christian loyalty is to trust God even though He slays us through those affections and desires that are dearest to us.

How blest is that man who receives every pain and trouble as a divine messenger sent by his Heavenly Father, and so enters into a fuller fellowship and sympathy with his Saviour !

What will it matter, by and by,
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain
Close by the pallid angel, Pain ;
Soothing myself through sob and sigh ?
"All will be elsewise by and by !"

What will it matter? Naught, if I
Only am sure the way I've trod,
Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God ;
Questioning not of the how, the why,
If I but reach Him, by and by.

Ah ! it will matter, by and by,
Nothing but this — that joy or pain
Lifted me skyward, helped me gain,
Whether through rack or smile or sigh,
Heaven, — home, — all in all, by and by !

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

November

Sixteenth Day

Thy thoughts shall be established. — Psalm 16 : 3.

ONE thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need, —
It is the thought of God.

At night my gladness is my prayer ;
I drop my daily load,
And every care is pillowed there
Upon the thought of God.

Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thought — proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us, — houses built without hands, for our souls to live in.

RUSKIN.

The truth and sincerity of God to His people appears in the openness and plainness of His thought as He makes it known to them. A friend who is reserved naturally comes under a cloud in the thoughts of his companions, but he who carries a window of crystal in his breast delivers himself from all suspicion of unfaithfulness. And thus is God open-hearted to His saints.

November

Seventeenth Day

There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things have passed away. — Revelation 21 : 4.

METHOUGHT I walked along a pleasant way,
Sunlight and shadow flecking leaf and sod,
And, hand in my hand, was one beside me
trod,

Her fair face adding brightness to the day.

Sudden we came upon a hidden door,
And she that walked beside me passed within,
Nor did return. But where she late had been
There came a voice that clamored "Nevermore!"

That Voice I knew; but straightway, seemingly,
From the shut door a gentle echo rung,
And "Evermore!" still "Evermore!" it sung,
And ever softer and more dreamingly.

God of the living! from within the door —
No echo — came that blest word "Evermore!"

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

And even now we may anticipate the glory of that time when "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying." If we keep the city of our heart holy with the presence of a living Christ we may believe that they are even now with us in sympathy and sweet communion, and that it is not death, but fulness of life upon which they have entered through the door of the grave.

November

Eighteenth Day

The Lord has set apart him that is godly for himself. —
Psalm 6: 3.

CONSECRATION is not wrapping one's self in a holy web in the sanctuary, and then coming forth after prayer and twilight meditation and saying, "There, I am consecrated." Consecration is going out in the world where God is, and using every power for His glory. It is taking all advantages as trust funds, as confidential debts owed to God. It is simply dedicating one's life in its whole flow to God's service. BIBLE STUDIES.

Take my soul and body's powers ;
Take my memory, mind, and will,
All my goods and all my hours ;
All I know and all I feel ;
All I think, or speak, or do ;
Take my heart but make it new.

Now, O God, Thine own I am,
Now I give Thee back Thine own ;
Freedom, friends, and health and fame,
Consecrate to Thee alone ;
Thine I live, thrice happy I ;
Happier still if Thine I die.

CHARLES, WESLEY.

God wants more than our money — He wants ourselves. If self is consecrated, that will settle all else.

November

Nineteenth Day

My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities. — 2 Corinthians 12:9.

DR. GEORGE MATHERSON of Scotland is totally blind, and yet he is one of the most learned and gifted men in all Britain. The following touching words from his pen ought to strengthen the Christian patience of God's afflicted children: "My God, I have never thanked Thee for my thorn. I have thanked Thee a thousand times for my roses, but not once for my thorn. I have been looking forward to a world where I shall receive compensation for my cross, but I have never thought of my cross as itself a present glory. Thou, Divine Love, whose human path has been perfected through sufferings, teach me the glory of my cross; teach me the value of my thorn. Show me that I have climbed to Thee by the path of pain. Show me that my tears have made my rainbow. Reveal to me that my strength was the product of the hour when I wrestled until the break of day. Then shall I know that my thorn was blessed by Thee.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

November

Twentieth Day

Hold me up and I shall be safe. — Psalm 119: 117.

WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned spaces
blown,

I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay ;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay !

Be near me when all else is from me drifting —
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and
shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

Suffice it if my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiv'n through Thy abounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions,
The river of Thy peace.

WHITTIER.

November

Twenty-first Day

Thou art my hiding-place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. — Psalm 32: 7.

CHRIST is the "hiding-place from the wind," the "covert from the tempest," the "Great Rock" in a weary land. He hides His own in the cleft of the rock till danger be past. He shelters them when the tempest rages. He defends them when assaulted by temptation, and covers their defenceless heads in the day of battle. Fleeing to the Refuge, they find ample protection, and are made to rejoice in the hope of the glory of God. No wind can blight them there; no tempest disturb the serenity of their souls. Almighty love is their refuge; incarnate mercy is their solace, life, and repose.

BARROW.

I know not what my life shall hold
Of love, or light;
Only, that safe within the fold,
It shall be right.

I only seek to find the ways
His feet have pressed;
And feel, through dark or fairer days,
"He knoweth best."

All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

November

Twenty-second Day

When my father and mother forsake me. — Psalm 27 : 10.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in your
flight,

Make me a child again, just for to-night !
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore ;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair ;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep —
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep !

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years !
I am so weary of toil and of tears —
Toil without recompense — tears all in vain —
Take them, and give me my childhood again !
I have grown weary of dust and decay —
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away ;
Weary of sowing for others to reap —
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep !

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O Mother, my heart calls for you ;
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between ;
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep —
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep !

FLORENCE PERCY.

November

Twenty-third Day

The upright shall dwell in thy presence. — Psalm 111 : 13.

SOME Christians seem to think that they must be always going up to mounts of extraordinary joy and revelation. This is not after God's method. Those spiritual visits to high places, and that wonderful intercourse with the unseen world are *not* in the promises ; the daily life of invisible communion *is* ; and it is enough. We shall have the exceptional revelation if it be right for us. No one can stay on the mount of privilege. There are duties in the valley.

J. VAUGHN.

There were but three disciples allowed to see the transfiguration, and those three entered the gloom of Gethsemane.

STORRS.

Oh, if this living soul, that many a time
Above the low things of the earth doth climb
Up to the mountain-top of faith sublime, —
If she could only stay
In that high place alway,
And hear in reverence bowed
God's voice behind the cloud !

Ah ! what a world were ours to journey through,
What deeds of love and mercy we should do ;
Making our lives so beautiful and true,
That in our face would shine
The light of love divine,
Showing that we had stood
Upon the mount of God.

November

Twenty-fourth Day

Forgetting those things which are behind. — Philippians 1 : 13.

Let the Grass Grow.

LET the grass grow over your graves
Of sorrow and sin and care ;
Let the grass grow over your saddened shame,
And your misery of despair ;
Let the grass grow over your long-nursed woe,
And the fear of that awful doubt ;
Let the grass grow over the sin and the hate
That brought the trouble about.

There is a balm in forgetfulness. It heals all hurts and soothes all sorrows, and gives the soul time to grow strong again. We have sinned, we have suffered. Aye, but we have repented those sins in bitterness and tears. Now leave it all with the pitiful Father, and "forgetting the things which are behind, reach forth unto those things which are before." Sorrow, if too long indulged, enfeebles the soul. The best proof of our repentance of past sins is to try bravely to retrieve them, to sow flowers where we planted thorns—to be an active power for good. Sin is a terrible blot upon the life, but great is God's mercy to those who have repented, to those who fear Him. "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." The trusting heart will show its gratitude for the blotting out of its sins by "forgetting those things which are behind."

November

Twenty-fifth Day

They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly. — Hebrews 11 : 16.

IF dying were to be thrust out of life into a land where we have no friends, where there are none that know us and where we know none, it would be a sad thing indeed. But if our names are known in heaven ; if they are written in the Lamb's Book of Life ; then heaven will be familiar to us, and dying will not be deplored. After this life is over heaven will seem to us like home. Our losses fly up there and become riches. We give to heavenly fields what we lose from earth. And the belief that in heaven our fathers have long dwelt, that we are going there . . . is everlasting indeed.

Who would not go

With buoyant steps to gain that blessed portal
Which opens to the land we long to know,
Where shall be satisfied the souls immortal ;
Where we shall drop the wearying and the woe
In resting so ?

Oh, wondrous land !

Fairer than all our spirits' fairest dreaming,
" Eye hath not seen " — no heart can understand
The things prepared, the cloudless radiance
streaming.
How longingly we wait our Lord's command,
His opening hand !

November

Twenty-sixth Day

The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee. — Psalm 20: 1.

WHAT wish could be more sympathetic or more consolatory, "The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble"! And who is there of the sons of men to whom "a day of trouble" does not come, whose path is not darkened at times? "Few plants," says old Jacomb, "have both morning and evening sun"; and one far older than he said, "Man is born to trouble." "A day of trouble," then, is the heritage of every child of Adam, but there is One who can sustain us.

BARTON BOUCHIER.

How precious, then, is the promise, "I will hear thee in the day of trouble"! It is the prayer of another in behalf of some troubled one, and yet it implies that the troubled one himself had also prayed.

When I tread life's weary path,
Give me faith, O Lord, to see
In the trials that surround me
Naught but Thee.

When I reach the valley dark
Give me eyes, O Lord, to see
In that cloud of awful darkness
Round me — Thee.

November

Twenty-Seventh Day

He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit. — S. John 15: 5.

WHEN we see the multitude of Christ's people, all united in Him, all drawing sap and life and strength and fruitfulness from Him, what can more beautifully represent Jesus and His people than the rich vine and the fruitful branches?

The best evidence of the Christian life is "more fruit." That is the meaning of the pruning and girdling, as well as the milder agencies of His grace and goodness. Chastisements are occasional; God's goodness constant. Bearing fruit is the business of the Christian life. And however God may endure barrenness out of the church, yet He will never endure it in the church. To be a bramble or a weed where we should be fruitful branches, will the Great Husbandman endure this? Whatsoever is not for fruit is for fire. Ye are God's husbandry.

Sower divine,
Sow the good seed in me,
Seed for eternity.
'Tis but a rough, barren soil,
Yet by Thy care and toil,
Make it a fruitful field,
An hundred fold to yield.
Sower divine,
Sow deep this heart of mine.

November

Twenty-eighth Day

God, who giveth richly all things to enjoy.— 1 Timothy 6: 17.

GOOD, grand, old-fashioned Thanksgiving Day has come. . . . Through the gates of this morning it came, carrying on one shoulder a sheaf of wheat, and on the other a shock of corn. Children, in holiday dress, hold up their hands to bless it, and old age goes out to welcome it, asking that it come in, and by the altars of God rest awhile. Come in, O day fragrant with a thousand memories, and borne down under the weight of innumerable mercies, and tell to our thankful hearts how great is the goodness of God. TALMAGE.

We should remember past mercies and blessings. If we do, our past will shine down upon us like a clear sky full of stars. Such remembering will keep the gratitude ever fresh in our hearts and the incense ever burning on the altar. Such a house of memory becomes a refuge to which we may flee in trouble. When sorrows gather thickly, when trials come, when the sun goes down and every star is quenched and there seems nothing left to our hearts in all the present, then the memory of a past full of goodness becomes a holy refuge for our souls.

For summer's bloom and autumn's blight,
For bending wheat and blasted maize,
For health and sickness, Lord of light,
And Lord of darkness, hear our praise.

HOLLAND.

November

Twenty-ninth Day

They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever. — Psalm 125 : 1.

THE godly, though in affliction, are in a state infinitely better than the prosperous wicked. For God is the portion of the Christian, and he that hath God hath all. And even when in trouble, the godly are blessed of their sorrows in this world, in that *He guides them by His counsel*, and when He takes them out of it they are still happy, in that *He receives them to glory*.

He who has God needs no other portion either in heaven or upon earth. JONATHAN EDWARDS.

He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them. TENNYSON.

I will not doubt. Well anchored in this faith
Like some staunch ship, my soul braves every gale ;
So strong its courage that it will not quail
To breast the mighty, unknown sea of death.
Oh ! may I cry, though body parts with spirit,
“I do not doubt,” so listening worlds may hear it,
With my last breath.

November

Thirtieth Day

Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. — Hebrews 12:6.

GREATEST proof of love is this, that I press near the inmost heart of Him I love, and am permitted with Him to bear some of His own heart's sorrow. I can be called by His name when I drink the cup with Him. "Bitter" is it? Yes, bitter; yet not so bitter as to be denied His presence. Sweet is the pain itself when it knits into closer sympathy my Saviour and me! Oh, the unfolding, the transforming power of love!

My share! No deed of house or spreading lands,
As I had dreamed; no measure
Heaped up with gold; my Elder Brother's hands
Had never held such treasure.
Foxes have holes and birds in nests are fed —
My Brother had not where to lay His head.

My share! The right like Him to know all pain
Which hearts are made for knowing;
The right to find in loss the surest gain;
To reap my joy from sowing
In bitter tears; the right with Him to keep
A watch by day and night with those who weep.

.

Now through my tears I call to each, "Joint heir
With Christ, make haste to ask Him for thy share!"

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

December




The Twelfth Month

First Day

I will give you rest. — S. Matthew 11 : 28.

WHAT is it, child? Art worn and weary?
Ah, so was I.
Art treading o'er a pathway dreary,
Where shadows lie?
The thorns spring up and pierce thy tender feet?
I felt them too.
Art grieving for the friends whose love was sweet, —
Mine were untrue.
Art tempted sorely from within and out?
I met it, child.
Art battling 'gainst the sweeping tide of doubt
'Mid darkness wild? —
I know it all, each heart-throb full of pain,
Each hour of gloom,
The blinding sweep of sorrow's heavy rain —
The open tomb.
Come unto Me and I will give you rest —
I hear Him say —
Lean thou with all thy care upon My breast,
The better way
Of blessedness — the high and holy life
Is all for thee.
My love will keep thee through the storm and strife,
Rest thou in Me.



wish
ou all
the

joy
that you
can wish.

Shakespeare

C. Klein

December.

December

Second Day

God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever. —
Psalm 73 : 26.

GOING home ! Gathering there with soundless tread, which they only hear, are the innumerable hosts of those whose robes have been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. They are those over whom sin hath no more power, and death hath no more dominion. They are going through many doors, but they are all going home.

“Ah ! could thy grave at home, at Carthage, be !” —
Care not for that, and lay me where I fall !
Everywhere heard will be the judgment call ;
But at God's altar, oh, remember me.

Thus Monica, and died in Italy.
Yet fervent had her longing been, through all
Her course, for home at last, and burial
With her own husband, by the Libyan sea.

Had been ! but at the end, to her pure soul
All tie with all beside seem'd vain and cheap,
And union before God the only care.

Creeds pass, rites change, no altar standeth whole,
Yet we her memory, as she pray'd, will keep,
Keep by this : *Life in God, and union there !*

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

December

Third Day.

Though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing. — 1 Corinthians 13: 12.

BLESSED is the man who has the gift of making friends ; for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all, the power of going out of one's self, and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another.

THOMAS HUGHES.

Rich in Love.

And sweet humanity, he was, himself,
To the degree that he desired, beloved.

Love is its own perennial fount of strength. The strength of affection is a proof, not of the object, but of the largeness of the soul which loves. . . . Love descends, not ascends. F. W. ROBERTSON.

He prayeth best, who loveth best,
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all. COLERIDGE.

To love is better than to be great, it is better than to be refined, it is better than to be wise. Love takes precedence of all prophecy, of every kind of knowledge, and of the gift of tongues ; love is higher than hope or faith, and is the very royalty of God.

December

Fourth Day

O woman, great is thy faith. — S. Matthew 15 : 28.

“**W**OMAN, how great is thy faith ! I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel,” said, wonderingly, the highest authority whose lips ever found utterance on this earth, in reference to woman. And it is true : so marvellous and beautiful a thing as the faith of a woman who loves, nowhere else exists. Ordinarily, this wonder-working power is neither seen nor felt, and its existence is scarcely noted ; but let a sudden emergency come, and it springs, full grown, and like a guardian spirit, to the side of the stricken one, and its confident whisper sustains amid the din of a hundred accusing voices.

JENNIE JUNE.

Fain would I hold my lamp of life aloft
Like yonder tower built high above the reef ;
Steadfast, though tempests rave or winds blow soft,
Clear, though the sky dissolve in tears of grief.

For darkness passes ; storms shall not abide.

A little patience and the fog is past.

After the sorrow of the ebbing tide

The singing flood returns in joy at last.

The night is long and pain weighs heavily ;

But God will hold His world above despair.

Look to the east, where up the lucid sky

The morning climbs ! The day shall yet be fair.

CELIA THAXTER.

December

Fifth Day

I am going the way of all the earth. — Joshua 23: 14.

My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle. — Job 7: 6.

The house appointed for all the living. — Job 30: 23.

AS in our advance we leave earthly things behind us, may all the sweet influences of the other world come forth to meet us ; and if we are coming upon the other world in the darkness of the night, may we have foretastes and sweet-wafted premonitions to cheer us in the dark passage.

Up Hill.

Does the road wind up hill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole day long?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?

A roof for when the slow dark hours begin?

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labor you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yes, beds for all who come.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

December

Sixth Day

And Abraham called the name of that place Jehovah-jireh. —
Genesis 22 : 14.

JEHOVAH-JIREH means "The Lord will provide."

Write deep in your heart this day this word of sublime confidence, Jehovah-jireh. It tells you that you can trust God always, that no promise of His ever fails, that He doeth all things well, that out of all seeming loss and destruction of human hopes He brings blessing. You have not passed this way heretofore. There will be joys and sorrows, failures and successes. You cannot forecast individual experiences. You cannot see a step before your feet. Yet Jehovah-jireh calls you to enter the new year with calm trust. MILLER.

I care not what the approaching year brings, if it results only in good. I care not though it may be undriven like a chariot whose driver has been thrown to the ground, if God only sits and holds the coursers of Time. If God is in the chariot, I care not what else is in it or around it. If God will take care of my thoughts and feelings ; if He will mark out my ways and lead me in them ; if He will appoint my burdens ; if He will give to my faith the vision of eternal life ; if He will touch and refine my affections ; if He will direct my aspirations toward heavenly estate, I shall be content, and shall rejoice in whatever scenes I may be called to pass through. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

December

Seventh Day

This God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death.—Psalm 48: 14.

WE have often to travel solitary ways. Some of us have perplexed paths to tread. Some of us have sad memories of times when we journeyed in company with those who will never share our tent or counsel or steps any more, and, as we sit lonely by our watch-fire in the wilderness, we have aching hearts and silent nights. Some of us may be as yet rich in companions and helpers, whose words are wisdom, whose wishes are love to us, and may tremble to think that after a while they or we shall have to tramp on by ourselves. There is a Presence which never departs, which moves before us as we journey, and hovers over us as a shield when we rest; a cloud to veil the sun that it smite us not by day, and a pillar of flame as the night falls, being ever brightest when we need it most, and burning clearest of all in the valley at the end, where its guidance will only cease, because then "the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne will lead them."

ALEXANDER McLAREN.

The soul that walks with God upon the heights
Hath secrets voiceless to the alien air;
To him who is of God, the things of God are clear.

December

Eighth Day

Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he. — Proverbs 16 : 20.

T IRED fathers, weary mothers, when is your happy day coming? Long since you expected it to dawn. It is not here yet, nor will it ever be so long as you do not determine that it shall be to-day. This failure to take comfort as you pass along life's pathway, but ever looking forward for all enjoyment of good, is throwing away the real sweets of life. You may as well attempt to store up summer sunshine to warm in winter, or bottle moonshine for cloudy nights. The real and only true way is to find in the present all the good God gives us. Our whole lives may be filled with joy if we are only willing to learn that in all good work there is profit, in all sorrow there are some rays of sunshine, and in all care some compensation. Make the most of to-day.

BIBLE STUDIES.

If thou art blest,
Then let the sunshine of thy gladness rest
On the dark edges of each cloud that lies
Black in thy brothers' skies.

If thou art sad
Still be thou in thy brothers' gladness glad.

Gold hath its roses, blue skies a cloud,
Fortune a fall, and hope a shroud ;
But Trust upon its mountain height,
Reflects a ray of heaven's own light.

December

Fifth Day

Why stand ye here all the day idle? — S. Matthew 20: 6.

A LAZY Christian shall always want four things, viz. : Comfort, content, confidence, and assurance. God hath made a separation between joy and idleness, between assurance and laziness, and therefore it is impossible for thee to bring these together.

T. BROOKS.

Jacob saw the angels, some ascending, others descending, but none *standing still*. God hath made Behemoth to play in the water, not so men ; they must be doing, that will keep with God.

JOHN TRAPP.

He who God's will has borne and done,
And his own restless longings stilled ;
What else he does, or has foregone,
His mission he has well fulfilled.

'FROM THE GERMAN.

Cheered by the presence of God, I will do at each moment, without anxiety, according to the strength which He shall give me, the work that His providence assigns me. I will leave the rest without concern ; it is not my affair. I ought to consider the duty to which I am called each day, as the work that God has given me to do, and to apply myself to it in a manner worthy of His glory, that is to say, with exactness and in peace.

FÉNELON.

December

Tenth Day

And there shall be no night there ; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun ; for the Lord giveth them light.—

Revelation 22 : 5.

IT is winter here and we are frost-bitten or ice-clad. It will be summer there, and we shall be in fragrant blossom and glorious leaf. To us here the glory of God shines as the sun shines in a cloudy day. Now it is hidden altogether ; now a procession of clouds pass over it, and there comes through them a fitful, checkered light ; and now it is disclosed to full view. But there is a place where the glory of God shall be an uninterrupted stream, which shall be so clear, so apparent, that we shall live in the presence of it. . . . We shall see Him as He is, for there is no night there.

BEECHER.

Oh, where the living waters flow,
Along that radiant shore,
My soul, a wanderer here, shall know
The exile thirst no more.
And, borne on eagle's wings afar,
Free thought shall claim its dower,
From every realm, from every star,
Of glory and of power.

MRS. F. D. HEMANS.

December

Eleventh Day

Cast down but not destroyed. — 2 Corinthians 4:9.

THE cloud of trial while it drops, Christian, is rolling over thy head, and then comes fair weather with eternal sunshine of glory. "Canst thou not watch with Christ one hour?"

GURNALL.

Think how completely all the griefs of this mortal life will be compensated by one age, of the felicities beyond the grave, and then think that one age multiplied by ten thousand times is not so much to eternity as one grain of sand to the whole material universe.

JOHN FOSTER.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee. Do thou
With courtesy receive him ; rise and bow
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission for his heavenly feet to lave ;
Then lay before Him all thou hast ; allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow
Or mar thy hospitality, no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate

The soul's marmoreal calmness : grief should be
Like joy, — majestic, equable, sedate ;

Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free ;
Strong to consume small troubles ; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to
the end.

AUBREY DE VERE.

December

Twelfth Day

Lord make me to know mine end and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am. — Psalm 39: 4.

THEY are slipping away — these sweet, swift
years,

Like a leaf on the current cast;
With never a break in the current flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as a weaver's thread,
Or an arrow's flying gleam;
As soft as the languorous breezes bid,
That lift the willow's long golden lid,
And ripple the glassy stream.

As light as the breath of the thistle-down,
As fond as a lover's dream;
As pure as the flush in the sea-shell's throat,
As sweet as the wood-bird's wooing note,
So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass,
Down the dim-lighted stair;
We hear the sound of their steady tread
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,
As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years left; ah, let
No envious taunts be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,
But never an angry word.

December

Thirteenth Day

Fear not, little flock : for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom. — S. Luke 12 : 32.

NEW YEAR met me somewhat sad :
Old Year leaves me tired.
Stripped of favorite things I had,
Balked of much desired :
Yet further on my road to-day,
God willing, further on my way.

New Year coming on apace,
What have you to give me ?
Bring you scathe, or bring you grace,
Face me with an honest face :
You shall not deceive me :
Be it good or ill, be it what you will,
It needs shall help me on my road,
My rugged way to heaven, please God !

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

All of our courage will be in vain and all our good resolutions will sleep as sentinels over-wearied at their post if Thou, O God, art not vigilant for us during the year that is dawning before us. May we have clearer and truer conceptions of duty with each successive year until we are lifted up into the higher life. Amen.

BEECHER.

Eternity has no gray hairs. Here the flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies, the world lies down in a sepulchre of ages. But time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity.

December

Fourteenth Day

The former things are passed away.—Revelation 21 : 4.

GOD sometimes gives to man a guileless and holy second childhood, in which the soul becomes childlike, not childish, and the faculties, in full fruit and ripeness, are mellow without sign of decay. This is that sought-for land of Beulah, where they who have travelled manfully the Christian way abide awhile, to show the world a perfect manhood. Life, with its battles and its sorrows, lies far behind them ; the soul has thrown off its armor, and sits in an evening undress of calm and holy leisure. Thrice blessed the family or neighborhood that numbers among it one of those not yet ascended saints.

Shall I complain because the feast is o'er,
And all the banquet lights have ceased to shine?
For joy that was and is no longer mine ;
For love that came and went, and comes no more ;
For hopes and dreams that left my open door ;
Shall I, who hold the past in fee, repine ?
Nay ! there are those who never quaffed life's
wine —
That were the unblest fate one might deplore.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

We are what the past has made us. The results
of the past are ourselves.

ROBERTSON.

December

Fifteenth Day

These light afflictions are but for a moment. — 2 Corinthians 4: 17.

THERE is no cup of joy so sweet but that if we hold it attently to our spirit's taste we shall detect in it the salt-flavor of tears. There is no laughter so silvery clear but that some quality in it shall suggest the cry of pain ; there are no eyes so bright with joy but that some gleam from their depths shall suggest the fountain of tears. Tragedy haunts the footsteps of happiness as night haunts the footsteps of day, and death is the dim shadow that glides inseparably and silently at the heels of all life. . . .

What philosophy shall we bring to our support in the presence of all this? What estimate shall we place upon life with all this sorrow in it? . . . What is the answer of faith? Job rendered it thousands of years ago, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

J. T. MCFARLAND.

To every one on earth
God gives a burden to be carried down
The road that leads between the cross and crown ;
No lot is wholly free,
He giveth one to thee.
Take thou thy burden then
Into thy hands, and lay it at His feet,
And whether it be sorrow or defeat,
Or pain, or sin, or care,
Oh, leave it calmly there. MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

December

Sixteenth Day

Nevertheless, afterward. — Hebrews 12:2.

NOW the pruning, sharp, unsparing ;
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot !
Afterward, the plenteous bearing,
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

Now the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife ;
Afterward the triumph given
And the victor's crown of life.

HAVERGAL.

To maintain a steady and unbroken mind, amidst all the shocks of adversity, forms the highest honor of man. Afflictions supported by patience and surmounted by fortitude, give the last finishing stroke to the heroic and the virtuous character. Thus the vale of tears becomes the theatre of human glory ; that dark cloud presents all the beauties in the bow of virtue. Moral grandeur, like the sun, is brighter in the day of the storm, and never is so truly sublime as when struggling through the darkness of an eclipse.

Patience is the guardian of faith, the preserver of peace, the cherisher of love, the teacher of humility. Patience governs the flesh, strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride ; she bridles the tongue, restrains the hand, tramples upon temptations, endures persecutions.

ROYAL PATH OF LIFE.

December

Seventeenth Day

A man of sorrows. — Isaiah 13: 3.

IF Jesus had walked in paths that were without stone or thorn, and with eyes that were never tear-stained and a heart that was never grief-rent, He might be to us a vision of radiant beauty, but we could never understand Him nor feel that He understood us. But the wound in the hand which He extends to us, and the sorrow underlying the smile of the face which He turns toward us, give us mutual understanding. Now we can believe that He understands our tears, and our heartaches, and our agonies. It is the deep-laid cable of sorrow which runs under the great salt-sea of tears, and along which throb flashes of pain, that binds together the continents of life. . . .

He trod the wine-press of the wrath of God alone. Gathering about Him the folds of sorrow as heavy and sombre as the gloom with which the starless midnight mantles the hills, bearing the sins of the world in His martyr-heart, He went down into the valley and shadow of death, that the gates of Paradise might be opened to repentant sinners. Behold the Man — “a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief!”

J. T. McFARLAND.

O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy heart,
What sins were laid on Thee !
A victim led, Thy blood was shed —
That blood avails for me.

December

Eighteenth Day

The hope of the righteous shall be gladness. — Proverbs 10 : 28.

WE may be all wrong in our thoughts of the special form in which our blessings will come ; we can never be wrong about the blessing. It may be like the mirage, shifting from horizon to horizon as we plod wearily along, but the soul is bound to find at last the resting-place and the spring.

A true hope we can touch somehow through all the lights and shadows of life. It is a prophecy fulfilled in part ; God's earnest-money paid into our hand that He will be ready with the whole when we are ready for it ; the sunlight on the hill-top when the valley is as dark as death ; the spirit touching us all through our pilgrimage, and then when we know that the end is near, taking us on its wings and soaring away into the blessed life.

ROYAL PATH OF LIFE.

Hope not so fearfully,
Hope and be strong,
Go thy way cheerfully,
Though it be long.

BELLE G. MCAULEY.

The sorrows, and hungering of the world change faces as they change hearts ; but with the righteous man the troubled clouds pass off and leave heaven's surface clear.

DICKENS.

December

Nineteenth Day

The Lord preserveth the faithful. — Psalm 30: 23.

NEARLY one hundred years ago, there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness, still known as the Dark Day—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished as if by an eclipse. The legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as the members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many the last day—the Day of Judgment—had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport Stanford, who said that if the last day had come he desired to be found at his post of duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought so that the House could proceed with its business. So, my son, when in the conflict of life the cloud and the darkness come, stand unflinchingly by your post; remain faithful to the discharge of your duty.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

To do the thing we deem
Enjoined by duty;
To walk in faith nor dream
Of questioning God's scheme
Of truth and beauty.

To those who long God's work to do,
Ways are not scarce nor chances few.

December

Twentieth Day

Bearing precious seed. — Psalm 126: 6.

IF in the soul's still garden-place
A seed God sows —
A little seed, it soon will grow,
And far and near all men will know,
For heavenly lands He bids it blow,
The seed God sows. H. C. BUNNER.

Make life a garden-spot with a hedge of roses round your little place of peace. . . . Plant within all precious seeds of love and kindness. So will the rough ground be made smooth for whoever passes that way. You would think it a pleasant magic if you could bid the dew fall in the drought, and say to the south wind, in time of frost, "Come thou south wind and breathe upon my garden, that the spices of it may flow out!" And is there not a greater thing than all this?

One is waiting at the gate of your soul's garden to take your hand, and go down to see whether the vine has flourished and the pomegranate budded.

So here we set a little seed
And trust its tender boughs to Time ;
To grow to touch the stars sublime ;
For thus will grow each small, good seed.
Set deep, where lilies ever nod,
Walled round by everlasting snows,
To grow as some great strong soul grows
When growing upward to its God.

December

Twenty-first Day

If it be possible let this cup pass from me. — S. Matthew 27 : 29.

HOW oft, O Father, do we bring to Thee
The prayer His lips made sacred : “ Not
this cup.”

My God, my God ! hast Thou forsaken me ?

And must I drink this bitter portion up ?

And then, when grief goes by and peace is won :

Come grateful praises that Thy will is done.

LUCY M. BLINN.

Christians are sometimes perplexed and discouraged because of their trials. They know not what God is doing with them. They fear that He is angry with them. But they are His workmanship. He is preparing them for their destination in the temple of His grace. These trials are applied to qualify and advance them. They will only perfect that which concerneth them. Howard was taken by the enemy and confined in prison. There he learned the heart of the captive, and his experience originating in his suffering, excited and directed his thoughts and led him into all his extraordinary course of usefulness and fame. “ It is good for me,” says David, “ that I have been afflicted.” “ I know,” says Paul, “ that this shall turn to my salvation.” “ For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.”

WILLIAM JAY.

December

Twenty-second Day

Try him every moment. — Job 7 : 18.

TO realize the importance of moments, let us hear what God says about them: "In a moment shall they die," "We shall all be changed in a moment." Eternal issues may hang upon any one of them, but it has come and gone before we can even think about it. Nothing seems less within the possibility of our own keeping, yet nothing is more inclusive of all other keeping.

Are they not the tiny joints in the harness through which the darts of temptation pierce us? Only give us time, we think, and we should not be overcome. Only give us time, and we could pray and resist, and the devil would flee from us! But he comes all in a moment; and in a moment — an unguarded, unkept one — we utter the hasty or exaggerated word, or think the un-Christ-like thought, or feel the un-Christ-like impatience or resentment. So let us commit these slippery moments to God, and say, "Lord, keep them for me! I cannot keep them for Thee."

HAVERGAL.

Catch the flying moments
As they come and go,
Hold them till the blessing
In thy heart shall grow;
Lessons they will teach thee,
Let them have their will,
Let them leave their message
And their work fulfil.

M. C. O.

December

Twenty-third Day

For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities ; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. — Hebrews 4 : 15.

TO be a savior, it is not necessary that you should commit the same crime as he whom you seek to rescue, but you must show that you have felt the same fierce temptation, and have barely escaped, so that you suffer with the criminal, almost as if you yourself were the reprobate. That brings you near, and gives you grasp, and clasp, and uplifting and transforming power. All these hair-breadth escapes from moral disaster, which you and I have hidden among the secrets that no other mortal knows about, are our best equipment for rescuing the perishing. We need not make specific confessions, but we must suggest enough, so that he whom we approach shall, with a start of surprise, say, " Why, this man whom the world calls immaculate has just missed being what I am ; he suffers with me ; he cannot bear to have me lost ; I will not be lost." This is the secret of moral leadership. The leader must have his baptism of grief and of tears. It is the suffering deeply cut into the heroic face that makes you always turn for one look more at Lincoln's picture in history, and Dante's picture in poetry, while in tragedy the central figure is that of the Man of Sorrows, whose lifting up on Gethsemane is drawing the world that way.

E. A. TANNER.

December

Twenty-fourth Day

I know whom I have believed. — 2 Timothy 1 : 12.

YOU are certain to be assailed with troubles. No hurricane can strike a full-rigged ship more suddenly than storms of adversity may burst upon you. But if Jesus Christ is in your soul, you cannot suffer wreck. The anchor sure and steadfast will hold you. People do not see what holds a vessel when the gale is sending the billows over her bows. The anchor is *invisible*, as it lies full many a fathom deep on the solid ground beneath the waves. So when we see a good man beaten upon with heavy adversities and yet preserving a cheerful spirit, we do not discover the secret of his serenity. "But the eye of God sees that there is an interior life hid with Christ in that soul which no storm can touch."

There is many a bereavement, many a trouble that may strip a man of canvas or cordage, but never touch the solid strength of his godly character. I have seen just such fast-anchored Christians.

THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Oh, small shall seem all sacrifice
And pain and loss,
When God shall wipe the weeping eyes,
For suffering give the victor's prize,
The crown for cross ! WHITTIER.

December

Twenty-fifth Day

Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. — S. Luke 2 : 2.

CHRISTIANS, stand at Bethlehem and open every door and window of your being Christward. Look back. Look forward. Magnify Bethlehem. Recount to your souls the things for which it stands. It stands for the "fulness of time." It stands for the fulfilment of glorious prediction. It stands for the coming of the Son of God Himself into our nature. It stands for the glorious past and for the more glorious future.

Let the Star shine. Let the Magi give gifts. Let the shepherds worship. Let the angel-faces flash out from the great dome overhead. Let the church-bells chime. Let the sacred harps and organs respond to the master-hand that sweeps their strings and flies over the keys, and let them turn the common air into praise. Let Christmas carols roll over this wide earth and echo among the stars. Let everything in heaven and earth shout "Hosanna to the Son of David ; blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord ; Hosanna in the highest."

DAVID GREGG.

O Holy Child of Bethlehem !

Descend to us, we pray ;

Cast out our sin and enter in,

Be born in us to-day.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

December

Twenty-sixth Day

Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee.—Deuteronomy 8:2.

WE thank Thee, O God, for the ministration of the year that is just closing. Our record is indeed sadly blotted, and if we look to the year only as we have marked it, it is not a year to be remembered nor sighed after as something to be brought back again; but when we look at Thy way with us, it is a year robed in beauty—a year of divine love, of pardoning mercy, of gracious guidance. Thou hast held us up and carried us even as a mother carries her little child. And now we beseech Thee to guide us through the year upon which we are now entering. We are strangers to it; we do not know one single path; we are pilgrims, and wander up and down our several ways, but we commend ourselves to Thee to whom the darkness and the light are alike, and who seest the end from the beginning.

BEECHER.

Retrospect.

He guided by paths that I could not see,
By ways that I have not known;
The crooked was straight and the rough made plain
As I followed the Lord alone.

Never a watch on the dreariest halt
But some promise of love endears;
I read from the past that my future shall be
Far better than all my fears.

December

Twenty-seventh Day

So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. — Psalm 90 : 12.

LOOKING calmly yet humbly for the close of my mortal career, which cannot be far distant, I reverently thank God for the blessings vouchsafed me in the past, and with an awe that is not fear, and a consciousness of demerit that does not exclude hope, await the opening before my steps of the gates of the eternal world.

HORACE GREELEY.

The Sentinel Year.

The bells are tolling in the towers of time
Solemnly now, for midnight and for morn.
Another sentinel year has passed his rounds
And, weary of his watch, now grounds his arms,
Gives up his post to the new sentinel,
And gathers him to rest and to his dreams —
Dreams of the strange things that his watch hath
seen.

WILLIAM OSBORN STODDARD.

Look backwards ! from the hill-top and survey
Thy days of toil, of peaceful victories won,
Of dreams made real, of largest hopes outrun !
Look forward ! brighter than earth's morning ray
Streams the pure light of Heaven's unsetting sun,
The all-unclouded dawn of life's Immortal Day.

HOLMES.

December

Twenty-eighth Day

I sleep, but my heart waketh ; it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me. — Song of Solomon 5 : 2.

LOVE in this world is like a seed taken from the tropics and planted where the winter comes too soon ; and it cannot spread itself in flower-clusters and wide twining vines, so that the whole air is full of the perfume thereof. But there is to be another summer for it yet. Care for the root now and God will care for the top by-and-by. Our sweetest experiences of affection are meant to be suggestions of that realm which is the home of the heart.

BEECHER.

With love as a guide,
Every day is a fresh beginning ;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.

Love should be the supreme thing, because it is going to last ; because in the nature of things it is Eternal Life.

DRUMMOND.

I hold it true, whate'er befall ;
I feel it, when I sorrow most ;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

TENNYSON.

December

Twenty-ninth Day

Reaching forth unto those things which are before.—Philippians 3: 13.

THE time will come when these shoes which we wear now, lest we be cut of the sharp places of this world, shall be taken off, and with unsandalled feet we will step into the bed of the river ; with feet untrammelled, free from fatigue and pain, we will gain that last journey ; then, with one foot in the bed of the river, and the other foot on the other bank, we struggle upward ; that will be heaven.

TALMAGE.

“Heimgang !” So the German people
Whisper when they hear the bell
Tolling from some gray old steeple,
Death’s familiar tale to tell ;
When they hear the organ dirges
Swelling out from chapel dome,
And the singers chanting dirges,
“Heimgang !” always going home.

“Heimgang !” Quaint and tender saying,
In the grand old German tongue,
That hath shaped Melanchthon’s praying,
And the hymns that Luther sung ;
Blessed is our loving Maker,
And where’er our feet shall roam,
Still we journey towards “God’s acre,”
“Heimgang !” always going home.

A. J. DUGANNE.

December

Thirtieth Day

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. — Revelation 21 : 6.

Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee. — Deuteronomy 8 : 12.

I DOUBT not that there are very many to whom, as they look through the year, it seems like some old cathedral that once was resonant with music, and radiant with altar fires, and filled with the glory of God, but that now stands with the roof broken in, with the windows out, with the altar desolate, with the priest gone, with the congregation dispersed.

Look again. Turn back and see if there has been nothing in the year but the transient. Although individual histories and experiences and feelings have been fluctuating and changing, yet the great framework of God's purposes of mercy and love and justice and humanity has stood sure, and is unchanged and unchangeable. BEECHER.

He was better to me than all my hopes,

He was better than all my fears ;

He made a road of my broken works,

And a rainbow of my tears.

The billows that guarded my sea-girt path,

But carried my Lord on their crest ;

When I dwell on the day of my wilderness march

I can lean on His love for a rest.

ANNA SHIPTON.

December

Thirty-first Day

FEAR death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place?
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe ;
Where he stands, the Arch-Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go :
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.

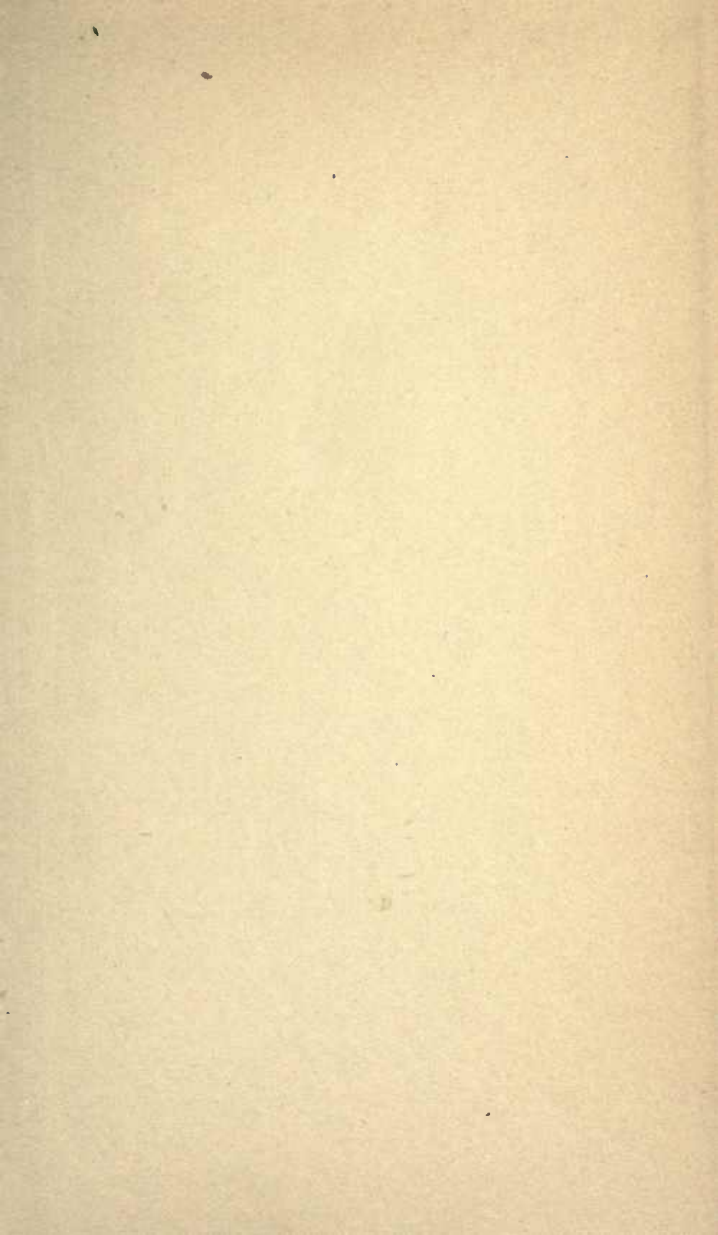
I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
The best and the last !
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.

For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the element's rage, the fiend voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest !

BROWNING.

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